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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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ON READING THE ATLANTIC CHEERFULLY.

It is little more than a year since one of the most genial of Atlantic essayists was lamenting the disappearance of the Gentle Reader. Can it be possible that the Cheerful Reader is disappearing, too? One is loath to believe it; for if the Gentle Reader and the Cheerful Reader are both to vanish, and magazines are to be edited — as Dr. Crothers hinted — for the benefit of the Intelligent Reading Public merely, the world of periodical literature will be a dismal world indeed. Yet if one were to judge from those Letters to the Editor, which the London Times, for instance, prints, and the Atlantic, for another instance, does not print, the quality of cheerfulness is nowadays sadly strained. What streams of sorrowful correspondence are directed to 4 Park Street after each issue of this magazine! And so few of them seem to flow from the pen of the Cheerful Reader! Perhaps the Cheerful Reader is busy earning his living, — too busy to write. It may be that it is only the Cheerless Persons who have leisure to take their pens in hand and “write to the editor.” To all such unoccupied and melancholy souls the Atlantic hereby offers a Happy New Year — and a few remarks appropriate to the season.

If the Atlantic Monthly were a “repository;” if it confined itself to the discussion of Roman antiquities, or the sonnets of Wordsworth, or the planting of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, none but the specialists would concern themselves with the opinions expressed in its

pages. But it happens to be particularly interested in this present world; curious about the actual condition of politics and society, of science and commerce, of art and literature. Above all, it is engrossed with the lives of the men and women who are making America what it is and is to be. The Atlantic is fortunate enough to command the services of many writers who have something to say upon these great and perplexing topics of human interest. It is not to be expected that they will agree with one another; perhaps they will not even, in successive articles, agree with themselves. For instance, the Edward M. Shepard who described, in the Atlantic for January, 1898, the struggle for reform in New York city politics, is the same Edward M. Shepard who was the Tammany candidate for mayor in the recent campaign, and who will review that campaign in the next number of the magazine. The Atlantic has not “gone over to Tammany,” nor, on the other hand, does it believe Mr. Shepard less capable than he was in 1898 of discussing the municipal situation with intelligence and candor. Yet it can hear already the Cheerless Reader mourn.

When Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt wandered from one state to another, in his series of sociological observations upon different sections of the country, how the letters from the Cheerless Reader swarmed upon his trail! Some day he will tell the readers of the magazine how it feels to be an honest reporter of things seen,

whether in hill towns of New England or mining cities of Montana. But even Mr. Hartt does not know how many Letters to the Editor those acute and high-spirited observations caused. Does the Atlantic print a clever woman's criticism of that useful institution the Kindergarten, straightway there arrive protesting letters from more Kindergartners than it innocently supposed the whole world could contain. When it allowed a distinguished college president to make a casual remark about the unchanging curriculum of Jesuit schools, there came a furious chorus from various Jesuit contemporaries (some of them, it is true, winking cordially, meanwhile, as if to remind one of the Pickwickian flavor of the controversy !): "Why is your contemptible publication *Anti-Catholic*?" Alas! only a few months before, when Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., had given just praise to the Roman Church in certain matters, there was a similar chorus from many Protestant contemporaries, who announced their vociferant grief that the Atlantic had gone over to Rome. Then it had been the turn of the Catholic letter-writers to pose as Lifelong Readers. But, queerly enough, a few months later still, when Mr. Sedgwick made an Italian journey, and described a station master who had unquestionably had a bad dinner, and who was low in his mind and spoke pessimistically of the Pope, behold these same Lifelong Readers terminating their subscriptions, and writing mournfully that they could not longer support such a bitterly sectarian publication as the Atlantic.

A more recent example of the uneven distribution of a sense of humor among Atlantic readers was the commotion caused by Mr. Eugene Wood's paper on Mrs. Eddy's literary style. Pathetic as it may seem to announce the fact now, this article was supposed to be humorous; its examination of some of the foibles of the Foundress was to be interpreted in the spirit of Stevenson's smiling pa-

per on John Knox and his Relations to Women. But alas! the able-bodied letter-writers of the Christian Scientist faith did not seem to know their Stevenson; and to all Earnest Persons in that curious organization the Atlantic hereby expresses its regret that any of Mr. Wood's sallies should have given pain.

It is probable, however, that sectarians, sectionalists, and partisans of every hue will continue to peruse their Atlantic with sorrow, or at least sufficient sorrow for epistolary purposes. One's own hobbyhorse gets roughly shouldered to one side, on the broad highway of the world. Where opinions are unfettered and allowed frank expression, some truths will be uttered more wholesome than flattering to one's private views. A beneficiary of the proposed Hanna-Payne shipping subsidy measure, for example, — unless he be of more philosophical temper than most beneficiaries of the public, — will not care to read in the Atlantic an article opposing legislation distinctly designed to put money into his pocket. John Doe may like the Atlantic, — Heaven bless him! — but if he prefer to write his name, like a story title, John Doe, Prohibitionist, or John Doe, Baptist or Anabaptist, Vivisectionist or Anti-Vivisectionist, Suffragist or Anti-Suffragist, he will often discover that the wrong magazine has been sent to his address. If people insist upon regarding themselves primarily, not as human beings, but as members of some organization ending with *ist* or *er* or *an*, then the weekly or monthly organ of their particular faction will furnish them with far more congenial reading than the Atlantic. The Gentle Reader, declares Dr. Crothers in the essay already mentioned, is the reader who "has no ulterior aims." Precisely. If your chief purpose in taking a magazine is to find arguments for your favorite "cause," you are in a parlous state. You are in danger of evolving from a merely Earnest Person into a Cheerless Person.

The *Comic Spirit* has whips for such. Not all of them are punished as neatly as that Earnest Southerner who complained of a "color line" story in the *Atlantic*, "Why can't you Northerners be decent?" only to learn that the author of the story was a native of his own county; or that *Laudator Temporis Acti* who lately found fault with the "silly, ignorant twaddle" of a certain article in the Contributors' Club, which, he averred, would never have been printed in the good old days of Mr. Aldrich or Mr. Howells, and which — as the *Comic Spirit* would have it — was actually written by the faultless pen of Mr. Aldrich himself!

To have no "ulterior aims"! That is a counsel of perfection for reader and editor alike, and, in this season of New Year's wishes and resolves, the *Atlantic* confesses that it would like to be thought to have no ulterior aims, except the pleasure and profit of its subscribers. Not one of its genuine Lifelong Readers will accuse it of dilettanteism, of treating the vital topics of the day with indifference. James Russell Lowell, who, in the words of Mr. Scudder's recent *Life*, "gave the *Atlantic* a character it has ever since maintained," was no Gallio. But neither was he a Cheerless Person. It is true that from the day on which he assumed the editorship the magazine has held stanchly to certain tenets; as, for instance, to take but a single example, the belief that equality of political privileges in America should not be affected by considerations of race or religion. Yet it has given the freedom of its pages to a good many writers who held quite the opposite view. It has been edited for men and women genuinely curious about affairs, politics, literature, human society. It is not preoccupied with the claims of any particular sect or party or philosophy. "Thought men" and "fact men," theorizers and workers, have alike addressed its readers, provided they had something magazin-

able to say, and could say it in an interesting fashion. To imagine that the contributors to such a magazine will always agree with the editor, or please all the readers, or indeed any reader in all his moods and opinions and convictions, is to hold a singularly parochial view of periodical literature. It is only your worthy rustic who wants nothing "in the paper" which he does not already believe. Unless his political or religious opinions, derived largely from it, are constantly reflected in it, he will — as the saying used to be — "stop the *Tribune*"!

The ideal magazine-reading mood — is it not? — is that of well-bred people listening to the after-dinner conversation in public which has happily succeeded after-dinner "oratory." No matter how varied and attractive the programme of addresses may be, no guest will be thrilled by every speaker. You are perhaps fortunate if you are thrilled at all! But if the speeches are tolerably short, and represent a wide range of opinion, and are cleverly phrased, one may be expected to listen without making himself conspicuous by either protest or applause. No man, perhaps, makes precisely the speech you would like to hear. He may hurt somebody's feelings, — possibly your own. This may be inevitable, or merely the result of inadvertency; or it may be the fault of the Toastmaster, who ought to have warned the speaker that So-and-So was at the banquet, and that certain things had better be left unsaid. A quicker-witted Toastmaster, for example, might have nudged Mr. Eugene Wood under the table, by way of friendly warning that the exact number of Mrs. Eddy's marriages was a vexatious theme to certain persons who had purchased dinner tickets, and that in any case it had nothing to do (save as bearing upon that lady's ripeness of experience) with the subject of her literary style. At that very same dinner — it was last October — a Pennsylvan-

nian laid a large share of the blame for the political degeneracy of his native state upon the Quakers. The Toastmaster had, and continues to have, the gravest doubts as to the soundness of this theory; but as it was honestly held, not discourteously expressed, and was, whether right or wrong, extremely interesting, the Pennsylvanian made his little speech without interruption from the Chair. Since the dinners come but once a month, and the chief features of the programme must be arranged many months beforehand, it is usually impossible to assign a place to speakers who wish to protest against something that has just been said. The Pennsylvania Quakers, however, are defended, this month, by one of their honored leaders, and the Atlantic's guests will no doubt give him a cheerful hearing.

For the magazine means to spread each month a hospitable board, and to

draw around it many men of many minds. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Washington have both sat there, and we hope that both men will honor the Atlantic many times again, by contributing their quota to its wit and wisdom. People who do not like good company, who prefer to dine exclusively with Cheerless Persons of Their Own Sort, are not under the slightest obligation to attend. But to all its readers, the Cheerless as well as the Cheerful, the Atlantic wishes a Happy New Year! Our "mahogany tree" has to be made longer, month by month, to accommodate the new guests that wish to mingle with the old. To add more leaves to such an infinitely extensible dining table is, of course, a pleasure. Yet it will do no harm to sit closer, too, with an amiable disposition to be pleased, if possible, with one's fellow guests, and to make all needful allowance for a most fallible Toastmaster.

B. P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

IN the festivities by which the advent of the twenty-first century was signalized a prominent part was assigned to the New York Historical Society. On the concluding day of the general celebration this society held a session in its new building on Palisade Avenue, near the western end of the Englewood bridge across the Hudson. The spectacular part of the celebration had come on the earlier days, when, with the booming of guns and the sound of inspiring music, the people had given themselves over to a carnival of rejoicing. There is certainly enough in our present condition to make our gladness overflow, and to fill us with the hope that, though the carnival is over, the spirit of laughter and song may abide with us through the years that are coming.

Processions moving rapidly on trains of electric cars had traversed the elevated streets and many of the bridges spanning the East River and the North River, till the people living between the Hackensack and the remote confines of Brooklyn or the Great South Bay had had a chance to see them. Among the features of these processions were a few companies of men armed with rifles, and clad in such uniforms as were worn by military regiments of the year 1901. This unfamiliar sight awakened in the minds of the younger spectators such curiosity as their grandfathers had felt when they examined collections of antique armor; but the quick-firing cannon and the machine guns made them shudder, by showing them to what purpose much of the ingenuity of our people

was formerly devoted. The strangest commingling of horror and patriotic enthusiasm was caused by the nautical parade, in which, between passenger vessels so vast as to seem like floating cities, were rusty specimens of battleships of the last century, insignificant in size, but diabolical in their devastating power. What a demon must such a thing have been in action ! Yet, in spite of all that was repulsive about it, the sight of it warmed the blood into a patriotic glow. The stately merchantmen delight us, for they have carried the wares that have given us a peaceful dominance among nations ; but it is the demons of the sea, with their guns and their fighting flags, that wake a thrill in the heart and bring moisture to the eyes. Though we no longer fight, the martial spirit is still in us.

Two evenings were given over to illuminations, and there were fireworks so skillfully devised that they painted in the sky pictures illustrating the history of the twentieth century. There were also banquets innumerable, enlivened by song and story. When the time for processions and banquets had passed, a day was devoted to serious history and reminiscence, and of this part of the jubilee the Historical Society took the direction. Papers were read in the rooms of the society, and, thanks to the space-annihilating power that comes by the electrical transmission of sound, they were heard by audiences in all parts of the city. Historians described the primitive way in which in 1901 our fathers were living, and told what New York was like when its streets were only one story high, and its buildings were from ten to thirty. They threw on screens moving pictures that showed an actual business avenue of that period filled with a tangled mass of electrical cars and vehicles drawn mostly by horses, with a throng of pedestrians, in peril of life and limb, trying to make their way over the crossings. They recounted the steps by which this condi-

tion was relieved : the elevating, first of the sidewalks, then of the shop fronts and the entrances of dwellings, and finally of the entire roadways, — changes that ended by converting the old streets into roomy tunnels, and translating the whole life of the people, in a literal way, to a higher plane. They amused their hearers by quoting the objections to these changes that were at first offered, — the prediction, for example, that the alterations would make the streets dark and unsightly, instead of doing what they actually have done, and putting the darkness and ugliness beneath the level on which we live, giving us more of light, air, beauty, and comparative quiet than the city has ever enjoyed since it was merely a Dutch village.

Sociologists described the transforming of the slums into abodes of happiness and health by the building of good dwellings, and of parks and playgrounds many stories in height, with their frames of massive steel, and with their sides inclosed with glass in winter, and in summer shaded by awnings and adorned with shrubs and vines which, drooping as they do over the outer framework, have given to the structures the familiar name of “ hanging gardens.”

Mechanical engineers told us of the clumsy machines that were in use at the beginning of the twentieth century, — of the amount of watching and coddling that most of them required, and, in particular, of the wasteful way in which motive power was obtained for them. It seems incredible that power was once largely procured by burning coal under steam boilers, a process that wasted nine tenths of the potential energy of this invaluable substance, which should have been saved for smelting ores and heating buildings. Yet this was quite in harmony with the reckless manner in which our predecessors used up the other resources of the earth, — forests, fisheries, reservoirs of oil and gas, and the loam itself on which the supply of food de-

pendent. Showing us pictures of steam engines with their devouring furnaces, the narrators told us of the introduction of newer and better ways of obtaining mechanical power, by utilizing, first waterfalls, then waves of the sea, and finally the electric currents which are generated within the earth itself, — currents which, when they are not carried along wires and through storage batteries, reveal their presence in thunderstorms. Charging a battery from such a source is like dipping water from the sea. Any one can now have a reservoir full of mechanical energy for driving the larger machines, and he can, as it were, fill a canteen with it for driving the power tools which he can carry in his hands.

The historians showed us views in which old-time artisans were represented as working with hand implements in a painfully slow manner, and then, by way of contrast, threw on the screens moving pictures of modern carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, etc., with the powerful but light machines which they carry with them, creating products with a rapidity that suggests the work of the genii of Arabian stories. There were representations of farmers of the olden times, following the plough that cut a single furrow, and was drawn by horses that ate up no inconsiderable part of the farmer's produce; and these were followed by representations of farmers of our own time, with their gangs of rotary spades doing a twentyfold labor at a trivial cost. What do we not owe to omnipresent and nearly gratuitous electrical energy! It transports us, lights us, works in a thousand ways for us, and, by the productive power which it imparts to human labor, brings another sort of light and sweetness into the lives of our people.

Among the papers which were read was one that was devoted to the subject of aerial navigation. It recounted the early experiments in this art, and amused the listeners by recalling the fact that there was once an expectation that ships

of the air would be used chiefly in warfare, — as if nations bound together by such economic ties as now unite the countries of the world would ever disrupt the great industrial organism and begin fighting. There was a paper of thrilling interest which recalled the degeneracy of democratic government in all large cities at the beginning of the twentieth century, and contrasted it with the genuine self-government which now prevails.

The concluding meeting of the society, held in the evening, was devoted mainly to personal recollections of the century, given in an offhand way by men whose lives had extended through much of it, and whose participation in the changes that they described had been extensive enough to enable them to speak from direct knowledge. The concluding address was made by Otis Livingstone, Esq., editor of the *Register of Progress*, who was exceptionally familiar with the social and economic changes which had taken place within the last hundred years. He had been asked to tell about the movements which seemed to him, in the retrospect, to have contributed most toward the prosperity that the people of America are now enjoying. Interest in the events recounted was heightened by an interest in the personality of the narrator; for he was eighty-two years old, and had had an honorable share in guiding his country through the crisis by which she has made her way to wealth, harmony, and a sound political life. The address is here printed as its author delivered it.

MR. LIVINGSTONE'S NARRATIVE.

Mr. President, and Members of the New York Historical Society, — I have yielded to your wish, and shall try briefly to tell how, out of what it was, industrially and politically, in 1901, our country has become what it is to-day. For a hundred years America has been acting a romantic drama, the plot of which no man invented. In the course of it she

has gone through as great vicissitudes as a dramatist could devise, and reached as happy a dénouement as a reader would desire. Man himself has been improved by the course of events, but society has been completely transformed. Marvellous was the shape out of which it grew, and the forms which, at different stages, it took. Startling has been the rapidity of the transformations; for in a life of ordinary length I have seen the being that we call Society take its present shape from one that was as far below it as a tree-climbing ape is inferior to a cultured man. Very unlike the slow evolution of an animal type has been this development of modern society; and indeed, it seems, as I recall it, more like those changes of form through which ogres go in nursery tales. When the great consolidations of capital and of labor were made, the organism took one form; and when a new democracy appeared, and made the consolidations harmless and beneficial, it took another.

These changes were natural ones, and no particular men can claim the credit of producing them; and yet the state has taken a hand in the development, and men have been able to guide the state. Democracy itself seemed at one time to be a vanishing institution, and the struggle which rescued it put the reformers under a strain like that which a runner undergoes in the final spurt of a race.

The nineteenth century was once called the age of steam, and the twentieth the age of electricity; but to me the last century seems to be rather the era of organization. It was the period in which were formed those consolidations of labor and of capital which have enabled us to get out of electrical energy and automatic machinery more nearly the full service which they are capable of rendering.

Often have I asked myself whether the introduction of machines was of more importance to working humanity than

the change which caused the machines to be used by highly organized working forces. Perhaps it is because the latter change has fallen largely under my direct view, or perhaps it is because I cannot help estimating improvements in the form of society itself as greater than improvements in its implements, that I consider the social gains that have come during the twentieth century greater than the mechanical gains which came in the nineteenth. Even our tools are better than they were, since they now go of themselves and with little overseeing. In the new form of an old saying, "We touch the button, and they do the rest;" yet there is nothing in this that is as wonderful as the way in which society has shaped itself so as to get the full advantage of the mechanical progress. The machines that work so unerringly, like genii of the lamp, do not confine their favors to the persons who own them, for they enrich every one, and particularly the workers themselves; and if we gauge wealth by the comforts a man can have, a laborer may now be as rich as a prosperous employer was a century or two ago. Having to work does not now mean poverty, and even being poor does not mean forced idleness and want.

Efforts at political reformation marked the beginning of the twentieth century. Honest men tried to band together in numbers sufficient to break the power of bad political leaders, or "bosses," as they were termed, — the blackmailing agents who handled great sums of money paid either by evil doers who wanted to buy immunity, or by corporations which were doing a lawful business, but were attacked by officials themselves. Very sinister was then the relation of business to politics; and though the effort to purify the government finally succeeded, this success did not come till the middle of the century, when industry itself had been transformed and a new democracy had arisen.

The problems connected with the con-

solidated corporations were settled early in the century, but graver issues connected with trade unions continued to harass the public till near the middle of it, when these bodies took their true position in the state. It was trusts and laborers' unions which, working together in a normal way, brought in the new democracy. The United States has become a country where the relations of classes are unusually fraternal, however rare was brotherly conduct during the transitional period. There is even an approach to equality, if the test be the amount of actual comfort to which different classes attain; for though some men have a billion dollars apiece, and some have nothing, yet every man who keeps his health and works efficiently can live on a high plane of enjoyment, and can usually get about as much out of life as does the average multimillionaire.

The country has now had many years in which to get the benefit of the harmony between labor and capital which finally came, and it is in this period that the greater mechanical inventions have been made and applied. Those of us who worked for the social gains may therefore congratulate ourselves on having ushered in the reign of automatic machinery and gratuitous motive powers, since these things would not have come as early as they did if we had not brought labor and capital into friendly relations, and made it worth while for ingenious men to give their time to invention. We gave these men their chance by making a market for their wares.

During the latter part of the century a special kind of popular education has had a transforming effect; for it is in this period that the science of economics has been well taught in the common schools. Every boy of fifteen years now knows what, in the earlier decades, many men who were directing affairs did not know. What evil would not have come if certain patriotic citizens could have had their way! They innocently did their best to

make the ship that carried us go on the rocks.

If I were to describe in a phrase the chief gain that has been made, I should call it the democratizing of the institution of property. We had to make it something that should benefit all people and be cherished by all. I recall now with pleasure the manner in which the men with whom I was associated tested everything, and found it good or bad according as it was democratic or aristocratic. Massed capital had seemed to most people aristocratic; and yet it was in the power of the state to make it quite otherwise, and when my active life began it was rapidly becoming a democratic agency. The power to mass any number of holdings in one has invited saving on the part of working people, and has helped to stop the strife between labor and capital. It has even brought both of the contending interests into line with the interests of the general public. This has come, however, with the growth of a government that is truly of and by the people; for what with so-called "representatives" making laws, and bosses choosing the representatives, there was little enough of this a hundred years ago. Astonishing as it seems to us now, even the referendum was not in use, except in a few special ways, and legislators were well worth buying, since there was no regular appeal to be taken from their plundering acts.

In my view, all the lesser changes of the century merge themselves in a few great ones. As the streams that appear in a bay at low tide are swallowed up and lost when the tide comes in, so it has been with the reforming of the tariff, the purifying of the police administration, and the breaking of the power of political machines. Big enough, indeed, were these achievements, and worthy to be the object of any man's life; but they were included in the great tide of reform that has democratized property, made it secure, and made it the means

of putting two hundred millions of lives on a level of comfort that was dreamed of, but not expected as a reality at a date much short of the millennium.

Machinery and electrical energy would never have served us as they have done if we had not made ourselves ready to receive their ministrations. They are discriminating agents, and work reluctantly for a society that is at war with itself. We had to solve the trust problem and the problem of democratic government before the mechanical powers were ready to enlist heartily in our service. When these social issues were settled, invention sprang forward like an unleashed greyhound.

But how am I to tell about these social transformations? Their complexity appalls me; for three great movements so interlaced one another that each was dependent on the other two. The trade union did not develop independently of the trust, and the two did not go their way without reference to the course of popular government.

I can easily tell of the gradual change that took place in the mode of dealing with great corporations. This, in itself, is a simple story. It is not so easy to tell how trusts, trade unions, and political parties, all, as it were, thrown by fate into one caldron, brewed anything but the "toil and trouble" which the men of my early days had to undergo in trying to manage them. It was coming to be known, even in the early days of the century, that the natural reward of labor is its product. The wild man of the forest kept the fish that he caught, the game that he killed, and the fruits that he gathered; and the man who works in a modern mill is under a law that causes him to take the fruit of his own labor as his pay. There are ways of ascertaining what this product is. There is no need of my telling any of you how the amount of it is tested, and how, where competition rules, the wages that the workman gets are made to conform to this amount.

Familiar as all this is to you, it was, like many another economic truth, hidden from the mass of men when the problem of monopoly first became serious. The essential honesty of the wages system — the fact that when it works well it gives a man what he produces — is the fact that now makes every one friendly to it. With many men it was still an unrecognized truth when the century came in; and monopolies were then developing at a rate that bade fair to make it no longer a practical fact at all. They threatened to nullify every law that required for its working a true state of competition. "What if the wages system is an honest one whenever competition rules? It is no longer ruling." Such was the answer of practical men to the economic theorist. There was a vanishing faith in the soundness of our system, because there was no assurance offered that competition itself could continue.

There was reason enough for much of this skepticism. Monopolies were actually developing, and they were perverting the plan of distribution. Some classes were oppressing others. Through all the struggles of organized capital, on the one hand, and organized labor, on the other, there ran an effort on the part of a consolidated power to gain something at the cost of the community. The trust wanted a scarcity price for its wares, and the trade union, by keeping down the number of its members, and by fighting off non-union labor from its field, tried to get a scarcity rate of pay for the labor which it controlled. Neither organization was wholly successful, but together they were taxing the community at a dearer and dearer rate.

The two kinds of combination worked, as it were, from opposite ends of the line. The trust shut up mills in order to make goods dear, and the labor union enforced rules which made the goods dear and caused the shutting up of mills. The public had the bills to pay, and workmen who were not in unions paid the largest

share of them. These men found their spheres of labor overcrowded by those who were forced out of other fields. Their pay itself was reduced, and high prices of the goods that they bought with their pay taxed them still further.

Not noble, certainly, is a policy that has on it the taint of monopoly. Competition is indeed selfish, but it develops a rivalry in serving the public, since the man who offers a product more cheaply than another confers a larger benefit on the people for a given return. Cheap wheat feeds us well, cheap woolen goods clothe us well, and cheap transportation gives us, on easy terms, pleasure, health, and education. These fruits of competition take the ignoble quality out of it. What is then to be said about the reverse of competition? How ought we to have regarded the restricting of production, the raising of prices, and the pushing of workers into crowded fields? It means feeding, clothing, and educating the people ill. Strange indeed must such practices seem to you who have lived only in a time of economic freedom. They were once common; and every act of this kind was a "grab" unredeemed by public benefits. It was an effort to thrive, not by producing wealth, but by filching it out of others' pockets.

A trust and a trade union could sometimes work together. Their interests were at one in taxing the purchasers of their products. Both the steel trust and its employees wanted rails and ingots to be dear; but when the returns were in each party wanted all it could get of them, and there were quarrels over the division of what the public paid. Strikes were frequent, and they put a damper on the hopes we were entertaining of gaining supremacy in the commerce of the world. If England and Germany had avoided these same troubles, they would have supplanted us; but they had a share of them, and yet their rivalry pressed us so closely that self-preservation forced us to find the plan which has

remedied the evils and again given us the lead.

The new footing on which strikes were placed by the formation of trusts is clear when one thinks that they often enabled employers to gain by the stoppage of their works. If a single factory were shut up, this would not much affect the price of its product; but if a hundred were closed at once, it might send the price skyward, and the employing corporation might find idle mills more profitable than active ones. Not many in number, but frightful for wastefulness, were the strikes of trade unions against trusts.

Of course there were tribunals of arbitration; but what rule could they follow in making their awards? When men could be had for two dollars a day, and the strikers demanded three, what amount should a court hit upon as the just one? Only one thing could it do, if its purpose was to shorten the strike: it could find at what rate a settlement would probably be made, in case the contest were fought out to the bitter end, announce that rate, and advise the contestants to accept it. The advice would be taken whenever both parties concurred in the court's estimate of probabilities. Arbitration actually became a method of deciding quarrels according to the endurance of the contestants rather than according to justice.

The time came when capitalists who were not in trusts started many mills, which they manned with workmen who were not in trade unions, and such mills the monopolies were unable to repress. They ran with great economy, since their machinery was modern and their labor was good and cheap. In the attacks which the trusts made on them organized labor sometimes joined, by boycotting the products of these independent mills on the ground that they employed what were then called "unfair" men. The monopolistic power that the trust was fighting to retain would have worked

well for the men employed by it, and it came about that the situation stood thus: There were trusts wherever the nature of a business permitted it, and their mills were manned by union labor. There were independent mills, manned usually by independent labor, persecuted by the trusts, but saved by the economy and efficiency with which they ran. There was a further mass of labor unable to get into unions, or to get good or steady employment outside of them. It was a true proletariat, as destitute as any which the country had ever known. There was depression in agriculture, since in this department trusts could not thrive, and the tillage of the soil became an overcrowded occupation, receiving many of the men whom the exclusive policy of both trusts and trade unions forced out of other occupations. While this made food products cheap and helped the proletariat of the city, it put the farmers in the position of nearly starving themselves in order to save the poor in the cities from quite starving.

Then indeed was the demand for communism strong. "Let the state intervene. Let it take possession of all the capital, and run every mill, shop, and railroad in the country." In those states where politics were controlled by trusts on the one hand, and by trade unions on the other, the demand was effectually resisted. The time had been when labor organizations were socialistic, but those which were now thriving by an alliance with capitalistic monopolies ceased to wish for a general democracy of labor. In a commune they would have to go share and share with the excluded proletariat.

It was in agricultural states that the demand for the nationalization of industry had the greatest chance of success; and yet the people there perceived that there was nothing to be gained by merely nationalizing the industry of their own particular section. The Canadian state of Saskatchewan was at that time

purely agricultural, and when the influence of a few New Zealanders caused it to take the plunge into communism, and to declare all property a public possession, it was quickly evident that nothing had been gained. Agriculture was as unproductive as ever. Monopolies were taxing the life out of it, and they were all located in other regions. After an interval of confusion, this unfortunate state restored the titles to property, and resumed as nearly as it could its former condition. This lesson was taken to heart by other agricultural communities, and it was only the poor of the cities that continued to cry out for a nationalizing of wealth. Against them were not only the trusts and the independent capitalists, but all the strong bodies of organized labor. Trade-unionists had no relish for the plan of pooling their fortunes with those of the excluded poor.

Very slowly came a time of clear perception and action. It was monopoly that oppressed these men. That they were barred out of trade unions was one grievance, and that employments open to them were made unprofitable by the trusts was another: and then it was that the old anti-monopoly cry was taken up anew, and directed not only against massed capital, but against massed and exclusive labor. "Let us destroy every rootlet of monopoly, and make both labor and capital free," became the watchword. To this demand of the non-union workers, who were still a numerical majority, the independent capitalists lent a strong support. They needed protection against the terrorizing policy of the trusts as the men needed it against the oppressive course taken by trade unions.

Consolidated capital was dealt with in an effective way. Favoritism in freight charges was stopped. A fair scale of charges was presented to the railroads, and when they had accepted it they were allowed to form pools. The temptation to favor large shippers by giving secret rebates was now removed, since

a favor of this kind had been granted only by a railroad which was trying to lure traffic from another; and when the business was pooled there was nothing to be gained by such a course. Enough facts concerning the trusts' affairs were made public to enable an investor to see what he was getting when he bought any of its stocks or bonds.

These things saved the independent producers, and through them helped the public. The more of these free mills there were, the better off were consumers, laborers, and farmers; but a still more complete economic freedom was needed. A man should be able to go into any business he pleased, and be wholly exempt from bullying attacks. A trust must not flood his territory with cheap goods till it forced him out of it, and it must do no other predatory act.

For some time it had been clear that if a trust could be forced to treat all its own customers alike, it could not crush an independent producer who had a well-equipped mill. If the great corporation, in order to cut prices in his section of the country, were compelled to cut them everywhere else, it could not keep up the war longer than its rival could; for its losses would be in proportion to the magnitude of its business. Though it had a hundred times as much capital as the rival whom it was trying to ruin, yet, if its losses were also a hundredfold greater, its capital would be used up as soon as his. Though the law never tried to regulate the level of prices, it did demand that any scale which a producer might choose to adopt should be offered uniformly to all customers. "Charge what you please, but charge it to every one," was the rule.

A statute of this kind was enacted, and though, as had been anticipated, it was hard to execute, it helped greatly to take the monopolistic character out of the great producing companies. The common law, which forbids monopoly, had never been changed. Prosecutions

under it had become infrequent, for the reason that the definition of a monopoly was not well established. Judges were baffled in the effort to put their fingers on specific acts of a great corporation, and to say: "This makes you a monopoly. Your charter is forfeited." When, however, the law made its demand for equal prices to all customers, the courts were quick to perceive that a violation of this statute was a monopolistic act. It was done to extinguish competition, and to prevent the trusts from doing it was to keep competition alive. Proceedings under the common law acquired additional vigor. The great corporations could not exercise a predatory power without violating this statute; and yet, if they violated it, they risked being made outlaws under an old and venerated legal principle. From about the time when this law was passed trusts ceased to be dangerous, and they soon became the very useful things that they now are. Not to many of you would it occur that they could ever have been a menace to the public.

A later law ordered that any violation of the statute of which I have just told you, or of certain other statutes of a similar kind, should be treated by the courts as a conclusive proof that the company so transgressing was a monopoly, and that for a first offense a bond equal to one quarter of the capital of the company should be given to a special commission, and on a second offense the bond should be declared forfeited. It prescribed that, if the amount were not paid, property enough of the trust should be sold to satisfy the judgment. Few trusts ever took the risk of having to give these bonds, and only one, the great Aluminium Company, allowed the bond to be forfeited. The era of predatory competition was over, and the wild beasts of commerce had had their teeth drawn and were tamed for human service.

There remains to be told the sequel

of this story. If you find it hard to imagine a state in which great corporations were menacing things, still harder will you find it to imagine a condition in which trade unions could be oppressive. At their worst these unions did a vast amount of good, and not within my recollection has the necessity of having them been questioned. Labor must be consolidated if it is to have a fair chance in its dealings with capital; and when the organization proceeds on a free and generous plan, it is unqualifiedly good. When it keeps good men out of its membership, and drives all but members away from its field of labor, it is clearly not a good thing for the excluded men. This is maintaining by force a certain monopoly.

The force that is used to keep outside men from working is, of course, illegal. The non-union man is a citizen, with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and every missile that is thrown at him for working where he is not wanted is a criminal assault. If it be done with the connivance of policemen and other local officials, it means a government by mob, and not a true democracy; and yet for a score of years the people of this country saw this going on, and winked at a certain amount of it. They stopped it in extreme cases, but not in others.

It is easy to say that this meant simply a rotten condition of the body politic; and yet there was a principle that, in an unconscious way, was governing the conduct of the people. It was seen that trade unions and strikes could be of little value to laborers if outside men could be gathered together from all parts of the country, taken to the point of conflict, and used to break up the strike. Enough could always be thus secured to man any one mill; and if these were fully protected, the old operatives could be made either to work for reduced wages or to lose their places. Union labor could thus never get a rate of pay much higher than that earned by those

men who had not the advantage of collective bargaining. The offer of employment had the effect of drawing together a force made up of persons who had been handicapped by their isolation, and were now glad to take even an unnaturally low rate of pay. What advantage is there in union, if the gain that comes through collective action has to be sacrificed whenever employers choose to get together a force made up of men of the helpless class?

On the other hand, it was clear that one chief reason for the low wages that these men were willing to take lay in the fact that they were excluded from certain lucrative fields of employment. Not only were they isolated, but they were oppressed. Trusts had harmed them, and certain trade unions had contributed to the injury. The people could not be passive and see them clubbed *ad libitum*; and it came about that the mob itself sometimes protected them during a strike which seemed to the local public to be very unjust, and sacrificed them in any strike which seemed at all just. It was the crudest kind of arbitration, and made victims of the unfortunate men who were trying to work; but through the first decades of the century it was what we had to depend on, and we forced ourselves to become inured to it.

In new mills, built to compete with trusts and manned by non-union men, the workers enjoyed protection, and this became complete whenever they made independent unions of their own. A considerable number of new and democratic labor unions were formed, and this policy was favored by employers, since it gave the men security and made it easier to retain them. As the new mills increased in number, they drew to themselves more and more men from the ranks of the proletariat and put them in positions of comfort. Occupations for the poor were opening in many directions.

It remained for the state to offer charters to the new organizations of work-

men. It was done by a law of Congress making it possible for labor everywhere to incorporate itself under the federal authority. Such charters were accepted at once by the newer unions; and when the older ones learned that a responsible body can get higher wages than one whose contracts are liable to be broken, they began to accept charters for themselves. This was the beginning of that system of legalized trade unions which is now universal.

Admission to the newer unions had always been free, and admission to the older ones finally became so. The monopoly of labor was at an end. There were tests for the admission of members, and the quality of workmanship was very properly guarded; but good workmen were no longer debarred from practicing their trades. In the end membership in the unions became compulsory, and the system became essentially the one under which we are still living. Prove your fitness for working at a trade, register your name in a public office, pay a nominal fee for the registration, and you may practice the craft in security in any city in the United States. The issue between union and non-union labor is at an end; for it is all in unions. The benefit of collective bargaining is enjoyed by all, but that of monopoly is enjoyed by none.

The enlightened policy of the new labor unions gave us our "schools of industry," or "tramp houses," as they were once called. You may not remember that the original purpose of them was to furnish work for the unemployed, and not to give instruction or to examine candidates for admission to the various trades. They grew naturally into the institution which, as you know, has taken the only great evil out of our progressive industry. When men lose their occupations by the invention of a new machine, the schools keep them employed, at a reduced rate of pay, till they can learn a new craft and find a place to practice it.

This instruction could not be given, except at a ruinous cost to the state, unless the schools made goods and sold them in the market; and well do I remember how the proposal to do this was once combated. Would not the products of these schools overstock the markets? Would they not be sold cheaply, and be the means of breaking down the prices of goods made in the ordinary shops? Would they not throw good workmen out of employment? "Very well," said the advocates of the scheme. "We will see to it that the goods made in these training shops never reach the general market at all. We will have farms, flouring mills, bakeries, woolen mills, cotton mills, shoeshops, etc., and we will make in them just the varieties of goods that the inmates need for their own use. We will pay these men in orders on the shops themselves. The idle throng that lives in misery, and is both a burden and a menace to the country, shall be changed into an independent, self-sustaining population." For a few years this was done. We had within the general body of the people a class of workers so organized that they catered solely to their own wants, and lived much as they would have done if they had been the sole population of a large and productive island. They neither bought goods from the ordinary makers nor sold them to the ordinary consumers. If all the unemployed had been taken bodily out of the country, the effect on the remaining population would have been much the same as was that of these places of refuge and instruction. There was, however, this important gain from the presence of the schools: they received from the environing society every man who lost his employment, and in due time gave back a man trained to work well, and they put him into a place where his work was needed. While there was no commerce in *goods* between the world of the schools and the larger world about them, there was a constant exchange of men between them; and in

these exchanges society without was vastly the gainer. This isolating of the schools was before long abandoned, since every one saw that merging the smaller market for goods which the schools contained within themselves in the larger and more general market could endanger no one's position. If the apprentices of the state sold their products to other citizens, they would buy products in return, and for nothing would the demand be reduced. It was this step which put the beneficent institution on its present footing as a natural clearing house for labor, to which every one applies when he wants trained employees. The idea that a system which finds work for all who need it can deprive men of employment *while it is fulfilling its purpose* would occur to no one to-day; and it will take an effort of imagination on your part to put yourselves into the place of those who once actually entertained it. Very real and serious, however, was this early opposition to employing tramps, prisoners, paupers, pupils of schools, soldiers, or any other persons whom the state might take into wardship, in making goods that should be offered for sale. We are well rid of a bad delusion.

Naturally and quite early these schools became places for testing the attainments of men who wished to be enrolled in trade unions, though it is only recently that a certificate from one of them has been required of every such applicant. Through this gateway to-day every candidate for a position must pass: and the redeeming fact is that every one can pass it if he has the needed skill; and if he has not the skill, he can gain it in the schools themselves.

I should be glad to tell you how the dangers inherent in this institution were avoided. The chief of them was political. At an earlier date the bosses would have found a way of controlling the votes of this army of public apprentices. The new democracy was able to surmount the peril; for now the power

of the boss was greatly reduced, that of the new trade unions was increased, and the voters saw to it that the pay given to the apprentices should be kept far below the rate that, on leaving the schools, they could earn. They had no desire to become dependents of the politicians.

Gladly would I tell of the growth of our courts of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between employers and employed. They have evolved out of the old and inefficient tribunals, and their success is due to the fact that they now have what the early courts lacked, — a basis on which to found just decisions. In the way of wages, whatever an authorized trade union is willing to take is certain to be nearly a fair rate. If a local union strikes for one rate, and no other union will do the work for less, the rate demanded is apt to be a fair one. With all bargains made collectively between responsible and incorporated bodies, the difficulty of agreeing on fair terms is not a tithe of what it was.

I might tell of reforms in the tenure of land; and very loud, at one time, was the outcry from a few persons against all private titles to it. Was not this the gift of nature? Does not society in its collective capacity own it? If it does, let it take it, and that, too, without the smallest compensation to the usurping holders. This outcry came to an end when it was found that the savings of working people were chiefly invested in "land values." With security of employment many of them had developed what used to be called "land hunger," and had become proprietors of homes. More of them had deposited their savings with banks and trust companies which had loaned it on the security afforded by land. A large number had insurance policies which would have become nearly worthless if the mortgages held by the insuring companies had been deprived of their chief security. "Are we ourselves the usurpers?" these workingmen asked. "Have we seized anything that we did

not pay for in money honestly earned? Did not the state invite us to put our earnings into this form, and will it take them from us because we have accepted its own policy?" The demand for confiscation subsided, but the need of a free use of the power of eminent domain has been met. For any good purpose the state takes land and pays for it. It has changed the laws of trespass, and made it impossible for a chain of estates so to stretch itself along the shore of the sea as to debar the multitude from access to the ocean. Great mountains are now virtually all men's property, and the right of man to go where he will is nowhere unduly restricted.

I should like to tell how workers generally became capitalists, in their way, by means of their savings, and of the encouragement to saving that was given when the bonds and even the stocks of corporations ceased to be of doubtful quality, and I should like to speak of the fair taxation that has been made possible by the incorporating of so many industries.

It all comes to this: we have a new democracy, and it is on a sound industrial basis. Most men still live largely by labor; but work is not merely honorable, — it is profitable. The accumulated results of it have put the multitude on a plane of comfort that has never before been approached. The people are economically independent and politically sovereign. They really rule, and it appears that this is a guarantee of good ruling; for though they sometimes blunder, they discover and correct their mistakes. Collectively they will not cheat, for that would be cheating themselves. They are the principal party in interest when important measures are pending.

The century is not closing without issues to be settled. You know what for-

eign relations now mean: not a struggle to keep from fighting, but an effort to adjust trade connections and other vast and involved interests. The very intimacy in which nations live, while it guarantees peace, makes work for the international courts. In individual morality we are not yet at the portal of the millennium; for prosperity has brought its sore temptations. Here, indeed, our gains seem to be in some danger, and in this direction the strongest effort is needed in order to save them. A certain manly quality in our people gives assurance that we have the personal material out of which a millennium may grow. Fraternity abounds where once it was rare. We can all look with toleration on our billionaires, knowing as we do how little the excess of their property really does for them. In the retrospect, it seems to me as if the ship that carries our fortunes had once been half disabled by storms, but had outridden them and were well on its way to port. More wealth, strength, and virtue are yet to be attained, and in the struggle against evils we shall gain moral stamina. There are contests enough still in progress to give virility to the popular character. You have work before you, children of the twenty-first century; but my hope is that the area of greatest danger has been passed, and that your tasks will be lighter than ours have been, and your strength greater.

At the close of Mr. Livingstone's address the Historical Society adjourned, and the people of the city closed their festivities by singing together the new Hymn of the Republic. With a more buoyant feeling than has ever before been apparent they have now resumed their usual tasks.

John Bates Clark.

THE OUTGOING OF THE TIDE.¹

"Between the hours of twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide."

MEN come from distant parts to admire the tides of Solway, which race in at flood and retreat at ebb with a greater speed than a horse can follow. But nowhere are there queerer waters than in our own parish of Caulds, at the place called the Sker Bay, where between two horns of land a shallow estuary receives the stream of the Sker. I never daunder by its shores and see the waters hurrying like messengers from the great deep without solemn thoughts, and a memory of Scripture words on the terror of the sea. The vast Atlantic may be fearful in its wrath, but with us it is no clean open rage, but the deceit of the creature, the unholy ways of quicksands when the waters are gone, and their stealthy return like a thief in the night watches. But in times of which I write there were more awful fears than any from the violence of nature. It was before the day of my ministry in Caulds, for then I was a tot callant in short clothes in my native parish of Lesmahagow; but the worthy Dr. Chrystal, who had charge of spiritual things, has told me often of the power of Satan and his emissaries in that lonely place. It was the day of warlocks and apparitions, now happily driven out by the zeal of the General Assembly. Witches pursued their wanchancy calling, bairns were spirited away, young lassies sold their souls to the Evil One, and the Accuser of the Brethren, in the shape of a black tyke, was seen about cottage doors in the gloaming. Many and earnest were the prayers of good Dr. Chrystal, but the evil thing, in spite of his wrestling, grew and flourished in his midst. The parish stank of idolatry, abominable rites were practiced in secret,

and in all the bounds there was no one had a more evil name for the black traffic than one Alison Sempill, who bode at the Skerburnfoot.

The cottage stood nigh the burn, in a little garden, with lilyoaks and grosart bushes lining the pathway. The Sker ran by in a line among rowand trees, and the noise of its waters was ever about the place. The highroad on the other side was frequented by few, for a nearer-hand way to the west had been made through the lower Moss. Sometimes a herd from the hills would pass by with sheep, sometimes a tinkler or a wandering merchant, and once in a long while the laird of Heriotside on his grey horse riding to Gledsmuir. And they who passed would see Alison trupling in her garden, speaking to herself like the ill wife she was, or sitting on a cutty-stool by the doorside, with her eyes on other than mortal sights. Where she came from no man could tell. There were some said she was no woman, but a ghost haunting some mortal tenement. Others would threep she was gentrice, come of a persecuting family in the west, who had been ruined in the Revolution wars. She never seemed to want for siller; the house was as bright as a new preen, the yaird better delved than the manse garden; and there was routh of fowls and doos about the small stading, forbye a whee sheep and milk-kye in the fields. No man ever saw Alison at any market in the countryside, and yet the Skerburnfoot was plenished yearly in all proper order. One man only worked on the place, a doited lad who had long been a charge to the parish, and who had not the sense to fear danger or the wit to understand it. Upon all others the sight of Alison, were it but for a moment the Gospel in the Parish of Caulds, and Author of Satan's Artifices against the Elect.

¹ From the Unpublished Remains of the Reverend John Dennistoun, Sometime Minister of
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ment, cast a cold grue, not to be remembered without terror. It seems she was not ordinarily ill-famed, as men use the word. She was maybe sixty years in age, small and trig, with her grey hair folded neatly under her mutch. But the sight of her eyes was not a thing to forget. John Dodds said they were the een of a deer with the Devil ahint them; and indeed, they would so appal an onlooker that a sudden unreasoning terror came into his heart, while his feet would impel him to flight. Once John, being overtaken in drink on the roadside by the cottage, and dreaming that he was burning in hell, awoke and saw the old wife hobbling toward him. Thereupon he fled soberly to the hills, and from that day became a quiet-living, humble-minded Christian. She moved about the country like a ghost, gathering herbs in dark loanings, lingering in kirkyairds, and casting a blight on innocent bairns. Once Robert Smellie found her in a ruinous kirk on the Lang Muir, where of old the idolatrous rites of Rome were practiced. It was a hot day, and in the quiet place the flies buzzed in clouds, and he noted that she sat clothed in them as with a garment, yet suffering no discomfort. Then he, having mind of Beelzebub, the god of flies, fled without a halt homewards; but, falling in the coo's loan, broke two ribs and a collar bone, the whilk misfortune was much blessed to his soul. And there were darker tales in the countryside, of weans stolen, of lassies misguided, of innocent beasts cruelly tortured, and in one and all there came in the name of the wife of the Skerburnfoot. It was noted by them that kenned best that her cantrips were at their worst when the tides in the Sker Bay ebbed between the hours of twelve and one. At this season of the night the tides of mortality run lowest, and when the outgoing of these unco waters fell in with the setting of the current of life, then indeed was the hour for unholy revels. While honest men slept in

their beds, the auld rudas carlines took their pleasure. That there is a delight in sin no man denies, but to most it is but a broken glint in the pauses of their conscience. But what must be the hellish joy of those lost beings who have forsworn God, and trysted with the Prince of Darkness, it is not for a Christian to say. Certain it is that it must be great, though their master waits at the end of the road to claim the wizened things they call their souls. Serious men — notably Gidden Scott in the Bach of the Hill, and Simon Wanch in the Sheillin of Chasehope — have seen Alison wandering on the wet sands, dancing to no earthy musick, while the heavens, they said, were full of lights and sounds which betokened the presence of the Prince of the Powers of the Air. It was a season of heart-searching for God's saints in Caulds, and the dispensation was blessed to not a few.

It will seem strange that in all this time the Presbytery was idle, and no effort was made to rid the place of so fell an influence. But there was a reason, and the reason, as in most like cases, was a lassie. Forbye Alison there lived at the Skerburnfoot a young maid, Ailie Sempill, who by all accounts was as good and bonnie as the other was evil. She passed for a daughter of Alison's, — whether born in wedlock or not I cannot tell; but there were some said she was no kin to the auld witch wife, but some bairn spirited away from honest parents. She was young and blithe, with a face like an April morning, and a voice in her that put the laverocks to shame. When she sang in the kirk, folk have told me that they had a foretaste of the musick of the New Jerusalem, and when she came in by the village of Caulds old men stottered to their doors to look at her. Moreover, from her earliest days the bairn had some glimmerings of grace. Though no minister would visit the Skerburnfoot, or, if he went, departed quicker than he came, the girl Ailie attended

regular at the catechising at the mains of Sker. It may be that Alison thought she would be a better offering for the Devil if she were given the chance of forswearing God, or it may be that she was so occupied in her own dark business that she had no care of the bairn. Meanwhile, the lass grew up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have heard Dr. Chrystal say that he never had a communicant more full of the things of the Spirit. From the day when she first declared her wish to come forward to the hour when she broke bread at the table, she walked like one in a dream. The lads of the parish might cast admiring eyes on her bright cheeks and yellow hair, as she sat in her white gown in the kirk, but well they knew she was not for them. To be the bride of Christ was the thought that filled her heart; and when, at the fencing of the table, Dr. Chrystal preached from Matthew nine and fifteen, "Can the children of the bridechamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them?" it was remarked by sundry that Ailie's face was liker the countenance of an angel than of a mortal lass.

It is with the day of her first communion that this narrative of mine begins. As she walked home, after the morning table, she communed in secret, and her heart sang within her. She had mind of God's mercies in the past; how he had kept her feet from the snares of evil doers which had been spread around her youth. She had been told unholy charms like the Seven South Streams and the Nine Rowand Berries, and it was noted, when she went first to the catechising, that she prayed, "Our Father which wert in heaven," the prayer which the ill wife Alison had taught her; meaning by it Lucifer, who had been in heaven, and had been cast out therefrom. But when she had come to years of discretion, she had freely chosen the better part, and evil had ever been repelled from her soul like gled water from the

stones of Gled brig. Now she was in a rapture of holy content. The Druchen Bell — for the ungodly fashion lingered in Caulds — was ringing in her ears as she left the village, but to her it was but a kirk bell and a goodly sound. As she went through the woods where the primroses and the whitethorn were blossoming, the place seemed as the land of Elim, wherein there were twelve wells and threescore and ten palm trees. And then, as it might be, another thought came into her head, for it is ordained that frail mortality cannot long continue in holy joy. In the kirk she had been only the bride of Christ, but as she came through the wood, with the birds lilt-ing and the winds of the world blowing, she had mind of another lover; for this lass, though so cold to men, had not escaped the common fate. It seems that the young Heriotside, riding by one day, stopped to speir something or other, and got a glisk of Ailie's face which caught his fancy. He passed the road again many times, and then he would meet her in the gloaming, or of a morning in the field as she went to fetch the kye. "Blue are the hills that are far away," is an overcome in the countryside, and while at first on his side it may have been but a young man's fancy, to her he was like the god Apollo descending from the skies. He was good to look on, brawly dressed, and with a tongue in his head that would have wiled the bird from the tree. Moreover, he was of gentle kin, and she was a poor lass biding in a cot house with an ill-reputed mother. It seems that in time the young man, who had begun the affair with no good intentions, fell honestly in love, while she went singing about the doors as innocent as a bairn, thinking of him when her thoughts were not on higher things. So it came about that long ere Ailie reached home it was on young Heriotside that her mind dwelled, and it was the love of him that made her eyes glow and her cheeks redden.

Now it chanced that at that very hour her master had been with Alison, and the pair of them were preparing a deadly pit. Let no man say that the Devil is not a cruel tyrant. He may give his folk some scrapings of unhallowed pleasure, but he will exact tithes, yea, of anise and cummin, in return, and there is aye the reckoning to pay at the hinder end. It seems that now he was driving Alison hard. She had been remiss of late, — fewer souls sent to hell, less zeal in quenching the Spirit, and, above all, the crowning offense that her bairn had communicated in Christ's kirk. She had waited overlong, and now it was like that Ailie would escape her toils. I have no skill of fancy to tell of that dark colloque, but the upshot was that Alison swore by her lost soul and the pride of sin to bring the lass into thrall to her master. The fiend had bare departed when Ailie came over the threshold to find the auld carline glunching over the fire.

It was plain she was in the worst of tempers. She flyted on the lass till the poor thing's cheek paled. "There you gang," she cries, "broking wi' thae wearifu' Pharisees o' Caulds, whae daurna darken your mither's door! A bonnie dutiful child, quotha! Wumman, hae ye nae pride, or even the excuse o' a tinkler-lass?" And then she changed her voice and would be as soft as honey: "My puir wee Ailie, was I thrawn till ye? Never mind, my bonnie. You and me are a' that's left, and we maunna be ill to ither." And then the two had their dinner, and all the while the auld wife was crooning over the lass. "We maun 'gree weel," she says, "for we're like to be our lee-lane for the rest o' our days. They tell me Heriotside is seeking Joan o' the Croft, and they're sune to be cried in Gledsmuir's kirk."

It was the first the lass had heard of it, and you may fancy she was struck dumb. And so with one thing and other the auld witch raised the fiends of jeal-

ousy in that innocent heart. She would cry out that Heriotside was an ill-doing wastrel, and had no business to come and flatter honest lassies. And then she would speak of his gentle birth and his leddy mother, and say it was indeed presumption to hope that so great a gentleman could mean all that he said. Before long Ailie was silent and white, while her mother rimed on about men and their ways. And then she could thole it no longer, but must go out and walk by the burn to cool her hot brow and calm her thoughts, while the witch indoors laughed to herself at her devices.

For days Ailie had an absent eye and a sad face, and it so fell out that in all that time young Heriotside, who had scarce missed a day, was laid up with a broken arm and never came near her. So in a week's time she was beginning to hearken to her mother when she spoke of incantations and charms for restoring love. She kenned it was sin, but though not seven days syne she had sat at the Lord's table, so strong is love in a young heart that she was on the very brink of it. But the grace of God was stronger than her weak will. She would have none of her mother's runes and philters, though her soul cried out for them. Always when she was most disposed to listen some merciful power stayed her consent. Alison grew thrawner as the hours passed. She kenned of Heriotside's broken arm, and she feared that any day he might recover and put her stratagemis to shame. And then it seems that she colloqued with her master and heard word of a subtler device. For it was approaching that uncanny time of year, the festival of Beltane, when the auld pagans were wont to sacrifice to their god Baal. In this season warlocks and carlines have a special dispensation to do evil, and Alison waited on its coming with graceless joy. As it happened, the tides in the Sker Bay ebbed at this time between the hours of twelve and one, and, as I have said, this was the

hour above all others when the Powers of Darkness were most potent. Would the lass but consent to go abroad in the unhallowed place at this awful season and hour of the night, she was as firmly handfasted to the Devil as if she had signed a bond with her own blood; for then, it seemed, the forces of good fled far away, the world for one hour was given over to its ancient prince, and the man or woman who willingly sought the spot was his bondservant forever. There are deadly sins from which God's people may recover. A man may even communicate unworthily, and yet, so be it he sin not against the Holy Ghost, he may find forgiveness. But it seems that for the Beltane sin there could be no pardon, and I can testify from my own knowledge that they who once committed it became lost souls from that day. James Denchar, once a promising professor, fell thus out of sinful bravery and died blaspheming; and of Kate Mallison, who went the same road, no man can tell. Here indeed was the witch wife's chance; and she was the more keen, for her master had warned her that this was her last chance. Either Ailie's soul would be his, or her auld wrinkled body and black heart would be flung from this pleasant world to their apportioned place.

Some days later it happened that young Heriotside was stepping home over the Lang Muir about ten at night, it being his first jaunt from home since his arm had mended. He had been to the supper of the Forest Club at the Cross Keys in Gledsmuir, a clamjamphry of wild young blades who passed the wine and played at cartes once a fortnight. It seems he had drunk well, so that the world ran round about and he was in the best of tempers. The moon came down and bowed to him, and he took off his hat to it. For every step he traveled miles, so that in a little he was beyond Scotland altogether and pacing the Arabian desert. He thought he was the Pope of Rome, so he held

out his foot to be kissed, and rolled twenty yards to the bottom of a small brae. Syne he was the king of France, and fought hard with a whin bush till he had banged it to pieces. After that nothing would content him but he must be a bogle, for he found his head dunting on the stars and his legs were knocking the hills together. He thought of the mischief he was doing to the auld earth, and sat down and cried at his wickedness. Then he went on, and maybe the steep road to the Moss Rig helped him, for he began to get soberer and ken his whereabouts.

On a sudden he was aware of a man linking along at his side. He cried a fine night, and the man replied. Syne, being merry from his cups, he tried to slap him on the back. The next he kenned he was rolling on the grass, for his hand had gone clean through the body and found nothing but air.

His head was so thick with wine that he found nothing droll in this. "Faith, friend," he says, "that was a nasty fall for a fellow that has supped weel. Where might your road be gaun to?"

"To the World's End," said the man, "but I stop at the Skerburnfoot."

"Bide the night at Heriotside," says he. "It's a thought out of your way, but it's a comfortable bit."

"There's mair comfort at the Skerburnfoot," said the dark man.

Now the mention of the Skerburnfoot brought back to him only the thought of Ailie, and not of the witch wife, her mother. So he jaloused no ill, for at the best he was slow in the uptake.

The two of them went on together for a while, Heriotside's fool head filled with the thought of the lass. Then the dark man broke silence. "Ye're thinkin' o' the maid Ailie Sempill," says he.

"How ken ye that?" asked Heriotside.

"It is my business to read the hearts o' men," said the other.

"And who may ye be?" said Heriotside, growing eerie.

"Just an auld packman," says he; "nae name ye wad ken, but kin to mony gentle houses."

"And what about Ailie, you that ken sae muckle?" asked the young man.

"Naething," was the answer, — "naething that concerns you, for ye'll never get the lass."

"By God and I will!" says Heriot-side, for he was a profane swearer.

"That's the wrong name to seek her in, ony way," said the man.

At this the young laird struck a great blow at him with his stick, but found nothing to resist him but the hill wind.

When they had gone on a bit the dark man spoke again. "The lassie is thirled to holy things," says he; "she has nae care for flesh and blood, — only for devout contemplation."

"She loves me," says Heriotside.

"Not you," says the other, "but a shadow in your stead."

At this the young man's heart began to tremble, for it seemed that there was truth in what his companion said, and he was owerdrunk to think gravely.

"I kenna whatna man ye are," he says, "but ye have the skill of lassies' hearts. Tell me truly, is there no way to win her to common love?"

"One way there is," said the man, "and for our friendship's sake I will tell you it. If ye can ever tryst wi' her on Beltane's E'en on the Sker sands, at the green link o' the burn where the sands begin, on the ebb o' the tide when the midnight is by, but afore cockerow, she'll be yours, body and soul, for this world and forever."

And then it appeared to the young man that he was walking his love up the grass walk of Heriotside, with the house close by him. He thought no more of the stranger he had met, but the word stuck in his heart.

It seems that about this very time Alison was telling the same tale to poor Ailie. She cast up to her every idle gossip she could think of. "It's Joan

o' the Croft," was aye her owercome, and she would threep that they were to be cried in kirk on the first Sabbath of May. And then she would rime on about the black cruelty of it, and cry down curses on the lover, so that her daughter's heart grew cauld with fear. It is terrible to think of the power of the world even in a redeemed soul. Here was a maid who had drunk of the well of grace and tasted of God's mercies, and yet there were moments when she was ready to renounce her hope. At those awful seasons God seemed far off and the world very nigh, and to sell her soul for love looked a fair bargain; at other times she would resist the Devil and comfort herself with prayer; but aye when she woke there was the sore heart, and when she went to sleep there were the weary eyes. There was no comfort in the goodliness of spring or the bright sunshine weather, and she who had been wont to go about the doors lightfoot and blithe was now as dowie as a widow woman.

And then one afternoon in the hinder end of April came young Heriotside riding to the Skerburnfoot. His arm was healed, he had got him a fine new suit of green, and his horse was a mettle beast that well set off his figure. Ailie was standing by the doorstep as he came down the road, and her heart stood still with joy. But a second thought gave her anguish. This man, so gallant and braw, would never be for her; doubtless the fine suit and the capering horse were for Joan o' the Croft's pleasure. And he, in turn, when he remarked her wan cheeks and dowie eyes, had mind of what the dark man said on the muir, and saw in her a maid sworn to no mortal love. Yet his passion for her had grown fiercer than ever, and he swore to himself that he would win her back from her phantasies. She, one may believe, was ready enough to listen. As she walked with him by the Sker water his words were like musick to her ears,

and Alison within doors laughed to herself and saw her devices prosper.

He spoke to her of love and his own heart, and the girl hearkened gladly. Syne he rebuked her coldness and cast scorn upon her piety, and so far was she beguiled that she had no answer. Then from one thing and another he spoke of some true token of their love. He said he was jealous, and craved something to ease his care. "It's but a small thing I ask," says he, "but it will make me a happy man, and nothing ever shall come atween us. Tryst wi' me for Beltane's E'en on the Sker sands, at the green link o' the burn where the sands begin, on the ebb o' the tide when midnight is by, but afore cockcrow. For," said he, "that was our forbears' tryst for true lovers, and wherefore no for you and me?"

The lassie had grace given her to refuse, but with a woeful heart, and Heriot-side rode off in black discontent, leaving poor Ailie to sigh her love. He came back the next day and the next, but aye he got the same answer. A season of great doubt fell upon her soul. She had no clearness in her hope, nor any sense of God's promises. The Scriptures were an idle tale to her, prayer brought her no refreshment, and she was convicted in her conscience of the unpardonable sin. Had she been less full of pride, she would have taken her troubles to good Dr. Chrystal and got comfort; but her grief made her silent and timorous, and she found no help anywhere. Her mother was ever at her side, seeking with coaxings and evil advice to drive her to the irrevocable step. And all the while there was her love for the man riving in her bosom, and giving her no ease by night or day. She believed she had driven him away, and repented her denial. Only her pride held her back from going to Heriot-side and seeking him herself. She watched the road hourly for a sight of his face, and when the darkness came she would

sit in a corner brooding over her sorrows.

At last he came, speiring the old question. He sought the same tryst, but now he had a further tale. It seemed he was eager to get her away from the Sker-burnside and auld Alison. His aunt, Lady Balerynic, would receive her gladly at his request till the day of their marriage; let her but tryst with him at the hour and place he named, and he would carry her straight to Balerynic, where she would be safe and happy. He named that hour, he said, to escape men's observation, for the sake of her own good name. He named that place, for it was near her dwelling, and on the road between Balerynic and Heriot-side, which fords the Sker Burn. The temptation was more than mortal heart could resist. She gave him the promise he sought, stifling the voice of conscience; and as she clung to his neck it seemed to her that heaven was a poor thing compared with a man's love.

Three days remained till Beltane's E'en, and throughout this time it was noted that Heriot-side behaved like one possessed. It may be that his conscience pricked him, or that he had a glimpse of his sin and its coming punishment. Certain it is that if he had been daft before, he now ran wild in his pranks, and an evil report of him was in every mouth. He drank deep at the Cross Keys, and fought two battles with young lads that had angered him. One he let off with a touch on the shoulder; the other goes lame to this day from a wound he got in the groin. There was word of the procurator fiscal taking note of his doings, and troth, if they had continued long he must have fled the country. For a wager he rode his horse down the Dow Craig, wherefore the name of the place has been the Horseman's Craig ever since. He laid a hundred guineas with the laird of Slofferfield that he would drive four horses through the Slofferfield loch, and in the prank he

had his bit chariot dung to pieces and a good mare killed. And all men observed that his eyes were wild and the face grey and thin, and that his hand would twitch, as he held the glass, like one with the palsy.

The Eve of Beltane was lower and hot in the low country, with fire hanging in the clouds and thunder grumbling about the heavens. It seems that up in the hills it had been an awesome deluge of rain, but on the coast it was still dry and lowering. It is a long road from Heriotside to the Skerburnfoot. First you go down the Heriot water, and syne over the Lang Muir to the edge of Mucklewhan. When you pass the steadings of Mirehope and Cockmalane, you turn to the right and ford the Mire Burn. That brings you on to the turnpike road, which you will ride till it bends inland, while you keep on straight over the Whinny Knowes to the Sker Bay. There, if you are in luck, you will find the tide out and the place fordable dryshod for a man on a horse. But if the tide runs, you will do well to sit down on the sands and content yourself till it turn, or it will be the solaus and scarts of the Sol-way that will be seeing the next of you. On this Beltane's E'en, the young man, after supping with some wild young blades, bade his horse be saddled about ten o'clock. The company were eager to ken his errand, but he waved them back. "Bide here," he says, "and boil the wine till I return. This is a ploy of my own on which no man follows me." And there was that in his face, as he spoke, which chilled the wildest, and left them well content to keep to the good claret and the saft seat, and let the daft laird go his own ways.

Well and on he rode down the bridle path in the wood, along the top of the Heriot glen, and as he rode he was aware of a great noise beneath him. It was not wind, for there was none, and it was not the sound of thunder; and aye as he speired at himself what it was it grew

the louder, till he came to a break in the trees. And then he saw the cause, for Heriot was coming down in a furious flood, sixty yards wide, tearing at the roots of the aiks and flinging red waves against the drystone dykes. It was a sight and sound to solemnise a man's mind, deep calling unto deep, the great waters of the hills running to meet with the great waters of the sea. But Heriotside recked nothing of it, for his heart had but one thought and the eye of his fancy one figure. Never had he been so filled with love of the lass; and yet it was not happiness, but a deadly, secret fear.

As he came to the Lang Muir it was gey and dark, though there was a moon somewhere behind the clouds. It was little he could see of the road, and ere-long he had tried many moss pools and sloughs, as his braw new coat bare witness. Aye in front of him was the great hill of Mucklewhan, wherethe road turned down by the Mire. The noise of the Heriot had not long fallen behind him ere another began, the same eerie sound of burns crying to ither in the darkness. It seemed that the whole earth was overrun with waters. Every little runnel in the bay was astir, and yet the land around him was as dry as flax, and no drop of rain had fallen. As he rode on the din grew louder, and as he came over the top of Mirehope he kenned by the mighty rushing noise that something uncommon was happening with the Mire Burn. The light from Mirehope Sheil-in twinkled on his left, and had the man not been dozened with his fancies he might have observed that the stead-ing was deserted and men were crying below in the fields. But he rode on, thinking of but one thing, till he came to the cot house of Cockmalane, which is nigh the fords of the Mire.

John Dodds, the herd who bode in the place, was standing at the door, and he looked to see who was on the road so late.

“Stop!” says he, — “stop, Laird Heriotside! I kenna what your errand is, but it is to no holy purpose that ye’re out on Beltane E’en. D’ye no hear the warring o’ the waters?”

And then in the still night came the sound of Mire like the clash of armies.

“I must win over the ford,” says the laird quickly, thinking of another thing.

“Ford!” cried John, in scorn. “There’ll be nae ford for you the nicht unless it was the ford o’ the river Jordan. The burns are up and bigger than man ever saw them. It’ll be a Beltane’s E’en that a’ folk will remember. They tell me that Gled valley is like a loch, and that there’s an awesome heap o’ folk drowned in the hills. Gin ye were over the Mire, what about crossin’ the Caulds and the Sker?” says he, for he jaloused he was going to Gledsmuir.

And then it seemed that that word brought the laird to his senses. He looked the airt the rain was coming from, and he saw it was the airt the Sker flowed. In a second, he has told me, the works of the Devil were revealed to him. He saw himself a tool in Satan’s hands; he saw his tryst a device for the destruction of the body as it was assuredly meant for the destruction of the soul; and there came black on his mind the picture of an innocent lass borne down by the waters, with no place for repentance. His heart grew cold in his breast. He had but one thought, — a sinful and reckless one: to get to her side, that the two might go together to their account. He heard the roar of the Mire as in a dream, and when John Dodds laid hands on his bridle he felled him to the earth. And the next seen of it was the laird riding the floods like a man possessed.

The horse was the grey stallion he aye rode, the very beast he had ridden for many a wager with the wild lads of the Cross Keys. No man but himself durst back it, and it had lamed many a hostler lad and broke two necks in its day. But it seems it had the mettle for any

flood, and took the Mire with little spurring. The herds on the hillside looked to see man and steed swept into eternity; but though the red waves were breaking about his shoulders, and he was swept far down, he aye held on for the shore. The next thing the watchers saw was the laird struggling up the far bank and casting his coat from him, so that he rode in his sark. And then he set off like a wildfire across the muir toward the turnpike road. Two men saw him on the road, and have recorded their experience. One was a gangrel, by name McNab, who was travelling from Gledsmuir to Allerkirk with a heavy pack on his back and a bowed head. He heard a sound like wind afore him, and, looking up, saw coming down the road a grey horse stretched out to a wild gallop, and a man on its back with a face like a soul in torment. He kenned not whether it was devil or mortal, but flung himself on the road-side and lay like a corp for an hour or more, till the rain aroused him. The other was one Sim Doolittle, the fish hawker from Allerfoot, jogging home in his fish cart from Gledsmuir fair. He had drunk more than was fit for him, and he was singing some light song, when he saw approaching, as he said, the pale horse mentioned in the Revelation, with Death seated as the rider. Thought of his sins came on him like a thunderclap; fear loosened his knees. He leaped from the cart to the road, and from the road to the back of a dyke; thence he flew to the hills, and was found the next morning far up among the Mire Craigs, while his horse and cart were gotten on the Aller sands, the horse lamed and the cart without the wheels.

At the tollhouse the road turns inland to Gledsmuir, and he who goes to the Sker Bay must leave it and cross the wild land called the Whinny Knowes, a place rough with bracken and foxes’ holes and old stone cairns. The tollman, John Gilzean, was opening the

window to get a breath of air in the lower night, when he heard or saw the approaching horse. He kenned the beast for Heriotside's, and, being a friend of the laird's, he ran down in all haste to open the yett, wondering to himself about the laird's errand on this night. A voice came down the road to him bidding him hurry; but John's old fingers were slow with the keys, and so it happened that the horse had to stop, and John had time to look up at the gast and woeful face.

"Where away the nicht sae late, laird?" says John.

"I go to save a soul from hell," was the answer.

And then it seems that through the open door there came the chapping of a clock.

"Whatna hour is that?" asks Heriotside.

"Midnight," says John, trembling, for he did not like the look of things.

There was no answer but a groan, and horse and man went racing down the dark hollows of the Whinny Knowes.

How he escaped a broken neck in that dreadful place no human being will ever ken. The sweat, he has told me, stood in cold drops upon his forehead; he scarcely was aware of the saddle in which he sat, and his eyes were stelled in his head so that he saw nothing but the sky ayont him. The night was growing colder, and there was a small sharp wind stirring from the east. But hot or cold, it was all one to him, who was already cold as death. He heard not the sound of the sea nor the peeseweeps startled by his horse, for the sound that ran in his ears was the roaring Sker water and a girl's cry. The thought kept goading him, and he spurred the grey horse till the creature was madder than himself. It leaped the hole which they call the Devil's Mull as I would step over a thistle, and the next he kenned he was on the edge of the Sker Bay.

It lay before him white and ghaistly, with mist blowing in wafts across it and a slow swaying of the tides. It was the better part of a mile wide, but save for some fathoms in the middle, where the Sker current ran, it was no deeper even at flood than a horse's fetlocks. It looks eerie at bright midday, when the sun is shining and whaups are crying among the seaweeds; but think what it was on that awesome night, with the Powers of Darkness brooding over it like a cloud! The rider's heart quailed for a moment in natural fear. He stepped his beast a few feet in, still staring afore him like a daft man. And then something in the sound or the feel of the waters made him look down, and he perceived that the ebb had begun and the tide was flowing out to sea.

He kenned that all was lost, and the knowledge drove him to stark despair. His sins came in his face like birds of night, and his heart shrunk like a pea. He knew himself for a lost soul, and all that he loved in the world was out in the tides. There, at any rate, he could go, too, and give back that gift of life he had so blackly misused. He cried small and saft like a bairn, and drove the grey out into the water. And aye as he spurred it the foam should have been flying as high as his head, but in that uncanny hour there was no foam; only the waves running sleek like oil. It was not long ere he had come to the Sker channel, where the red moss waters were roaring to the sea, — an ill place to ford in midsummer heat, and certain death, as folk reputed it, at the smallest spate. The grey was swimming; but it seemed the Lord had other purposes for him than death, for neither man nor horse could droun. He tried to leave the saddle, but he could not; he flung the bridle from him, but the grey held on as if some strong hand were guiding. He cried out upon the Devil to help his own; he renounced his Maker and his God: but whatever his punishment, he was not to

be drowned. And then he was silent, for something was coming down the tide.

It came down as quiet as a sleeping bairn, straight for him as he sat with his horse breasting the waters; and as it came the moon crept out of a cloud, and he saw a glint of yellow hair. And then his madness died away, and he was himself again, a weary and stricken man. He hung down over the tide and caught the body in his arms, and then let the grey nake for the shallows. He cared no more for the Devil and all his myrmidons, for he kenned brawly he was damned. It seemed to him that his soul had gone from him, and he was as toom as a hazel shell. His breath rattled in his throat, the tears were dried up in his head, his body had lost its strengtl, and yet he clung to the drowned maid as to a hope of salvation. And then he noted something at which he marvelled dumbly. Her hair was drookit back from her clay-cold brow, her eyes were shut, but in her face there was the peace of a child; it seemed even that her lips were smiling. Here, certes, was no lost soul, but one who had gone joyfully to meet her Lord. It may be in that dark hour at the burn-foot, before the spate caught her, she had been given grace to resist her adversary and fling herself upon God's mercy. And it would seem that it had been granted; for when he came to the Sker-burnfoot, there in the corner sat the weird wife Alison, dead as a stone.

For days Heriotside wandered the country, or sat in his own house with vacant eye and trembling hands. Conviction of sin held him like a vice: he saw the lassie's death laid at his door; her face haunted him by day and night,

and the word of the Lord dirled in his ears, telling of wrath and punishment. The greatness of his anguish wore him to a shadow, and at last he was stretched on his bed and like to perish. In his extremity worthy Dr. Chrystal went to him unasked, and strove to comfort him. Long, long the good man wrestled, but it seemed as if his ministrations were to be of no avail. The fever left his body, and he rose to stotter about the doors; but he was still in his torments, and the mercy-seat was far from him. At last in the back end of the year came Mungo Muirhead to Caulds to the autumn communion, and nothing would serve him but he must try his hand at the storm-tossed soul. He spoke with power and unction, and a blessing came with his words: the black cloud lifted and showed a glimpse of grace, and in a little the man had some assurance of salvation. He became a pillar of Christ's kirk, prompt to check abominations, notably the sin of witchcraft; foremost in good works, but with it all a humble man who walked contritely till his death. When I came first to Caulds I sought to prevail upon him to accept the eldership, but he aye put me by, and when I heard his tale I saw that he had done wisely. I mind him well as he sat in his chair or daundered through Caulds, a kind word for every one and sage counsel in time of distress, but withal a severe man to himself and a crucifier of the body. It seems that this severity weakened his frame, for three years syne come Martinmas he was taken ill with a fever of the bowels, and after a week's sickness he went to his account, where I trust he is accepted.

John Buchan.

WHAT IS THE REAL EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN?

THERE are two tendencies in the direction of the emancipation of woman to-day, and there are two kinds of emancipation possible. On the one side, there is simple impatience with restraint; on the other, a reaching after a higher and broader life. The one sort of impulse animals may feel in common with men; the other is peculiarly human, — it arises only when an idea of something higher and broader dawns upon the mind. The outward results may be more or less the same for a time; but the motives are different, and ultimately the results must be different.

In principle the emancipation of woman does not differ from the emancipation of man. There are men who want to be free only that they may do as they like, — even to the extent of following their basest impulses; others are impatient only at restraints that hinder them from doing their highest and best. The cry for “personal liberty” that we often hear in these days means in some mouths open saloons, open gambling houses, and worse places; perhaps the right to do with wife and child as one likes, or the right to use one’s property as one likes; in short, impatience with salutary social restraints. To others liberty means simply a state of society in which, while all are subject to the law, all have the chance to rise and do and be their best, in which none are hindered because of race or nationality or previous social condition.

It is the passion for liberty in the nobler sense that is the mainspring of progress; and it is this emancipation that (with due abatements) is gradually taking place in the world. What of old was thought to be an order resting on divine right is making way for an order serving the widest human good; divine, too, in the higher sense. Since Luther

religion has been shaping itself into truer, more rational forms. Since the French Revolution the rule of kings and great landowners has yielded to states giving an equal place in their councils to trade and manufactures. With the century just closed the workingman has become a partner in the state. In theory all are active members of the body politic, and to give and maintain chances for all is a part of the state’s function. These changes are not alone political or religious or social, but all together; they involve a general heightening of human existence; it is an enfranchisement of the mind as well as the body, a liberation of the human spirit, that has taken place. But just to the extent that there has been an unchaining of the passions and of unbridled selfish interests there is a shadow side to the picture. There can, of course, be egoism in the commercial class and in the working class as well as in the old-time king and noble class; and so far as this exists there is disorder rather than order in the world.

The emancipation of woman is a part of the general forward movement, and is attended with the same dangers. Along with the labor movement the woman’s movement is one of the glories of the last half century, as the rise to consciousness and power of the trading and manufacturing class was one of the glories of the half century or century previous. In a way, it has the promise of being a greater blessing than either the labor movement or the movement for the elevation of the trading and manufacturing class. So far as it is really a woman’s movement, it means not merely the elevation of a class, but the regeneration of the race. When woman can become something like what she ought to be, the fountains of our being will be renewed.

Woman is coming to believe herself a person. She is coming to have a sense of her essential humanity, — that she is to be something and to do something in the world besides waiting on other people. Of old, a trader, a man of business, was nobody; there were times when people of this class could almost be plucked at will. Down to very recent times the workingman was nobody, and he more or less contentedly accepted his inferior place. Now woman is beginning to rise out of the half-unconscious, half-servile state in which she has lived so long. The spirit of the modern age which is working such wonderful transformations among the sons of men is touching as with a fairy wand the daughters, also, and awakening them out of their sleep. I look on the woman's movement in this spiritual light. There may be license in it, and to this extent there will be temporary evil from it; but at bottom it is due to an ill-defined sense that woman is not what she might be and ought to be, — a sense that her life might be vastly more significant, that she might be a far more valuable member of the race than is at present the case.

This is my interpretation of the underlying meaning even of the efforts for political independence. Woman has heretofore acted in public affairs (if she has acted at all) through man; now she wishes to act for herself. She wishes to broaden her own being; she feels that public interests might be her interests, that she might have views, and she does not see why those views should not count and tell as well as other people's. Is it not an unmixed good when women begin to think about public sanitation, about education, about the care of waifs and truants? And why should they not think about what is fair taxation, and trusts, and the Philippines, and Cuba, and any other public question? Does it not enlarge a woman's horizon to get these wider concerns, does not her intelligence grow, do not her sympathies expand,

does she not become, while no less a woman, more of a human being? If man is not injured by having interests beyond those which concern him as a male, why should woman be by having interests beyond those which concern her as a female? Home is not everything for man or woman, and should not be. It is dear, it is sacred; but there is a larger field of duty. Society, the state, civilization, are, if not so tender, greater words. Home should be a place to rest in, to be refreshed in, to get strength in for the larger tasks. It is already that for man; it might conceivably be so — at least, more than it is — for woman. We all should have the dignity of living — in part — for public ends. And this sort of individual good is identical with the social good. By every one who acquires an interest in public affairs the state is so much richer. It gets new points of view; it is moved to more even-handed justice; by getting a broader base it comes to stand securer. Gladstone knew this when he moved successively for a wider and wider political emancipation of the working class. It applies to the political emancipation of women. The true wealth of a state is not in its dollars, but in its self-conscious citizenship; in those who know the laws and obey them, and make ever better laws; in its *men*, — and this includes women. It is not maleness, but humanity, that is the true basis of a state. That women — whether few or many of them just now — are coming to realize that they are members of humanity, that they have the essential human rights and duties, that they are not simply an appendage to mankind, told off to keep it going, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. An English statesman¹ lamented, with this in mind, that one half of the intellect of the world had been shut out from the use of men. The movement for woman's political emancipation, timid and hesitating and half-

¹ Sir George Grey.

hearted as it now is, is humanity's movement. It is to be like a fresh stream poured into the current of the larger life : the great river is to move on to the sea, richer, more majestic, for this tributary pouring its waters into it.

From this same point of view I look on the efforts which women are beginning to make for their economic independence. To some it seems a sort of desecration that woman should be compelled to go out into the world to earn her living, and a sort of madness that she should choose to do so. It is thought that the husband or the father or the brother should take care of her ; that she should be protected from the rude jostlings of the world. Now there are probably few men who would not save women from any work outside the home, if they could do it. Moreover, grave economic arguments can be urged against their going out into the world and competing with men. They lower the wages of men, it may be said, and this is perhaps true. Sometimes they take the places of men. There are factory towns where women and children have the jobs, and their husbands and fathers bring their dinner pails to them. Hence the labor movement is opposed to the employment of women and children, and I have sympathized with it in being so. Indeed, I have a half-divided mind now, and yet I am increasingly convinced that deeper issues are involved. The great issue is this : If woman is to be a being by herself, she must have property or income for herself. Individuality and property (or income) go together. If woman has her living only as a member of a family, then she must be a member of a family to have a living ; that is, an independent being, a free being, she is no longer. If, for instance, she has no father or brother to support her, then she must become a wife. If, to speak quite colloquially, man does the work of the world and has the money, then to get money (or its equivalent) she must oblige him. Every

one who does not wish that woman should be forced into marriage must regard this as an unfavorable position for her. Indeed, every father or brother of the olden time who had any heart in him or respect for womanhood tried to provide for his daughter or sister, at least by giving her a home, and if possible some individual source of income : he does so still. But what are women to do who have n't fathers or brothers who can thus provide for them ? Earn their own living ; go out into the world and take up the life struggle. This is their only alternative, if they are not to be forced into marriage.

The crowding out into the arena with men has thus a deeper significance than would at first appear. Not only is necessity (in one sense) behind it, but it is a means to a moral end. That end is a position in which a woman shall not be bound to act against her conscience and her heart. Those who have inherited property have that position already ; those who have not inherited property have to earn it. Somehow women must become free ; they must be able to have a living outside marriage. They must not stoop to marriage, but rise to it. They must not surrender their freedom ; they must assert it in taking this great step. They must so act because it is the choice, the great uncompelled choice, of their minds and hearts. To my mind this makes a very deep interest of human life ; yes, something upon which about as much hangs as upon anything else I can think of. That women should be free to choose who shall be their mates in one of the most solemn relations human beings can assume to each other, a relation extending in its consequences quite beyond themselves or those about them, and involving the bringing of new beings to the light of day, surpasses in importance most things society cares for.

Grant that, as its first fruits, the economic emancipation of woman brings an intensification of the competitive strug-

gle, a lowering of wages and salaries, a displacement of male workers, a swelling to increased proportions the ranks of the unemployed: I question whether this may not all be better — nay, I am convinced it is better — than that the condition of no-choice which has been the lot of a large part of womankind in the past should continue. Making woman's living depend upon her sex has, as is argued in a recent striking book,¹ unnaturally stimulated her sex development, — has oversexed her, and by transmission oversexed her descendants. No one can tell how far the excess of passions which in themselves are innocent and normal and necessary, but which in their abnormal and excessive development make havoc of human life, is due to this cause. Sometimes the uncivilized races seem to have more self-restraint than the civilized folk of to-day. The very animals have times, perhaps long times, when these passions are in abeyance. Man finds it hard to be calm at any time. We are diseased: sometimes, when one reads the shocking revelations of the extent to which vice exists in the community, one is tempted to say with an old Hebrew prophet, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it." We have been accustomed to say that this is natural, that it is our animal inheritance. But it is possible that it comes in no small measure from a preventable cause, and that, in case woman could ever become free again, could get her living as independently as man gets his, and hence be attracted to man in the simple, natural way in which all complementary beings are drawn to one another, and without any necessity of depending upon that attraction for the wherewithal to live, she and her descendants might in course of time become normal and healthful human beings; no longer injuring the race with what was

meant to serve it, no longer blindly "with their own blessedness at strife." It is in view of such possibilities, as well as out of regard for the dignity of woman in herself, that the economic emancipation of woman seems to me of prime importance, — an importance outweighing the painful and distressing phenomena that are so much in evidence in these first stages of the development of the process. It will not do always to judge by the sight of our eyes and the hearing of our ears. We have to use our minds; we have to think whither a thing or a process tends. Few progressive movements fail to work hardship somewhere; the final question is always, Does the race gain?

And then possibly woman's pressing into the competitive struggle will make her realize, as she could not otherwise, the great travail under which the whole world labors. By striving to maintain herself, she will see, as she has never seen before, how man has to strive, and sometimes to agonize, to maintain himself. Perhaps she will see that her cause is one with his, and perhaps she will ask, as he is beginning to ask, whether the painfulness and agony of the strife might not be diminished. Possibly the thought will dawn on her mind that human beings might coöperate in the struggle for life, and contend with nature, but not with one another. Possibly she will see that it is not economy, not good housekeeping, to waste and war as industrial society does now. Perhaps her own pains will bring this home to her. Perhaps her very sympathies, her very innate motherliness, will make her keen to find out, or at least embrace, a way that will alleviate the sorrows of the world. Ah, if we could join a woman's heart, a woman's faith, a woman's patience, a woman's sweet reasonableness, to the cause of social transformation, what added force, what new persuasiveness, that cause might have! Perhaps woman can never allay the world's eco-

¹ *Women and Economics*. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1900.

conomic strife till she enters into it, — it being all too unreal to her till then ; and perhaps the workers will in time forgive their new competitors, when they find them initiated by their own experience into the common tragedy, and ready to stand with them in seeking and working for a better way. The woman's movement and the labor movement are in their origin diverse, and the woman's movement often looks down upon the labor movement, and the labor movement looks askance in return ; but when they understand each other, they will see that their cause is one : that the woman's movement conducts straight to the labor movement, and that the labor movement can never attain its goal till it saves not merely half, but all the workers in the field.

I have referred to marriage, and to the economic emancipation of woman as a means to nobler marriage. I raise no question of emancipation from marriage itself. That would be a false emancipation for woman. There are those who say a woman should not bind herself (for it is understood, of course, that by marriage I do not mean a fleeting relation of the sexes). But the capacity for taking an obligation, I should say, is one of the distinctive marks of a human being. A being of impulse merely cannot bind himself, but a being with will — that is, the power of acting according to some standard or idea — can. It is the very glory of man that something else can guide him than his momentary feelings. To be bound by superior force is indeed ignoble ; but to bind one's self, to lay out a certain course, covering no matter how long a time, and then follow it, follow it on principle, — that is one of the very assertions of human freedom. I make no argument for marriage ; I take for granted that it is a contract for life, a contract in which a man and woman pledge themselves to be faithful to each other, a contract providing for one of those intimacies which are among the

sacred things of human existence. My point now is that not only are such contracts necessary from the standpoint of the highest interests of society, but that to make them with full consciousness and with due solemnity is to rise to one of the summits of human experience. You may not be able to vow that you will always feel in a certain way, but you can vow that you will always act in a certain way. It is this vow, sincerely taken, that transports a man, transports a woman ; that lifts them above themselves, and makes them feel momentarily as if they were laying hold of eternity. Animals do not vow when they mate ; and human beings, when they mate without vowing, come perilously near to the condition of animals. Forethought, purpose, will, are of the very essence of distinctive humanity. When life becomes

“ all a fashion without law,
Save frail conjecture of a changing wish,”

it loses all it has of human dignity.

Of course, this is because marriage is unlike all ordinary relations. Normally marriage means a family ; and what are children without a father and a mother, — without those who take the obligations which these words imply ? Yet no one has so much to lose in consenting to any lower view of marriage as woman. With man, some cynic has said, love is an episode ; with woman it is a history. This is why experiments cannot be made in marriage, as in so many other things. You can look before you leap, but the leap once taken is irrevocable. You cannot wipe out the past. As one writer,¹ who apparently would have it otherwise, pathetically admits, the experience which it might be thought would give woman “ the power of choice is frequently the very one which seals her destiny ; ” it opens upon her the tragedy of a lifetime, “ yet which she cannot do other than accept.” Hence no man with a spark of honor in his breast can refuse to father his child, and no free wo-

¹ Mr. Edward Carpenter.

man would consent to have a child by a man who would not father it.¹

But though there can be no emancipation from marriage, this is not saying that there may not be emancipation *in* marriage. Marriage is not necessarily a one-sided contract, in which the woman agrees to obey or to serve. To consent to make one's self another's subject or servant is unworthy of a human being, even if done freely. In law we do not allow one person to sell himself into slavery to another; the contract is null and void. There is no reason in morals why a woman should put herself at the beck and call of a man. Any true marriage is a relation of equals; it is a relation in which the freedom of each is respected by the other; it is a relation of *mutual* service, in which force is never used, in which command is never heard. If the wife is obliged to submit to her husband, this is barbarism, no matter who, what rite, what Bible, what law, sanctions it. The exercise of authority may be necessary over children, it may be justified in the state at large; but to the extent it is exercised between partners in the marriage relation, the beauty, the sacredness, of the relation is gone. I do not know to just what extent it is legally permissible. Down to recent times, at least, the so-called suit for the restitution of conjugal rights — a suit that practically reduced marriage to what George Sand cynically called it, "the right at common law to outrage a woman" — was possible. John Stuart Mill could make the cutting remark of his day, that marriage was

then "the only form of serfdom recognized by law." To whatever extent these or similar barbarities remain, the task of emancipating woman in marriage is still a real one.²

There is a lesser bit of emancipation in marriage; or rather, in the household. I cannot resist the feeling that our wives and mothers are cumbered with much serving, and that life might be simpler. One would like to see them in possession of a little leisure, — leisure not to do nothing in, but to do something worth while. Why should not woman have a life of her own? Might not some household services be rendered by those who make a business of it? Not that we should be better served than by our wives, but that our wives might be set free. A man likes his own home and his own table, but does he absolutely need his own kitchen? I do not mean, does he not prefer it, but does he need it? Perhaps some do, and others do not. Our wives or their maids used to make our stockings and our coats; they used to spin the yarn and weave the cloth. Now this is done outside; even the bread men eat is often baked outside. Is it beyond the bounds of imagination to conceive of arrangements in which other cooking might be done outside; in which most of the work of a house might be done at stated times by maids and men coming in from the outside; in which the home should be really the home of the family; in which the husband should have his work, whether at home or abroad, and in which the wife should have her work, whether at home or abroad; in which the

¹ In saying all this, I do not mean that in certain unforeseen circumstances the dissolution of the marriage partnership may not be necessary. I only mean that in the intention of the parties when contracting there can be no dissolution, that the contract itself is for life; and I doubt if, when both parties are dutiful (however unfortunate they may otherwise be), the contract need ever be broken.

² My friend Professor George W. Kirchwey, of Columbia University Law School, writes me: "The suit for the restitution of conjugal rights

has never existed in this country. In England it was available to either the husband or the wife until practically abrogated by act of Parliament (47 and 48 Vict. ch. 68) and by the decision in the celebrated Clitheroe Abduction Case (*Regina v. Jackson* [1891], 1 Q. B. 671)." He explains, however, that what was aimed at in the suit was *consortium*, not *concubitus*. So long as the man and woman lived on the same premises, the common law took no further notice of their relations to each other.

children, after they cease to be babies, should have much of their training from those specially fitted for the task (in accordance with an already existing tendency); in which everything should be specialized, and no one should undertake to do many things at once? I cannot resist the feeling that there is emancipation for woman, and no harm for man, and in the long run gain for him, in the line of these possibilities. They do not mean breaking up the home or making it any less sweet a place; the comradeship of thought and affection would be as real as ever, — yes, I suspect more real; the fellowship of old and young, the sense of family unity, would not be in the slightest abated. The mournful fact now is not only that many women can do little outside the home, but that in the home they have so little time for real companionship with their husbands, being too anxious and careful about many things. It is distraction that takes away the calm and dignity of life, the worrying over trifles that might be systematized and the worry of them taken away. Of course, it is the average wife I have now in mind, not the one whose circumstances enable her to rid herself of domestic cares.

My whole thought in this paper is to urge on woman the claims of a larger, fuller, less exclusively feminine, and more human life. Her real emancipation, indeed, is the same as man's. Like him, she needs intellectual emancipation as well as political and economic, — enfranchisement in thought and in religion. Superstition is thought to be excusable in a woman; but why should it be any more than in a man, at least when she has had the opportunity to see through it? Prejudice is thought to be natural to a woman, but who does not see that to say this is to put a slight upon her? Why should not woman try to be rational in her beliefs and opinions as well as man? Is she not to grow, to see before and after, to have her own mind, as well as he? The notion that woman is not to

think, to inquire, to doubt if need be, is of the same origin with the notion that she is born to please man, and must take her opinions from him. The forces that put a stigma upon her for having an independent mind are the same forces that seek to keep her subject in the state, to prevent her acquiring economic independence, to keep her a serf in her husband's power. Woman must rise altogether; her whole being should be enriched as opportunity presents itself.

Yes, above all, woman needs to be emancipated by the uplifting power of a moral purpose. This is her safeguard in her new relation, just as it is always man's safeguard. He may go shipwreck without a steadying aim, without scruples, without religion; so may she. The emancipation that consists in the mere throwing off restraints may be fatal to him, and the same may be fatal to her. "The right to rebellion," said George Eliot, "is the right to seek a higher rule, and not to wander in mere lawlessness." Let a woman remember the sentiment of that, and though she may go far from the beaten track, she cannot go far wrong. Let her thought be, not what do I want to do or be, not what must I do or be, but what would it be right for me to do or be, taking for her standard the wide and permanent good of the race, and she may err in judgment, but she will never sin. Following one's heart is of uncertain value. Following duty, or whatever is consistent with duty, or if not duty as commonly understood, then duty as more perfectly conceived, but always duty, and not mere inclination and pleasure, — this is the way of safety, this the higher liberty. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign power." There is no other way than this old way. It is the way for men and it is the way for women.

Women can attain real emancipation, whether in its lower or its higher forms, only by striving for it. What we do not

crave and struggle for, what we are not even willing to sacrifice for, it is a doubtful blessing to receive. Woman will have, I believe, what she deserves. Desert is not only in an abstract right, but in putting forth force. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." But without knocking, without seeking, without asking, nothing, — that

is the law of the world. I would only say to women: Be bold; be bold not only for your own sakes, but for the sake of a higher humanity. We men cannot go much further without you; you are our other half. Dare for your own sakes, and you will dare for ours. With you as equals, as comrades, we shall do twice what we could ever have done in days gone by!

William M. Salter.

A TOAST TO OUR NATIVE LAND.

HUGE and alert, irascible yet strong,
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong.
One time we pour out millions to be free,
Then rashly sweep an empire from the sea!
One time we strike the shackles from the slaves,
And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves.
Often we rudely break restraining bars,
And confidently reach out toward the stars.

Yet under all there flows a hidden stream
Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great dream
Of Washington and Franklin, men of old
Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold.
This is the Land we love, our heritage,
Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage
And full of promise, — destined to be great.
Drink to Our Native Land! God Bless the State!

Robert Bridges.

SOME SOUTHEY LETTERS.

IN the Selected Letters of Southey, edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. J. W. Warter, appear a considerable number written to him by his constant friend Mary Barker. The editor there states that these letters were sent from France by her husband, Mr. Slade, and also tells us that Mary Barker — or Mrs. Slade, as she became on her marriage — was an early Portuguese friend, and is “the Bhow Begum” of The Doctor.

I have now before me Southey’s letters to Mary Barker; and among them are many which as yet, I believe, have never been published. The whole series extends over a period of more than twenty-five years, from 1800 to 1826. At the foot of the first, written from Lisbon, Miss Barker has placed this note: “The first letter I ever received from dear Southey.” In the same letter Southey writes: “If you go thro’ Plymouth and the fleet be there, I have a brother on Board the Bellona, who will show you what is to be seen: . . . only send to him in my name, and he will have brains enough in two minutes to see that you are not a mere Lisbon acquaintance. God bless you. I love Cintra dearly, but I would rather the rock went to England than you. Do not fail or delay to inform us of your arrival. I will watch the seeding flowers, and send you my Wall and the Cork tree in most accurate painting.”

The “Senhora Barker,” or the “Senhora,” as Southey calls her, remained his true friend for many a year. Professor Dowden, while numbering the goodly company who become familiar to us as we read Southey’s correspondence, speaks of her as known to us for “frank familiarities and warm womanly services.” It is to her Southey turns often when in trouble. It is to her he writes both on the occasion of the loss of his mo-

ther, and from the deathbed of his little daughter Margaret, in 1803. He and his heartbroken wife visited her on their way from Bristol to Greta Hall, at Keswick, which was to be their home, although then they knew it not. “Would that we were at Keswick!” he writes. “Would that the winter were over! However, there are the books and the lakes and the mountains to comfort me.” It is Mary Barker who has written at the end of one of Southey’s letters, referring to the death, in 1816, of Southey’s dear son, the greatest sorrow which ever befell him: “Herbert! that sweetest and most perfect of all children on this earth, who died in my arms at nine years of age, whose death I announced to his Father and Mother in their bed, where I had prayed and persuaded them to go. When Southey could speak, his first words were: ‘The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!’ Never can I forget that moment.” For some time she was a close neighbor of the Southeys at Keswick. In a letter not dated, but which we may assign to about the year 1810, urging her to come and live at Keswick, we have a light thrown for us by Southey himself on their relations. “I do not think,” he writes, “anything could induce more to your own happiness. I am sure nothing could add so much to mine; and I am willing to believe that if you have no friend who possibly can love you better, so there should be none to whose society you should more naturally look for as much enjoyment as the untoward circumstances of life have left to your portion. Ten years’ intimacy, and more intercourse during those years than often falls to the lot of persons of different sexes who are not related, has given us a thorough knowledge of each other and mutual esteem.”

The letters are written without reserve, and often at intervals of only a few days. They give us a history of Southey's life during these years, his achievements, his hopes, his troubles, with many a light thrown on his own books, and much criticism on his contemporaries and their work. We seem to see through them his fine, though outwardly cold nature unfolding; we see the honest and constant industry of the man, carrying out his own motto, "*In labore quies*," and happily blessed with confidence in his own powers; and we see him in his humor and play on words, and think that he might even bandy jests and puns not unworthily with his friend Charles Lamb. Through all shines the strong love which in his sensitive and reserved nature he bore to home and friends.

In 1809, when his little daughter Emma is ill, he writes: "It is my nature to be over-anxious about these things. God be praised! not about any others." As to his worldly affairs he can say: "Your dreams of my golden fortunes to come make me smile. The world, I believe, will always keep me lean and hungry, like a grey-hound, as if abundance would spoil me, and I should wax fat like Jeshurun and kick if I were not kept down by hard usage. This will be no matter a hundred years hence, and it is not much matter now."

An amusing passage from a letter of 1807 shows us his shy reserve: "I am not a very great favourite [of Sir George Beaumont], and not likely to become so. My lady, the first time I saw her, put out the horns of her amiability full butt against me, like a snail after a storm — upon which the horns of my agreeableness [this is one of the punning gender terminations Southey loved to make] instinctively drew in and I got into my shell — and a plaguey rough shell I dare say she thinks it — and there I sat. When last in town, I dined with them one day; open-mouthed as an oyster at ebb, and as silent too, being in truth

miserably ill. But, Senhora, I have a good faculty of not talking much to people whom I am not fond of. Now and then, indeed, the Devil has tempted me with his damned Ephphatha, but not very often, and not very lately, and I defy him and all his works."

Yet assuredly Southey does not appear only with a halo round his head; a very natural man appears, with a power of strong speech in denunciation both of public men and private friends. It must be admitted, too, that the vanity whereof he accuses Coleridge and Wordsworth is constantly evident in his own case in these letters.

Thus in 1806 he writes: "That rascal little Moore (for I may call a man a rascal who will be the pimp of posterity as long as his writings last) has got more by his song of 'Oh Lady Fair' than I shall ever do by *Madoc* — the best poem, though I say it, in the language, except the *Paradise Lost*. However, I have my pleasure for my pains, and am determined to have as much pleasure of that kind as possible."

Of his *History of Brazil* he writes in 1811: "It will be a good book, containing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but I am by no means sanguine about its sale, nor, tho' I have no doubts about its final reputation, do I expect that it can ever be popular. People will be expecting a fine *History* because *Brazil* is a fine country, just as they thought the history of *Leo X.* must be splendid because he had a splendid court. I have begun with a sort of exordium very much to my own liking, in which they are told what they are to look for and what they will find. But it is in vain to tell them; the public is a great ass that must have its ears tickled, or it will bray with disappointment in your face."

In the same year, 1811, we find him writing: "*Kehama*, I believe, is in the way of being tolerably well abused. . . . It is liked by all whom I wish to like it;

and I agree with you so far as to believe it will be a long while before the world will see anything else as good. Longman told me a month ago he had disposed of 322 copies; 500 only were printed. This was the first sale, and there it is likely to stop. My name carries off anything to that amount; the after sale depends for some years upon what such coxcombs as Jeffrey may please to pronounce upon it."

Southey's state of mind as regards his critics may be seen in a letter of his, written in 1811, referring to a review of Jeffrey's: "The piece of criticism in question is matchless for self-contradiction and rank rascality and envious malice. You know, Senhora, how I take these things — something as a Rhinoceros does a fleabite. When I go to Edinburgh, however, I shall no longer observe any of the courtesies of life towards Gog, but pass him in the street without looking down to receive his salutations, and speak of him just as such a coxcomb deserves to be spoken of. . . . Scott's Review of Kehama in the Quarterly is very friendly, and the analysis of the story is given in the language of a poet; but he has in one or two instances missed the connecting points of the story, and fancies an incongruity where there is none. The skill with which the fable is constructed is what I most pride myself upon."

The "Lake Poets," though presenting a united defense against the criticism of the reviewers, were conscious enough of one another's failings; Southey, at any rate, dwells on them freely in his letters. Coleridge is often mentioned, and we see the barrier rising between the two men. Thus in 1804 Southey writes from Greta Hall, Keswick, where Coleridge and he had a joint household: "Coleridge and I are the best companions possible in almost all moods of mind — for all kinds of wisdom and all kinds of nonsense." In 1806, however, he writes: "Coleridge is at last arrived [from Malta

and Italy], little improved in health of body, and not at all so in health of mind. He is grown very fat — which he attributes to disease, and his wife believes it. The fact is that he is always eating and drinking — morning, noon, and midnight — hardly ever without rum and water beside him, sugared to the utmost; and if he is not talking, he must be eating — his mouth seems incapable of being at rest. If he does not sleep at night, up he gets for cold meat and spirits and water. If all this does not kill a man, it must needs fatten him. . . . He came on Thursday last. A heap of letters which awaited him lies still unopened upon his table — increasing every day. He has begun to teach the two boys Greek! and I think it very possible that he may go on with them three days more. As you may suppose he is very entertaining, but whether it be that he is really worsened, or that after so long an absence the thing becomes more striking, I never saw a human countenance express such intense and loathsome arrogance of self-admiration. It is at times quite fiendish. His humour is now to be orthodox, because he has made out some metaphysical arguments for the Trinity. In short, I feel more than ever admiration and astonishment at his intellect, and more than ever grief and indignation at all that it is coupled with."

Again in 1807 Southey writes: "Coleridge, as you remark, has been in Italy, and, by way of showing it, he made a point of always addressing Anne by the name of Anna; saying it was not affection, but he had been so long accustomed to speak Italian that he could not help using the *a*. . . . I should, however, have thought more of his judgment in pictures if I had not known that before he went abroad he had no love of them and pretended to none, and if I had not heard him speak of Duppa's heads in terms which, even before me, were unwarrantably strong, and, when

I was not in the room, became in the highest degree contemptuous and abusive. There are few men with whom I have so many intellectual points of contact as with C., and none with whom all my habits, feelings, morals, and affections are in more direct and almost hostile contrariety. We are so utterly opposite on all the outward and visible signs of man, and in the inward and spiritual grace as well, that, in my conscience, I do not believe any person whom we both know likes the one without at the same time not liking, or positively disliking, the other. We are North and South, and if the needle of any one's affections points to the one it must necessarily turn tail to the other. Strange for the two men who have been so closely connected by their opinions, and who at this time more nearly agree in opinion upon all subjects with each other than they do with anybody else, saving upon the subject of divorce and the Triunity. The former he defends because it gives him an opportunity of letting people know he is unhappily married, as Milton was before him, and the latter he affects to believe for the sake of making people wonder and exhibiting the wonderful acuteness of his mind, which loves to make even absurdities appear reasonable."

In 1810, referring to *The Friend*, Southey writes: "It is not a little extraordinary that Coleridge, who is proud of logic, and who has an actual love and passion for close, hard thinking, should write in so rambling and inconclusive a manner; while I, who am utterly incapable of that toil of thought in which he delights, never fail to express myself perspicuously and to the point. I owe perhaps something of this to the circumstance of having lived with him during that year in my life which was most likely to give my mind its lasting character. Disliking his inordinate love of talking, I was naturally led to avoid the same fault. When we were alone, and

he talked his best (which was always at these times), I was pleased to listen; and when we were in company, and I heard the same thing repeated to every fresh company, seven times in the week if we were in seven parties, still I was silent—in great measure from depression of spirits at perceiving those vices in his nature which soon appeared to be incurable. When he provoked me into an argument I made the most of my time; and, as it was not easy to get in more than a few words, took care to make up in weight for what they wanted in measure. His habits have continued, and so have mine."

Again Southey writes: "Coleridge has gone to London to put himself under Carlisle to be cured of his evil habits, a disease of which nothing but absolute coercion could cure him. I suppose he is going on just as usual, and consider the vice incurable. A dismal thing; the soreness of the sorrow has been past with me for many years, but the sense of the loss which it is to mankind increases."

In 1808 he writes: "Coleridge is now settled at Grasmere, and the boys are going to school at Ambleside. He has been over here twice—the last time while we were at Netherhall: then he was in villainous humour, and there was a good deal of cat and dogging going on. . . . I do not expect to see much of him."

The references to Landor are of a very different nature, as may be seen from the following extracts, June 22, 1803: "That volume of Geberish Poetry I bought as soon as published. It is much worse than Gebir—that is far more understandable. Landor and I as Poets are each other's antipodes. He strives to muffle up his meaning in the most obscure metaphysical language. I wish to give mine stark naked. I will swear, and I can prove out of my Homer and my Bible and my old ballads and Romances, that the finest passages in poetry are always and uniformly so plain

and perspicuous that you catch their full force and meaning immediately ; the worst nuts have the hardest shells. A horse-chestnut has a hedgehog case that puzzles the pigs ; but nectarines and strawberries dissolve on the lip. Landor is a man of great genius ; he is strong, but it is an unwieldy strength. Verse painting is his talent ; he makes me see, but he never makes me feel ; and he is always trying to make me think, and often makes very shallow water look deep by muddying it."

Southey would seem to have taken the expression "Geberish Poetry" from Lamb ; for in 1799 Lamb, in a letter to Southey, writes : "I have seen Gebor — Gebor aptly so denominated from Geborish quasi Giberish. But Gebor hath some lucid intervals."

It was on his second voyage to Lisbon, in 1800, that Southey took with him a poem with "miraculous beauties called Gebir, written by God knows who." The volume mentioned in the above letter is one entitled *Poetry*, published by Landor anonymously in 1802.

His first meeting with Landor, "the only man," he wrote, "of whose praise I was ambitious or whose censure would have humbled me," was not till 1808. When his mind began to fail him, it is said he more often held Gebir in his hands than any other volume of poetry. "It is very seldom now," writes Caroline Southey, his second wife, "that he ever names any person ; but this morning, before he left his bed, I heard him repeating softly to himself, 'Landor, ay Landor.'" The friendship and admiration were mutual. Emerson wrote, after visiting Landor at Fiesole, in 1833 : "Landor pestered me with Southey ; but who is Southey ?" On August 14, 1808, Southey writes : "Landor is gone to Spain to fight as a common soldier in the Spanish Army. I thought he would go. A noble-hearted man, brimful of ardour and genius and the love of liberty." He writes of him in 1811 : "Senhora, I long

for you to see that man, who wants only my steadiness to have been the first man of the age. There is more of the thunder and lightning of genius about him than I ever saw in any other human being."

February 13, 1812. "Landor has just published [a tragedy] without his name, which, tho' it has little common dramatic interest, and partakes of that obscurity which distinguishes all his verse, is yet a most wonderful production, and has passages in it of exquisite beauty and of insurpassable sublimity. Count Julian is the title. The same characters as those of *Pelayo*, but very differently represented."

Of Wordsworth Southey writes in 1808 : "He has written a masterly poem called *The White Doe of Rylston Hall*, or *The Fate of the Nortons*. The poem is . . . incomparably fine. It would amuse you to hear how he talks of his own production — his entire and intense selfishness exceeds anything you could have conceived. I am more amused at it than offended ; not being sufficiently attached to him to feel pain at perceiving his faults, and yet respecting him far too much on the average of his qualities to be disgusted. It is so pure and unmixed a passion in him that Ben Jonson would have had him in a play, had he been his contemporary."

In 1811 he wrote the following passage : "Between ourselves, Senhora, the writer [in *The Annual Register*] is right enough in placing me upon an equality with two of my contemporaries, but he had not sense enough to find them out. They are Wordsworth and Landor. Coleridge might have been added, if he pleased. Scott has that sort of talent in narrative poetry which *The Castle Spectre* exhibits in the drama — the power of conceiving fine stage situations. This is his excellence, and if any person chooses to think that in this he excels me I shall not object to the decision. Upon no other point, I humbly conceive,

can there be any comparison between us. Campbell is the mere creature of party criticism, whose verses one and all are tinsel and trumpery."

In 1812 Southey received a visit from Shelley, and he describes the "young couple" (Shelley and his first wife, Harriet): "The husband nineteen; . . . lately expelled from Oxford for printing a treatise in six pages called *The Necessity of Atheism*, and sending it round to all the Bishops, requesting them to convince him of his error, if in error he was. Oh, how you would like this heir to six thousand a year, who now that he is got to the Pantheistic stage of his progress is the very ghost of what I was at his age, poet and philosopher and Jacobin and moralist and enthusiast! Chance has brought him to this place, and he is likely to get more good here than the whole bench of Bishops could have done him. A D. D. [Doctor of Divinity] to whom he sent one of the circulars with this taking title recommended prayer to him as the way to settle his doubts, and he prayed for two months. His own heart will lead him right at last; and for all the vagaries of the way — why, Senhora, you would say as I do, and as King Henry did of that son of his whose head was like unto a bull, his nose unto a boar — 'no matter for that; I like him the better therefore.'"

A week later he writes: "The Shelleys are going to Ireland, where he imagines he shall tame the wild Irish — about as good a scheme as that of Atheisticating the bench of Bishops. He had better have remained here, where he would have learnt more in a few months from my experience than his own can possibly teach him in as many years. I am sorry he is going, for he interested me much."

Southey well foresaw the future of Hartley Coleridge. In 1812 he writes: "Hartley is grown a great fellow, all beard and eyes, as odd and as extraordinary as ever he was, with very good dispositions, but with ways and tenden-

cies which will neither be to his own happiness nor to the comfort of anybody connected with him. . . . Hartley is of such unmanageable materials that what he may make of himself God knows, but I suspect nobody will be able to mould or manage him."

And again, on Christmas Day, 1826, Southey writes: "Mrs. C. is in great trouble about Hartley's conduct, who is treading in his father's steps, and acting in a way which a Jesuit would try to correct by holy water and the sign of the cross, and which could be cured by the treading-mill or the whipping-post, but it is a case upon which moral applications are wasted."

There is a charming mention of the Dutch poet Bilderdyk and his small household at Leyden, where Southey was tended in 1815, in a state of great suffering, owing to an inflamed foot. He writes: "If I had not fallen into good hands, or into these hands a day or two later, the consequences might have been very serious. I accepted the warmly offered hospitality of Mr. Bilderdyk and his wife (the translator of Roderick), and remained twelve days on the sofa. . . . They were some of the pleasantest days in my life, for a more interesting and extraordinary person than Bilderdyk it has never been my fortune to fall in with, nor indeed a family in which there was more to admire and love. It consists only of himself, now more than seventy years of age; his wife, twenty-four years younger; and one boy of thirteen, the only surviving child of seven by a former marriage and eight by this. . . . He is as unpopular in his own country as I am among the Whigs and Radicals of England; his enemies, however, are obliged to acknowledge that as a poet and a man of learning he stands, and always has stood, far above all his contemporaries. His life has been mixed up with the political events of Holland; he, like his ancestors before him, having been faith-

fully attached to the House of Orange. Revolutions have robbed him of everything, and he has only a small pension granted by an ungrateful Government, which promotes its old enemies and neglects its old friends. But he has not lost anything of his youthful heart and mind — at least I see no symptom of decay in either. . . . It would be a rich evening entertainment to tell you what I cannot say in a hasty letter, concerning these excellent people, with whom I was presently familiarized as well as domesticated; B. delighting to find a person who agreed with him entirely in all main points, and could follow him in all his excursive pursuits, and Mrs. B. not less pleased in tracing resemblance in my person to what his had been. I learnt from their conversation more than any other opportunities could have taught me concerning Holland, and saw — which no traveller can see in Hotels — the Dutch manner of life. You remember, Senhora, how I used to talk of the *Vrouwes*: the one upon whose humanity I was thrown has more than answered all the expectation I could ever have formed.”

Here is an interesting criticism on Richardson, written in 1812: “It is many years, two or three and twenty, I believe, since I read that book [*Clarissa*], but my remembrance of it is distinct and strong — good proof of the power with which it is written. My own opinion of Richardson is, that for a man of decorous life he had a most impure imagination, and that the immorality of our old drama is far less mischievous than his moral stories of *Pamela* and *Squire Booby* (how I like *Fielding* for making out that name!) and of *Clarissa*.”

The political events of the time are constantly alluded to in these letters, and we can see how early Southey despaired of any good coming from France, which, he wrote, has “played the traitor with liberty.” He abandoned the dream of his early hopes, founded on the first

events of the French Revolution, when he proposed with Coleridge and Lovell to set up their Pantisocratic scheme on the banks of the Susquehanna. The following passage from a letter of the year 1803 seems to rise to “something like prophetic strain:” “The war in which we are so unavoidably involved by the credulity of honest English Ministers and the rascally insolence of your countryman Mr. Parker will grievously molest me. Portugal will in all probability be attacked — and it is said that this country will leave it to its fate. I know not whether wisely or not, for I think 30,000 English could defend that country against any force which the French could bring against it. The Portuguese peasantry want neither patriotism nor courage, but you know what the officers are! We shall see a great uproar in the world. I learn that in case of the conquest of Portugal by France, Spanish America and Brazil will be revolutionized by England, so strangely have things turned about! England is actually fighting for liberty against French usurpation!”

His visits to Portugal and Spain, and knowledge of their history and literature, made him enthusiastic over their struggle with Napoleon. Thus in 1808 we find: “My blood swells when I think of Spain; often have I said that if Europe is to be delivered in our days, it is in Spain that her deliverance will begin.” The Convention of Cintra (1808) throws him into a fury; and his denunciation of the Duke of Wellington — then Sir Arthur Wellesley — for his share in it sounds strangely when read by the light of after events: “As for Sir Arthur and Sir Hew — for the first time in my life I was so irritated by public news as to pass a sleepless night in consequence. There is a straight and easy way of proceeding in such a case, which is to break the convention and shoot those who made it; or else, after the manner of the Romans, deliver them up to the

enemy with ropes about their necks. Sir Arthur ought to be shot for fighting when he did; he was afraid of being superseded before he won a battle, and for that reason fought with only half his own force — for fear, if he had waited till the other half came up, Sir Hew should land and take the command. Sir Hew — Lady Hew I ought rather to say, for the creature has long been known to be an old woman — then suffered Junot to fall back about thirty miles after the battle, and during the negotiation; and so between them they have sacrificed the honour of England and the interest of Spain. But the root of all evil lies in the Duke of York, who appointed such wretches. It is a comfort that the general opinion is so openly and loudly expressed; and I hope and trust an example will be made of the commander. My own opinion is that no man could possibly consent to let Junot carry off his plunder unless he had been promised a share of it for so doing. This will be laughed at and generally scouted; but the man who could subscribe such a convention is capable of any degree of baseness; and there are but two possible motives for his conduct — cowardice or corruption: the former with a victorious and superior army seems to be out of the question; and for the latter, I am afraid, Senhora, that they who sell their votes at home would not have much scruple at selling their country abroad.”

Sir Hew Dalrymple joined the English army in Portugal, as commander in chief, on August 22, 1808, the day after Sir Arthur Wellesley’s victory at Vimero. He superseded Sir Harry Burrard, who had, in his turn, superseded Wellesley. Within thirty hours there were three successive commanders in chief. The government, in view of the popular outcry against the convention, ordered a Court of Inquiry, the three generals being recalled to attend it. They were acquitted of blame. Napo-

leon better understood the advantage gained to England by the convention. “I was,” he said, “about to send Junot to a council of war, but the English got the start of me by sending their generals to one.”

Of Bonaparte Southey writes in 1809: “Yet, Senhora, by the living God, an able minister might in six months’ time hang up Bonaparte for the Spanish crows to feed upon, and reduce France within her ancient limits, by sending our whole military force into Spain. No man who knows what the French are, what the Spaniards are, and what the English are, can doubt this. Now is the time to put out this fire which has ravaged Europe, now when we can fairly get at it. Yet when we should be playing all our engines upon it, we do nothing more than send the maids to empty their chamber pots there. On such an occasion as this England might spare 150,000 men, for it is as much our own cause as if it were upon our own ground. I would land 100,000 of them behind Bonaparte, seize the passes and shut him in Spain, and send the rest to fight him there.”

Here is another passage pouring forth his contempt on Ministers and Opposition alike: “It is not unlikely that great political changes will soon take place. The Grenvilles and the Foxites must separate upon the question of peace; and as the people of England are not so mad as to join with the Foxites in their frantic wish for what would be little short of an act of national suicide, even the Grenvilles may acquire some popularity from the ground on which they stand, and Canning would be right glad to get them in, and rid himself by their help of some of his wretched colleagues. This change is very likely to take place. I wish it may, because Wynn makes an excellent franker of large packets when he gets at Whitehall. Of any other benefit either to myself or to the nation I have little hope and no expectation.”

Throughout these letters we mark the

strange union of a love of liberty and a love of order; though, as the years pass, the element of order grows stronger, while the faith in liberty becomes more and more a belief in a mere freedom of thought, with indifference, or even hostility, to those who desired freedom of action. On Christmas Day, 1826, Southey can write, "The two plagues of Europe at this time are the Spirit of priestcraft and the Spirit of revolution." This, as we go through the series of letters, would seem to sum up the abiding opinion to which he can be seen approaching. In 1808 he was writing, "I who am both Whig and Dissenter;" while in a letter of the succeeding year we read: "Mr. Walhouse and I, Senhora, do not agree in opinion respecting Petition to the Crown upon great public occasions. It is the legal, orderly, and proper manner in which the People are by the Bill of Rights entitled to express their feelings, and it is their means of protesting against any measure which may be oppressive to them, or injurious to the honour and interests of the country. I believe it will now be admitted by most men that the Convention of Cintra was deeply injurious both to its honour and interests, and the King has seldom been worse advised than when he made that most unmerited and unconstitutional answer to the City of London."

But in 1812 we find him writing on Parliamentary Reform: "There is an attack upon the Burdettite Reformers, written with as much force as anything which I have ever yet produced; for you must know that I am become a great enemy to what is called Parliamentary Reform. It is a vile two-penny half-penny business, holding out nothing but a deceitful economy, and substituting Profit and Loss in the place of everything which has hitherto been considered as great and generous."

In a letter written in 1826 we have Southey, the "Whig and Dissenter" of 1808, appearing as the defender of the

Church Establishment: "Lord R.'s desire [in electing Southey to Parliament] was that I should have an opportunity of defending the Church Establishment. I can perform that duty far better at this desk; and, by God's blessing, I will perform it, heartily and strenuously. I have begun a second volume of *Vindiciæ*. These books will live after me, and, I confidently believe, will do more against that abominable system of imposture than has been done against it by the pen since the — Reformation."

We may compare this with the passage already quoted, where Southey marks the Trinity as one of the two subjects alone on which Coleridge and he disagree. This Coleridge "affects to believe for the sake of exhibiting the wonderful acuteness of his mind."

As reference has been made to Southey's election to Parliament through the influence of Lord Radnor, we quote a passage in a letter of 1826, setting out the story of this strange episode in his life: "The story of my election is from first to last sufficiently curious. A very odd person (Lord R.) thought he was making the best use of his influence by giving me a seat in Parliament: it is an influence which has cost him very dear, and which he makes it a point of conscience to exercise as it ought to be exercised. In this case he happened to hit upon as odd a man as himself, and is therefore at the same time disappointed and pleased at the result. As for a qualification, he would have furnished such a title as is usually [given?] on such occasions; but no possible inducements could have persuaded me to enter into public life, and I chose to let this be known by the manner in which I got out of the seat. I have never seen him nor had any direct communication with him, unless an anonymous letter can be called so, in which he informed me of my return. The affair served for a nine days' wonder: it made my letters pass free for five months, and there it ends."

The "qualification" for a seat in Parliament at this time was the possession of a landed estate of three hundred pounds a year. That he was thus qualified every member, on taking his seat, was required to state on oath. The law was, however, notoriously evaded by a fictitious transference of property.

With this letter, written at the end of 1826, the correspondence seems to have ended. Mary Barker apparently settles in France, marries, and fades out of his life. With Southey "the better days of life" are past; the shadows grow deeper. "My happiness," he writes, "has been in my family, and there only was I vulnerable; nothing that has assailed my character or affected my worldly fortune ever gave me an hour's vexation or deprived me of an hour's rest." It was the sorrows that darkened his home which gradually broke his courageous and elastic spirit. His grief for the loss of his firstborn, his daughter Margaret, yielded to time. After the still greater sorrow, overwhelming at the time, which he endured on the death of his son Herbert, in 1816, he could himself write, "I am not unhappy." Yet no man who bears himself toward the dead as Southey did can long escape the penalty which such self-suppression exacts. Their names were never mentioned; even in letters he could hardly bring himself to allude directly to his lost ones. When Carlyle met Southey in London, in 1836-37, he was struck by his extreme sensitiveness. "How," he asked himself, "has this man contrived, with such a nervous system, to keep alive for nearly sixty years?" The true answer would have been in the words of Southey's own oft-quoted motto, "In labore quies." The day of payment came when irremediable grief fell on him, and the sensitive spirit was worn out by past sorrows, unexpressed and self-consumed. Toward the close of 1826, about the time he wrote the last letter which we have before us to Mary Barker, his daughter Isabel,

"the most radiant Creature that I ever beheld or shall behold," passed away. From his wife he was soon parted "by something worse than death," — a lost mind. She lingered on to 1835, faithfully tended by her husband, who long refused to suffer her out of his charge. His remaining children, for happier causes, left him, and Greta Hall grew silent. He still worked hard, and at good work, too, as the *Life of Cowper* shows. Rays of cheerfulness still survive in his letters, and may be seen in *The Doctor*, — a book "the wit and humor of which," as Edgar Allan Poe wrote, "have seldom been equaled," — wherein is to be found an addition to the classics of the nursery in *The Tale of the Three Bears*. While Coleridge sits on the brow of Highgate Hill, conversing on "Om-m-mject" and "Sum-m-mject" with his solemn "shake or quaver," detached like an Epicurean god from all earthly troubles, Southey, who among other burdens had supported Coleridge's family, wages a brave warfare, doing good work and ministering to his poor wife, "with a morality," as Carlyle writes, "that shone distinguished among his contemporaries." After the death of his wife Edith, in 1835, he lived eight years, little by little losing his spirits and his powers. In 1839 he married his old friend and correspondent, Caroline Bowles, who watched over him tenderly in his declining days. Memory went, and in his library he could do little more than gain pleasure by merely touching his cherished volumes. When Wordsworth went over to Greta Hall in 1840, Southey failed to recognize him till he was told who it was. In 1843 the end came, and his spirit departed, worn away by the troubles which for many a year he had steadfastly borne, amid silent work, in cheerfulness and the service of those he loved. Sara Coleridge, to whom for long years at Greta Hall he had been as a father, could well write of him, "The best man I have ever known."

Harold Spencer Scott.

AUDREY.¹

XXVI.

SANCTUARY.

"CHILD," asked Haward, "why did you frighten me so?" He took her hands from her face, and drew her from the shadow of the curtain into the evening glow. Her hands lay passive in his; her eyes held the despair of a runner spent and fallen, with the goal just in sight. "Would have had me go again to the mountains for you, little maid?" Haward's voice trembled with the delight of his ended quest.

"Call me not by that name," Audrey said. "One that is dead used it."

"I will call you love," he answered, — "my love, my dear love, my true love."

"Nor that either," she said, and caught her breath. "I know not why you should speak to me so."

"What must I call you, then?" he asked, with the smile still upon his lips.

"A stranger and a dreamer," she answered. "Go your ways, and I will go mine."

There was silence in the room, broken by Haward.

"For us two one path," he said. "Why, Audrey, Audrey, Audrey!" Suddenly he caught her in his arms. "My love!" he whispered, — "my love Audrey! my wife Audrey!" His kisses rained upon her face. She lay quiet until the storm had passed; then freed herself, looked at him, and shook her head,

"You killed him," she said, "that one whom I — worshiped. It was not well done of you. . . . There was a dream I had last summer. I told it to — to the one you killed. Now part of the dream has come true. . . . You never were! Oh, death had been easy pain, for it had

left memory, hope! But you never were! you never were!"

"I am!" cried Haward ardently. "I am your lover! I am he who says to you, Forget the past, forget and forgive, and come with me out of your dreaming. Come, Audrey, come, come, from the dim woods into the sunshine, — into the sunshine of the garden! The night you went away I was there, Audrey, under the stars. The paths were deep in leaves, the flowers dead and blackening; but the trees will be green again, and the flowers bloom! When we are wed we will walk there, bringing the spring with us" —

"When we are wed!" she answered. "That will never be."

"It will be this week," he said, smiling. "Dear dryad, who have no friends to make a pother, no dowry to lug with you, no gay wedding raiment to provide; who have only to curtsy farewell to the trees and put your hand in mine" —

She drew away her hands that he had caught in his, and pressed them above her heart; then looked restlessly from window to door. "Will you let me pass, sir?" she asked at last. "I am tired. I have to think what I am to do, where I am to go."

"Where you are to go!" he exclaimed. "Why, back to the glebe house, and I will follow, and the minister shall marry us. Child, child! where else should you go? What else should you do?"

"God knows!" cried the girl, with sudden and extraordinary passion. "But not that! Oh, he is gone, — that other who would have understood!"

Haward let fall his outstretched hand, drew back a pace or two, and stood with knitted brows. The room was very quiet; only Audrey breathed hurriedly,

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and through the open window came the sudden, lonely cry of some river bird. The note was repeated ere Haward spoke again.

"I will try to understand," he said slowly. "Audrey, is it Evelyn that comes between us?"

Audrey passed her hand over her eyes and brow and pushed back her heavy hair. "Oh, I have wronged her!" she cried. "I have taken her portion. If once she was cruel to me, yet to-day she kissed me, her tears fell upon my face. That which I have robbed her of I want not. . . . Oh, my heart, my heart!"

"Tis I, not you, who have wronged this lady," said Haward, after a pause. "I have, I hope, her forgiveness. Is this the fault that keeps you from me?"

Audrey answered not, but leaned against the window and looked at the cloud in the south that was now an amethyst island. Haward went closer to her. "Is it," he said, "is it because in my mind I sinned against you, Audrey, because I brought upon you insult and calumny? Child, child! I am of the world. That I did all this is true, but now I would not purchase endless bliss with your least harm, and your name is more to me than my own. Forgive me, Audrey, forgive the past." He bowed his head as he stood before her.

Audrey gazed at him with wide, dry eyes whose lids burned. A hot color had risen to her cheek; at her heart was a heavier aching, a fuller knowledge of loss. "There is no past," she said. "It was a dream and a lie. There is only to-day . . . and you are a stranger."

The purple cloud across the river began to darken; there came again the lonely cry of the bird; in the house quarters the slaves were singing as they went about their work. Suddenly Audrey laughed. It was sad laughter, as mocking and elfin and mirthless a sound as was ever heard in autumn twilight. "A stranger!" she repeated. "I know you by your name, and that is all. You are Mr. Marma-

duke Haward of Fair View, while I — I am Darden's Audrey!"

She curtsied to him, so changed, so defiant, so darkly beautiful, that he caught his breath to behold her. "You are all the world to me!" he cried. "Audrey, Audrey! Look at me, listen to me!"

He would have approached her, would have seized her hand, but she waved him back. "Oh, the world! We must think of that! What would they say, the Governor and the Council, and the people who go to balls, and all the great folk you write to in England, — what would they say if you married me? Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View, the richest man in Virginia! Mr. Marmaduke Haward, the man of taste, the scholar, the fine gentleman, proud of his name, jealous of his honor! And Darden's Audrey, who hath gone barefoot on errands to most houses in Fair View parish! Darden's Audrey, whom the preacher pointed out to the people in Bruton church! They would call you mad; they would give you cap and bells; they would say, 'Does he think that he can make her one of us? — her that we looked long upon in Bruton church, when the preacher called her by a right name!'" —

"Child, for God's sake!" cried Haward.

"There is the lady, too, — the lady who left us here together! We must not forget to think of her, — of her whose picture you showed me at Fair View, who was to be your wife, who took me by the hand that night at the Palace. There is reproach in her eyes. Ah, do you not think the look might grow, might come to haunt us? And yourself! Oh, sooner or later regret and weariness would come to dwell at Fair View! The lady who walks in the garden here is a fine lady and a fit mate for a fine gentleman, and I am a beggar maid and no man's mate, unless it be Hugon's. Hugon, who has sworn to have me in the house he has built! Hugon, who would surely kill you" —

Haward caught her by the wrists, bruising them in his grasp. "Audrey, Audrey! Let these fancies be! If we love each other" —

"If!" she echoed, and pulled her hands away. Her voice was strange, her eyes were bright and strained, her face was burning. "But if not, what then? And how should I love you who are a stranger to me? Oh, a generous stranger who, where he thinks he has done a wrong, would repair the damage." Her voice broke; she flung back her head and pressed her hands against her throat. "You have done me no wrong," she said. "If you had, I would forgive you, would say good-by to you, would go my way . . . as I am going now. Let me pass, sir!"

Haward barred her way. "A stranger!" he said, beneath his breath. "Is there then no tie between shadow and substance, dream and reality?"

"None!" answered Audrey, with defiance. "Why did you come to the mountains, eleven years ago? What business was it of yours whether I lived or died? Oh, God was not kind to send you there!"

"You loved me once!" he cried. "Audrey, Audrey, have I slain your love?"

"It was never yours!" she answered passionately. "It was that other's, — that other whom I imagined, who never lived outside my dream! Oh, let me pass, let me begone! You are cruel to keep me. I — I am so tired."

White to the lips, Haward moved backward a step or two, but yet stood between her and the door. Moments passed before he spoke; then, "Will you become my wife?" he asked, in a studiously quiet voice. "Marry me, Audrey, loving me not. Love may come in time, but give me now the right to be your protector, the power to clear your name."

She looked at him with a strange smile, a fine gesture of scorn. "Marry you, loving you not! That will I never do. Protector! That is a word I have grown to dislike. My name! It is a

slight thing. What matter if folk look askance when it is only Darden's Audrey? And there are those whom an ill fame does not frighten. The school-master will still give me books to read, and tell me what they mean. He will not care, nor the drunken minister, nor Hugon. . . . I am going back to them, to Mistress Deborah and the glebe house. She will beat me, and the minister will curse, but they will take me in. . . . I will work very hard, and never look to Fair View. I see now that I could never reach the mountains." She began to move toward the door. He kept with her, step for step, his eyes upon her face. "You will come no more to the glebe house," she said. "If you do, though the mountains be far, the river is near."

He put his hand upon the latch of the door. "You will rest here to-night?" he asked gently, as of a child. "I will speak to Colonel Byrd; to-morrow he will send some one with you down the river. It will be managed for you and as you wish. You will rest to-night? You go from me now to your room, Audrey?"

"Yes," she answered, and thought she spoke the truth.

"I love you, — love you greatly," he continued. "I will conquer, — conquer and atone! But now, poor tired one, I let you go. Sleep, Audrey, — sleep and dream again." He held open the door for her, and stood aside with bent head.

She passed him; then turned, and spoke with a strange and sorrowful stateliness. "You think, sir," she said, "that I have something to forgive?"

"Much," he answered, — "very much, Audrey."

"And you wish my forgiveness?"

"Ay, Audrey, your forgiveness and your love."

"The first is mine to give," she said. "If you wish it, take it. I forgive you, sir. Good-by."

"Good-night," he answered. "Audrey, good-night."

"Good-by," she repeated, and passed from his sight up the broad staircase.

It was dark in the upper hall, but there was a great glimmer of sky, an opal space to mark a window that gave upon the sloping lawn and pallid river. The pale light seemed to beckon. Audrey went not on to her attic room, but to the window, and in doing so passed a small half-open door. As she went by she glanced through the aperture, and saw that there was a narrow stairway, built for the servants' use, winding down to a door in the western face of the house.

Once at the open window, she leaned forth and looked to the east and the west. The hush of the evening had fallen; the light was faint; above the last rose flush a great star palely shone. All was quiet, deserted; nothing stirring on the leaf-carpeted slope; no sound save the distant singing of the slaves. The river lay bare from shore to shore, save where the western landing stretched raggedly into the flood. To its piles small boats were tied, but there seemed to be no boatmen; wharf and river appeared as barren of movement and life as did the long expanse of dusky lawn.

"I will not sleep in this house to-night," said Audrey to herself. "If I can reach those boats unseen, I will go alone down the river. That will be well. I am not wanted here."

When she arrived at the foot of the servants' stair, she slipped through the door into a world all dusk and quiet, where was none to observe her, none to stay her. Crouching by the wall, she crept to the front of the house, stole around the stone steps where that morning she had sat in the sunshine, and came to the parlor windows. Close beneath one was a block of stone. After a moment's hesitation she stood upon this, and, pressing her face against the window pane, looked her last upon the room she had so lately left. A low fire upon the hearth darkly illumined it: he sat by the table, with his arms out-

stretched, and his head bowed upon them. Audrey dropped from the stone into the ever growing shadows, crossed the lawn, slipped below the bank, and took her way along the river edge to the long landing. When she was halfway down its length, she saw that there was a canoe which she had not observed, and that it held one man, who sat with his back to the shore. With a quick breath of dismay she stood still, then setting her lips went on; for the more she thought of having to see those two again, Evelyn and the master of Fair View, the stronger grew her determination to commence her backward journey alone and at once.

She had almost reached the end of the wharf when the man in the boat stood up and faced her. It was Hugon. The dusk was not so great but that the two, the hunter and his quarry, could see each other plainly. The latter turned with the sob of a stricken deer, but the impulse to flight lasted not. Where might she go? Run blindly, north or east or west, through the fields of Westover? That would shortly lead to cowering in some wood or swamp, while the feet of the searchers came momentarily nearer. Return to the house, stand at bay once more? With all her strength of soul she put this course from her.

The quick strife in her mind ended in her moving slowly, as though drawn by an invisible hand, to the edge of the wharf, above Hugon and his canoe. She did not wonder to see him there. Every word that Haward had spoken in the Westover parlor was burned upon her brain, and he had said that he had come up river with an Indian. This was the Indian, and to hunt her down those two had joined forces.

"Ma'm'selle Audrey," whispered the trader, staring as at a spirit.

"Yes, Jean Hugon," she answered, and looked down the glimmering reaches of the James, then at the slender canoe and the deep and dark water that flowed between the piles. In the slight craft,

with that strong man the river for ally, she were safe as in a tower of brass.

"I am going home, Jean," she said. "Will you row me down the river to-night, and tell me as we go your stories of the woods and your father's glories in France? If you speak of other things I will drown myself, for I am tired of hearing them. In the morning we will stop at some landing for food, and then go on again. Let us hasten" —

The trader moistened his lips. "And him," he demanded hoarsely, — "that Englishman, that Marmaduke Haward of Fair View, who came to me and said, 'Half-breed, seeing that an Indian and a bloodhound have gifts in common, we will take up the quest together. Find her, though it be to lose her to me that same hour! And look that in our travels you try no foul play, for this time I go armed,' — what of him?"

Audrey waved her hand toward the house she had left. "He is there. Let us make haste." As she spoke she descended the steps, and, evading his eager hand, stepped into the canoe. He looked at her doubtfully, half afraid, so strange was it to see her sitting there, so like a spirit from the land beyond the sun, a *revenant* out of one of old Pierre's wild tales, had she come upon him. With quickened breath he loosed the canoe from its mooring and took up the paddle. A moment, and they were quit of the Westover landing and embarked upon a strange journey, during which hour after hour Hugon made wild love, and hour after hour Audrey opened not her lips. As the canoe went swiftly down the flood, lights sprung up in the house it was leaving behind. A man, rising from his chair with a heavy sigh, walked to the parlor window and looked out upon lawn and sky and river, but, so dark had it grown, saw not the canoe; thought only how deserted, how desolate and lonely, was the scene.

In Williamsburgh as at Westover the

autumn was dying, the winter was coming, but neither farewell nor greeting perturbed the cheerful town. To and fro through Palace and Nicholson and Duke of Gloucester streets were blown the gay leaves; of early mornings white frosts lay upon the earth like fairy snows, but midday and afternoon were warm and bright. Mistress Stagg's garden lay to the south, and in sheltered corners bloomed marigolds and asters, while a vine, red-leaved and purple-berried, made a splendid mantle for the play-house wall.

Within the theatre a rehearsal of *Tam-erlane* was in progress. Turk and Tartar spoke their minds, and Arpasia's deathcry clave the air. The victorious Emperor passed final sentence upon Bajazet; then, chancing to glance toward the wide door, suddenly abdicated his throne, and in the character of Mr. Charles Stagg blew a kiss to his wife, who, applauding softly, stood in the opening that was framed by the red vine.

"Have you done, my dear?" she cried. "Then pray come with me a moment!"

The two crossed the garden, and entered the grape arbor where in September Mistress Stagg had entertained her old friend, my Lady Squander's sometime waiting maid. Now the vines were bare of leaves, and the sunshine streaming through lay in a flood upon the earth. Mary Stagg's chair was set in that golden warmth, and upon the ground beside it had fallen some bright sewing. The silken stuff touched a coarser cloth, and that was the skirt of Darden's Audrey, who sat upon the ground asleep, with her arm across the chair, and her head upon her arm.

"How came she here?" demanded Mr. Stagg at last, when he had given a tragedy start, folded his arms, and bent his brows.

"She ran away," answered Mistress Stagg, in a low voice, drawing her spouse to a little distance from the sleeping figure. "She ran away from the glebe

house and went up the river, wanting — the Lord knows why! — to reach the mountains. Something happened to bring her to her senses, and she turned back, and falling in with that trader Jean Hugon, he brought her to Jamestown in his canoe. She walked from there to the glebe house, — that was yesterday. The minister was away, and Deborah, being in one of her passions, would not let her in. She's that hard, is Deborah, when she's angry, harder than the nether millstone! The girl lay in the woods last night. I vow I'll never speak again to Deborah, not though there were twenty Baths behind us!" Mistress Stagg's voice began to tremble. "I was sitting sewing in that chair, now listening to your voices in the theatre, and now harking back in my mind to old days when we were n't prosperous like we are now. . . . And at last I got to thinking of the babe, Charles, and how, if she had lived and grown up, I might ha' sat there sewing a pretty gown for my own child, and how happy I would have made her. I tried to see her standing beside me, laughing, pretty as a rose, waiting for me to take the last stitch. It got so real that I raised my head to tell my dead child how I was going to knot her ribbons . . . and there was this girl looking at me!"

"What, Millamant! a tear, my soul?"

Millamant wiped away the tear. "I'll tell you what she said. She just said: 'You were kind to me when I was here before, but if you tell me to go away I'll go. You need not say it loudly.' And then she almost fell, and I put out my arm and caught her; and presently she was on her knees there beside me, with her head in my lap. . . . And then we talked together for a while: it was mostly me, — she did n't say much. But, Charles, the girl's done no wrong, no more than our child that's dead and in Christ's bosom. She was so tired and worn. I got some milk and gave it to her, and directly she went to sleep like a baby, with her head on my knee."

The two went closer, and looked down upon the slender form and still, dark face. The sleeper's rest was deep. A tress of hair, fallen from its fastening, swept her cheek: Mistress Stagg, stooping, put it in place behind the small ear, then straightened herself and pressed her Mirabell's arm.

"Well, my love," quoth that gentleman, clearing his throat. "'Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good.' My Millamant, declare your thoughts!"

Mistress Stagg twisted her apron hem between thumb and finger. "She's more than eighteen, Charles; and anyhow, if I understand it rightly, she was never really bound to Darden. The law has no hold on her, for neither vestry nor Orphan Court had anything to do with placing her with Darden and Deborah. She's free to stay."

"Free to stay?" queried Charles, and took a prodigious pinch of snuff. "To stay with us?"

"Why not?" asked his wife, and stole a persuasive hand into that of her helpmate. "Oh, Charles, my heart went out to her! I made her so beautiful once, and I could do it again and all the time. Don't you think her prettier than was Jane Day? And she's graceful, and that quick to learn! You're such a teacher, Charles, and I know she'd do her best. . . . Perhaps, after all, there would be no need to send away to Bristol for one to take Jane's place."

"H'm!" said the great man thoughtfully, and bit a curl of Tamerlane's vast periwig. "'Tis true I esteem her no dullard," he at last vouchsafed; "true also that there are grounds for hope of success. In fine, solely to give thee pleasure, my Millamant, I will give the girl a trial no later than this very afternoon."

Audrey stirred in her sleep, spoke Howard's name, and sank again to rest. Mr. Stagg took a second pinch of snuff. "There's the scandal, my love. His

Excellency the Governor's ball, Mr. Elliot's sermon, Mr. Marmaduke Haward's illness and subsequent duels with Mr. Everard and Mr. Travis, are in no danger of being forgotten. If this girl ever comes to the speaking of an epilogue, there 'll be in Williamsburgh a nine days' wonder indeed!"

"The wonder would not hurt," said Mistress Staggy simply.

"Far from it, my dear," agreed Mr. Staggy, and, closing his snuffbox, went with a thoughtful brow back to the playhouse and the Tartar camp.

XXVII.

THE MISSION OF TRUELOVE.

Mistress Truelove Taberer, having read in a very clear and gentle voice the Sermon on the Mount to those placid Friends, Tobias and Martha Taberer, closed the book, and went about her household affairs with a quiet step, but a heart that somehow fluttered at every sound without the door. To still it she began to repeat to herself words she had read: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God . . . blessed are the peacemakers" —

Winter sunshine poured in at the windows and door. Truelove, kneeling to wipe a fleck of dust from her wheel, suddenly, with a catch of her breath and a lifting of her brown eyes, saw in the Scripture she had been repeating a meaning and application hitherto unexpected. "The peacemaker . . . that is one who makes peace, — in the world, between countries, in families, yea, in the heart of one alone. Did he not say, last time he came, that with me he forgot this naughty world and all its strife; that if I were always with him" —

Truelove's countenance became exalted, her gaze fixed. "If it were a call" — she murmured, and for a moment bowed her head upon the wheel;

then rose from her knees and went softly through the morning tasks. When they were over, she took down from a peg and put on a long gray cloak and a gray hood that most becomingly framed her wild-rose face; then came and stood before her father and mother. "I am going forth to walk by the creekside," she said, in her sweet voice. "It may be that I shall meet Angus MacLean."

"If thee does," answered one tranquil Friend, "thee may tell him that upon next seventh day meeting will be held in this house."

"Truly," said the other tranquil Friend, "my heart is drawn toward that young man. His mind hath been filled with anger and resistance and the turmoil of the world. It were well if he found peace at last."

"Surely it were well," agreed Truelove sweetly, and went out into the crisp winter weather.

The holly, the pine, and the cedar made green places in the woods, and the multitude of leaves underfoot were pleasant to tread. Clouds were in the sky, but the spaces between were of serenest blue, and in the sunshine the creek flashed diamonds. Truelove stood upon the bank, and, with her hand shading her eyes, watched MacLean rowing toward her up the creek.

When he had fastened his boat and taken her hand, the two walked soberly on beside the sparkling water until they came to a rude seat built beneath an oak tree, to which yet clung a number of brown leaves. Truelove sat down, drawing her cloak about her, for, though the sun shone, the air was keen. MacLean took off his coat, and kneeling put it beneath her feet. He laughed at her protest. "Why, these winds are not bleak!" he said. "This land knows no true and honest cold. In my country, night after night have I lain in snow with only my plaid for cover, and heard the spirits call in the icy wind, the kelpie shriek beneath the frozen loch. I listened; then shut

my eyes and dreamed warm of glory and — true love.”

“Thy coat is new,” said Truelove, with downcast eyes. “The earth will stain the good cloth.”

MacLean laughed. “Then will I wear it stained, as ’tis said a courtier once wore his cloak.”

“There is lace upon it,” said Truelove timidly.

MacLean turned with a smile, and laid a fold of her cloak against his dark cheek. “Ah, the lace offends you, — offends thee, — Truelove. Why, ’tis but to mark me a gentleman again! Last night, at Williamsburgh, I supped with Haward and some gentlemen of Virginia. He would have me don this suit. I might not disoblige my friend.”

“Thee loves it,” said Truelove severely. “Thee loves the color, and the feel of the fine cloth, and the ruffles at thy wrists.”

The Highlander laughed. “Why, suppose that I do! Look, Truelove, how brave and red are those holly berries, and how green and fantastically twisted the leaves! The sky is a bright blue and the clouds are silver; and think what these woods will be when the winter is past! One might do worse, meseems, than to be of God’s taste in such matters.”

Truelove sighed, and drew her gray cloak more closely around her.

“Thee is in spirits to-day, Angus MacLean,” she said, and sighed once more.

“I am free,” he answered. “The man within me walks no longer with a hanging head.”

“And what will thee do with thy freedom?”

The Highlander made no immediate reply, but, chin in hand, studied the drifts of leaves and the slow-moving water. “I am free,” he said at last. “I wear to-day the dress of a gentleman. I could walk without shame into a hall that I know, and find there strangers, standers in dead men’s shoon,

brothers who want me not, — who would say behind their hands, ‘He has been twelve years a slave, and the world has changed since he went away!’ . . . I will not trouble them.”

His face was as sombre as when Truelove first beheld it. Suddenly, and against her will, tears came to her eyes. “I am glad — I and my father and mother and Ephraim — that thee goes not overseas, Angus MacLean,” said the dove’s voice. “We would have thee — I and my father and mother and Ephraim — we would have thee stay in Virginia.”

“I am to stay,” he answered. “I have felt no shame in taking a loan from my friend, for I shall repay it. He hath lands up river in a new-made county. I am to seat them for him, and there will be my home. I will build a house and name it Duart; and if there are hills they shall be Dun-da-gu and Grieg, and the sound of winter torrents shall be to me as the sound of the waters of Mull.”

Truelove caught her breath. “Thee will be lonely in those forests.”

“I am used to loneliness.”

“There be Indians on the frontier. They burn houses and carry away prisoners. And there are wolves and dangerous beasts” —

“I am used to danger.”

Truelove’s voice trembled more and more. “And thee must dwell among negroes and rude men, with none to comfort thy soul, none to whom thee can speak in thy dark hours?”

“Before now I have spoken to the tobacco I have planted, the trees I have felled, the swords and muskets I have sold.”

“But at last thee spoke to me!”

“Ay,” he answered. “There have been times when you saved my soul alive. Now, in the forest, in my house of logs, when the day’s work is done, and I sit upon my doorstep and begin to hear the voices of the past crying to me like the spirits in the valley of Glensyde, I will think of you instead.”

"Oh!" cried Truelove. "Speak to me instead, and I will speak to thee . . . sitting upon the doorstep of our house, when our day's work is done!"

Her hood falling back showed her face, clear pink, with dewy eyes. The carnation deepening from brow to throat, and the tears trembling upon her long lashes, she suddenly hid her countenance in her gray cloak. MacLean, on his knees beside her, drew away the folds. "Truelove, Truelove! do you know what you have said?"

Truelove put her hand upon her heart. "Oh, I fear," she whispered, "I fear that I have asked thee, Angus MacLean, to let me be — to let me be — thy wife."

The water shone, and the holly berries were gay, and a robin redbreast sang a cheerful song. Beneath the rustling oak tree there was ardent speech on the part of MacLean, who found in his mistress a listener sweet and shy, and not garrulous of love. But her eyes dwelt upon him and her hand rested at ease within his clasp, and she liked to hear him speak of the home they were to make in the wilderness. It was to be thus, and thus, and thus! With impassioned eloquence the Gael adorned the shrine and advanced the merit of the divinity, and the divinity listened with a smile, a blush, a tear, and now and then a meek rebuke.

When an hour had passed, the sun went under a cloud and the air grew colder. The bird had flown away, but in the rising wind the dead leaves rustled loudly. MacLean and Truelove, leaving their future of honorable toil, peace of mind, and enduring affection, came back to the present.

"I must away," said the Highlander. "Haward waits for me at Williamsburgh. To-morrow, dearer to me than Deirdre to Naos! I will come again."

Hand in hand the two walked slowly toward that haunt of peace, Truelove's quiet home. "And Marmaduke Haward awaits thee at Williamsburgh?"

said the Quakeress. "Last third day he met my father and me on the Fair View road, and checked his horse and spoke to us. He is changed."

"Changed indeed!" quoth the Highlander. "A fire burns him, a wind drives him; and yet to the world, last night" — He paused.

"Last night?" said Truelove.

"He had a large company at Marot's ordinary," went on the other. "There were the Governor and his fellow Councilors, with others of condition or fashion. He was the very fine gentleman, the perfect host, free, smiling, full of wit. But I had been with him before they came. I knew the fires beneath."

The two walked in silence for a few moments, when MacLean spoke again: "He drank to her. At the last, when this lady had been toasted, and that, he rose and drank to 'Audrey,' and threw his wineglass over his shoulder. He hath done what he could. The world knows that he loves her honorably, seeks her vainly in marriage. Something more I know. He gathered the company together last evening that, as his guests, the highest officers, the finest gentlemen of the colony, should go with him to the theatre to see her for the first time as a player. Being what they were, and his guests, and his passion known, he would insure for her, did she well or did she ill, order, interest, decent applause." MacLean broke off with a short, excited laugh. "It was not needed, — his meditation. But he could not know that; no, nor none of us. True, Stag and his wife had bragged of the powers of this strangely found actress of theirs that they were training to do great things, but folk took it for a trick of their trade. Oh, there was curiosity enough, but 't was on Haward's account. . . . Well, he drank to her, standing at the head of the table at Marot's ordinary, and the glass crashed over his shoulder, and we all went to the play."

"Yes, yes!" cried Truelove, breath-

ing quickly, and quite forgetting how great a vanity was under discussion.

"'T was Tamerlane, the play that this traitorous generation calls for every 5th of November. It seems that the Governor — a Whig as rank as Argyle — had ordered it again for this week. 'T is a cursed piece of slander that pictures the Prince of Orange a virtuous Emperor, his late Majesty of France a hateful tyrant. But for Haward, whose guest I was, I had not sat there with closed lips. I had sprung to my feet and given those flatterers, those traducers, the lie ! The thing taunted and angered until she entered. Then I forgot."

"And she — and Audrey ?"

"Arpasia was her name in the play. She entered late ; her death came before the end ; there was another woman who had more to do. It all mattered not. I have seen a great actress."

"Darden's Audrey !" said Truelove, in a whisper.

"That at the very first ; not afterwards," answered MacLean. "She was dressed, they say, as upon the night at the Palace, that first night of Haward's fever. When she came upon the stage, there was a murmur like the wind in the leaves. She was most beautiful, — 'beauteous in hatred,' as the Sultan in the play called her, — dark and wonderful, with angry eyes. For a little while she must stand in silence, and in these moments men and women stared at her, then turned and looked at Haward. But when she spoke we forgot that she was Darden's Audrey."

MacLean laughed again. "When the play was ended, — or rather, when her part in it was done, — the house did shake so with the applause that Staggs had to remonstrate. There's naught talked of to-day in Williamsburgh but Arpasia ; and when I came down Palace Street this morning, there was a great crowd about the playhouse door. Staggs might sell his tickets for to-night at a guinea apiece. Venice Preserved is the play."

"And Marmaduke Haward, — what of him ?" asked Truelove softly.

"He is English," said MacLean, after a pause. "He can make of his face a smiling mask, can keep his voice as even and as still as the pool that is a mile away from the fierce torrent its parent. It is a gift they have, the English. I remember at Preston" — He broke off with a sigh. "There will be an end some day, I suppose. He will win her at last to his way of thinking ; and having gained her, he will be happy. And yet to my mind there is something unfortunate, strange and fatal, in the aspect of this girl. It hath always been so. She is such a one as the Lady in Green. On a Halloween night, standing in the twelfth rig, a man might hear her voice upon the wind. I would old Murdoch of Coll, who hath the second sight, were here : he could tell the ending of it all."

An hour later found the Highlander well upon his way to Williamsburgh, walking through wood and field with his long stride, his heart warm within him, his mind filled with the thought of Truelove and the home that he would make for her in the rude, up-river country. Since the two had sat beneath the oak clouds had gathered, obscuring the sun. It was now gray and cold in the forest, and presently snow began to fall, slowly, in large flakes, between the still trees.

MacLean looked with whimsical anxiety at several white particles upon his suit of fine cloth, claret-colored and silver-laced, and quickened his pace. But the snow was but the lazy vanguard of a storm in the night, and so few and harmless were the flakes that when, a mile from Williamsburgh and at some little distance from the road, MacLean beheld a ring of figures seated upon the ground beneath a giant elm, he stopped to observe who and what they were that sat so still beneath the leafless tree in the winter weather.

The group, that at first glimpse had seemed some conclave of beings uncouth

and lubberly and solely of the forest, resolved itself into the Indian teacher and his pupils, escaped for the afternoon from the bounds of William and Mary. The Indian lads — slender, bronze, and statuesque — sat in silence, stolidly listening to the words of the white man, who, standing in the midst of the ring, with his back to the elm tree, told to his dusky charges a Bible tale. It was the story of Joseph and his brethren. The clear, gentle tones of the teacher reached MacLean's ears where he stood unobserved behind a roadside growth of bay and cedar.

A touch upon the shoulder made him turn, to find at his elbow that sometime pupil of Mr. Charles Griffin in whose company he had once trudged from Fair View store to Williamsburgh.

"I was lying in the woods over there," said Hugon sullenly. "I heard them coming, and I took my leave. 'Peste!' said I. 'The old, weak man who preaches quietness under men's injuries, and the young wolf pack, all brown, with Indian names!' They may have the woods; for me, I go back to the town where I belong."

He shrugged his shoulders, and stood scowling at the distant group. MacLean, in his turn, looked curiously at his quondam companion of a sunny day in May, the would-be assassin with whom he had struggled in wind and rain beneath the thunders of an August storm. The trader wore his great wig, his ancient steinkirk of tawdry lace, his high boots of Spanish leather, cracked and stained. Between the waves of coarse hair, out of coal-black, deep-set eyes looked the soul of the half-breed, fierce, vengeful, ignorant, and imbibited.

"There is Meshawa," he said, — "Meshawa, who was a little boy when I went to school, but who used to laugh when I talked of France. *Pardieu!* one day I found him alone when it was cold, and there was a fire in the room. Next time I talked he did not laugh! They

are all" — he swept his hand toward the circle beneath the elm — "they are all Saponies, Nottoways, Meherrins; their fathers are lovers of the peace pipe, and humble to the English. A Monacan is a great brave; he laughs at the Nottoways, and says that there are no men in the villages of the Meherrins."

"When do you go again to trade with your people?" asked MacLean.

Hugon glanced at him out of the corners of his black eyes. "They are not my people; my people are French. I am not going to the woods any more. I am so prosperous. *Diable!* shall not I as well as another stay at Williamsburgh, dress fine, dwell in an ordinary, play high, and drink of the best?"

"There is none will prevent you," said MacLean coolly. "Dwell in town, take your ease in your inn, wear gold lace, stake the skins of all the deer in Virginia, drink Burgundy and Champagne, but lay no more arrows athwart the threshold of a gentleman's door."

Hugon's lips twitched into a tigerish grimace. "So he found the arrow? *Mortdieu!* let him look to it that one day the arrow find not him!"

"If I were Haward," said MacLean, "I would have you taken up."

The trader again looked sideways at the speaker, shrugged his shoulders and waved his hand. "Oh, he, — he despises me too much for that! *Eh bien!* to-day I love to see him live. When there is no wine in the cup, but only dregs that are bitter, I laugh to see it at his lips. She, — *Ma'm'selle Audrey*, that never before could I coax into my boat, — she reached me her hand, she came with me down the river, through the night-time, and left him behind at Westover. *Ha!* think you not that was bitter, that drink which she gave him, Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View? Since then, if I go to that house, that garden at Williamsburgh, she hides, she will not see me; the man and his wife make excuse! *Bad!* But also he sees her never. He

writes to her : she answers not. Good ! Let him live, with the fire built around him and the splinters in his heart ! ”

He laughed again, and, dismissing the subject with an airiness somewhat exaggerated, drew out his huge gilt snuffbox. The snow was now falling more thickly, drawing a white and fleecy veil between the two upon the road and the story-teller and his audience beneath the distant elm. “ Are you for Williamsburgh ? ” demanded the Highlander, when he had somewhat abruptly declined to take snuff with Monsieur Jean Hugon.

That worthy nodded, pocketing his box and incidentally making a great jingling of coins.

“ Then,” quoth MacLean, “ since I prefer to travel alone, I will wait here until you have passed the rolling-house in the distance yonder. Good-day to you ! ”

He seated himself upon the stump of a tree, and, giving all his attention to the snow, began to whistle a thoughtful air. Hugon glanced at him with fierce black eyes and twitching lips, much desiring a quarrel ; then thought better of it, and before the tune had come to an end was making with his long and noiseless stride his lonely way to Williamsburgh and the ordinary in Nicholson Street.

XXVIII.

THE PLAYER.

About this time, Mr. Charles Stagg, of the Williamsburgh theatre in Virginia, sent by the Horn of Plenty, bound for London, a long letter to an ancient comrade and player of small parts at Drury Lane. A few days later, young Mr. Lee, writing by the Golden Lucy to an agreeable rake of his acquaintance, burst into a five-page panegyric upon the Arpasia, the Belvidera, who had so marvelously dawned upon the colonial horizon. The recipient of this communication, being

a frequenter of Button’s, and chancing one day to crack a bottle there with Mr. Colley Cibber, drew from his pocket and read to that gentleman the eulogy of Darden’s Audrey, with the remark that the writer was an Oxford man and must know whereof he wrote.

Cibber borrowed the letter, and the next day, in the company of Wilks and a bottle of Burgundy, compared it with that of Mr. Charles Stagg, — the latter’s correspondent having also brought the matter to the great man’s notice.

“ She might offset that pretty jade Fenton at the Fields, eh, Bob ? ” said Cibber. “ They ’re of an age. If the town took to her ” —

“ If her Belvidera made one pretty fellow weep, why not another ? ” added Wilks. “ Here — where is ’t he says that, when she went out, for many moments the pit was silent as the grave, and that then the applause was deep — not shrill — and very long ? ’ Gad, if ’t is a Barry come again, and we could lay hands on her, the house would be made ! ”

Cibber sighed. “ You ’re dreaming, Bob,” he said good-humoredly. “ ’T was but a pack of Virginia planters, noisy over some *belle sauvage* with a ranting tongue.”

“ Men’s passions are the same, I take it, in Virginia as in London,” answered the other. “ If the *belle sauvage* can move to that manner of applause in one spot of earth, she may do so in another. And here again he says, ‘ A dark beauty, with a strange, alluring air . . . a voice of melting sweetness that yet can so express anguish and fear that the blood turns cold and the heart is wrung to hear it.’ Zoons, sir ! what would it cost to buy off this fellow Stagg, and to bring the phœnix overseas ? ”

“ Something more than a lottery ticket,” laughed the other, and beckoned to the drawer. “ We ’ll wait, Bob, until we ’re sure ’t is a phœnix indeed ! There ’s a gentleman in Virginia with

whom I've some acquaintance, Colonel William Byrd, that was the colony's agent here. I'll write to him for a true account. There's time enough."

So thought honest Cibber, and wrote at leisure to his Virginia acquaintance. It made small difference whether he wrote or refrained from writing, for he had naught to do with the destinies of Darden's Audrey. 'T was almost summer before there came an answer to his letter. He showed it to Wilks in the greenroom, between the acts of *The Provoked Husband*. Mrs. Oldfield read it over their shoulders, and vowed that 't was a moving story; nay, more, in her next scene there was a moisture in Lady Townly's eyes quite out of keeping with the vivacity of her lines.

Darden's Audrey had to do with Virginia, not London; with the winter, never more the summer. It is not known how acceptable her Monimia, her Belvidera, her Isabella, would have been to London playgoers. Perhaps they would have received them as did the Virginians, perhaps not. Cibber himself might or might not have drawn for us her portrait; might or might not have dwelt upon the speaking eye, the slow, exquisite smile with which she made more sad her saddest utterances, the wild charm of her mirth, her power to make each auditor fear as his own the impending harm, the tragic splendor in which, when the bolt had fallen, converged all the pathos, beauty, and tenderness of her earlier scenes. A Virginian of that winter, writing of her, had written thus; but then Williamsburgh was not London, nor its playhouse Drury Lane. Perhaps upon that ruder stage, before an audience less polite, with never a critic in the pit or footman in the gallery, with no Fops' Corner and no great number of fine ladies in the boxes, the jewel shone with a lustre that in a brighter light it had not worn. There was in Mr. Charles Stagg's company of players no mate for any gem; this one was set amongst peb-

bles, and perhaps by contrast alone did it glow so deeply.

However this may be, in Virginia, in the winter and the early spring of the year of grace 1727-28 Darden's Audrey was known, extravagantly praised, toasted, applauded to the echo. Night after night saw the theatre crowded, gallery, pit, and boxes. Even the stage had its row of chairs, seats held not too dear at half a guinea. Mr. Stagg had visions of a larger house, a fuller company, renown and prosperity undreamed of before that fortunate day when, in the grape arbor, he and his wife had stood and watched Darden's Audrey asleep, with her head pillowed upon her arm.

Darden's Audrey! The name clung to her, though the minister had no further lot or part in her fate. The poetasters called her *Charmante*, *Amoret*, *Chloe*, — what not! Young Mr. Lee in many a slight and pleasing set of verses addressed her as *Sylvia*, but to the community at large she was Darden's Audrey, and an enigma greater than the Sphinx. Why would she not marry Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View? Was the girl looking for a prince to come overseas for her? Or did she prefer to a dazzling marriage the excitement of the theatre, the adulation, furious applause? That could hardly be, for these things seemed to frighten her. At times one could see her shrink and grow pale at some great clapping or loud "Again!" And only upon the stage did the town behold her. She rarely went abroad, and at the small white house in Palace Street she was denied to visitors. True, 't was the way to keep upon curiosity the keenest edge, to pique interest and send the town to the playhouse as the one point of view from which the riddle might be studied. But wisdom such as this could scarce be expected of the girl. Given, then, that 't was not her vanity which kept her Darden's Audrey, what was it? Was not Mr. Haward of Fair View rich, handsome, a very fine gentleman? Generous,

too, for had he not sworn, as earnestly as though he expected to be believed, that the girl was pure innocence? His hand was ready to his sword, nor were men anxious to incur his cold enmity, so that the assertion passed without open challenge. He was mad for her, — that was plain enough. And she, — well, she's woman and Darden's Audrey, and so doubly an enigma. In the meantime, to-night she plays Monimia, and her madness makes you weep, so sad it is, so hopeless, and so piercing sweet.

In this new world that was so strange to her Darden's Audrey bore herself as best she might. While it was day she kept within the house, where the room that in September she had shared with Mistress Deborah was now for her alone. Hour after hour she sat there, book in hand, learning how those other women, those women of the past, had loved, had suffered, had fallen to dusty death. Other hours she spent with Mr. Charles Stagg in the long room downstairs, or, when Mistress Stagg had customers, in the theatre itself. As in the branded schoolmaster chance had given her a teacher skilled in imparting knowledge, so in this small and pompous man, who beneath a garb of fustian hugged to himself a genuine reverence and understanding of his art, she found an instructor more able, perhaps, than had been a greater actor. In the chill and empty playhouse, upon the narrow stage where, sitting in the September sunshine, she had asked of Haward her last favor, she now learned to speak for those sisters of her spirit, those dead women who through rapture, agony, and madness had sunk to their long rest, had given their hands to death and lain down in a common inn. To Audrey they were real. The shadows were the people who lived and were happy; who night after night came to watch a soul caught in the toils, to thunder applause when death with rude and hasty hands broke the net, set free the prisoner.

The girl dreamed as she breathed. Wakened from a long, long fantasy, desolate and cold to the heart in an alien air, she sought for poppy and mandragora, and in some sort finding them dreamed again, though not for herself, not as before. It can hardly be said that she was unhappy. She walked in a pageant of strange miseries, and the pomp of woe was hers to portray. Those changelings from some fateful land, those passionate, pale women, the milestones of whose pilgrimage spelled love, ruin, despair, and death, they were her kindred, her sisters. Day and night they kept her company; and her own pain lessened, grew at last to a still and dreamy sorrow, never absent, never poignant.

Of necessity importunate grief was drugged to sleep. In the daylight hours she must study, must rehearse with her fellow players; when night came she put on a beautiful dress, and to lights and music and loud applause there entered Monimia, or Belvidera, or Athenais. When the play was done and the curtain fallen, the crowd of those who would have stayed her ever gave way, daunted by her eyes, her closed lips, the atmosphere that yet wrapped her of passion, woe, and exaltation, the very tragedy of the soul that she had so richly painted. Like the ghost of that woman who had so direfully loved and died, she was wont to slip from the playhouse, through the dark garden, to the small white house and her quiet room. There she laid off her gorgeous dress and drew the ornaments from her dark hair, that was as long as Molly's had been that day beneath the sugar tree in the far-away valley.

She rarely thought of Molly now, or of the mountains. With her hair shadowing her face and streaming over bared neck and bosom she sat before her mirror. The candle burned low; the face in the glass seemed not her own. Dim, pale, dark-eyed, patient-lipped at last, out of a mist and from a great distance the other woman looked at her. Far coun-

tries, the burning noonday and utter love, night and woe and life, the broken toy flung with haste away! The mist thickened; the face withdrew, farther, farther off; the candle burned low. Audrey put out the weak flame, and laid herself upon the bed. Sleep came soon, and it was still and dreamless. Sometimes Mary Stagg, light in hand, stole into the room and stood above the quiet form. The girl hardly seemed to breathe: she had a fashion of lying with crossed hands and head drawn slightly back, much as she might be laid at last in her final bed. Mistress Stagg put out a timid hand and felt the flesh if it were warm; then bent and lightly kissed hand or arm or the soft curve of the throat. Audrey stirred not, and the other went noiselessly away; or Audrey opened dark eyes, faintly smiled and raised herself to meet the half-awed caress, then sank to rest again.

Into Mistress Stagg's life had struck a shaft of colored light, had come a note of strange music, had flown a bird of paradise. It was and it was not her dead child come again. She knew that her Lucy had never been thus, and the love that she gave Audrey was hardly mother love. It was more nearly a strange homage, which, had she tried, she could not have explained. When they were alone together, Audrey called the older woman "mother;" often knelt and laid her head upon the other's lap or shoulder. In all her ways she was sweet and duteous, grateful and eager to serve. But her spirit dwelt in a rarer air, and there were heights and depths where the waif and her protectress might not meet. To this the latter gave dumb recognition, and though she could not understand, yet loved her protégée. At night, in the playhouse, this love was heightened into exultant worship. At all times there was delight in the girl's beauty, pride in the comment and wonder of the town, self-congratulation and the pleasing knowledge that wisdom is vindicated of its children. Was not all this of her bring-

ing about? Did it not first occur to her that the child might take Jane Day's place? Even Charles, who strutted and plumed himself and offered his snuffbox to every passer-by, must acknowledge that! Mistress Stagg stopped her sewing to laugh triumphantly, then fell to work more diligently than ever; for it was her pleasure to dress Darden's Audrey richly, in soft colors, heavy silken stuffs upon which was lavished a wealth of delicate needlework. It was chiefly while she sat and sewed upon these pretty things, with Audrey, book on knee, close beside her, that her own child seemed to breathe again.

Audrey thanked her and kissed her, and wore what she was given to wear, nor thought how her beauty was enhanced. If others saw it, if the wonder grew by what it fed on, if she was talked of, written of, pledged, and lauded by a frank and susceptible people, she knew of all this little enough, and for what she knew cared not at all. Her days went dreamily by, nor very sad nor happy; full of work, yet vague and unmarked as desert sands. What was real was a past that was not hers, and those dead women to whom night by night she gave life and splendor.

There were visitors to whom she was not denied. Darden came at times, sat in Mistress Stagg's sunny parlor, and talked to his sometime ward much as he had talked in the glebe-house living room, — discursively, of men and parochial affairs and his own unmerited woes. Audrey sat and heard him, with her eyes upon the garden without the window. When he lifted from the chair his great shambling figure, and took his stained old hat and heavy cane, Audrey rose also, curtsied, and sent her duty to Mistress Deborah, but she asked no questions as to that past home of hers. It seemed not to interest her that the creek was frozen so hard that one could walk upon it to Fair View, or that the minister had bought a field from his wealthy neigh-

bor, and meant to plant it with Orenoko. Only when he told her that the little wood — the wood that she had called her own — was being cleared, and that all day could be heard the falling of the trees, did she lift startled eyes and draw a breath like a moan. The minister looked at her from under shaggy brows, shook his head, and went his way to his favorite ordinary, rum and a hand at cards.

Mistress Deborah she beheld no more; but once the Widow Constance brought Barbara to town, and the two, being very simple women, went to the play to see the old Audrey, and saw instead a queen, tinselled, mock-jeweled, clad in silk, who loved and triumphed, despaired and died. The rude theatre shook to the applause. When it was all over, the widow and Barbara went dazed to their lodging, and lay awake through the night talking of these marvels. In the morning they found the small white house, and Audrey came to them in the garden. When she had kissed them, the three sat down in the arbor; for it was a fine, sunny morning, and not cold. But the talk was not easy; Barbara's eyes were so round, and the widow kept mincing her words. Only when they were joined by Mistress Stagg, to whom the widow became voluble, the two girls spoke aside.

"I have a guinea, Barbara," said Audrey. "Mr. Stagg gave it to me, and I need it not, — I need naught in the world. Barbara, here! — 't is for a warm dress and a Sunday hood."

"Oh, Audrey," breathed Barbara, "they say you might live at Fair View, — that you might marry Mr. Haward and be a fine lady" —

Audrey laid her hand upon the other's lips. "Hush! See, Barbara, you must have the dress made thus, like mine."

"But if 't is so, Audrey!" persisted poor Barbara. "Mother and I talked of it last night. She said you would want a waiting woman, and I thought — Oh, Audrey!"

Audrey bit her quivering lip and

dashed away the tears. "I'll want no waiting woman, Barbara. I'm naught but Audrey that you used to be kind to. Let's talk of other things. Have you missed me from the woods all these days?"

"It has been long since you were there," said Barbara dully. "Now I go with Joan at times, though mother frowns and says she is not fit. Eh, Audrey, if I could have a dress of red silk, with gold and bright stones, like you wore last night! Old days I had more than you, but all's changed now. Joan says" —

The Widow Constance rising to take leave, it did not appear what Joan had said. The visitors from the country went away, nor came again while Audrey dwelt in Williamsburgh. The schoolmaster came, and while he waited for his sometime pupil to slowly descend the stairs talked learnedly to Mr. Stagg of native genius, of the mind drawn steadily through all accidents and adversities to the end of its own discovery, and of how time and tide and all the winds of heaven conspire to bring the fate assigned, to make the puppet move in the stated measure. Mr. Stagg nodded, took out his snuffbox, and asked what now was the schoolmaster's opinion of the girl's Monimia last night, — the last act, for instance. Good Lord, how still the house was! — and then one long sigh.

The schoolmaster fingered the scars in his hands, as was his manner at times, but kept his eyes upon the ground. When he spoke, there was in his voice unwonted life. "Why, sir, I could have said with Lear, 'Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow!' — and I am not a man, sir, that's easily moved. The girl is greatly gifted. I knew that before either you or the town, sir. Audrey, good-morrow!"

Such as these from out her old life Darden's Audrey saw and talked with. Others sought her, watched for her, laid traps that might achieve at least her

presence, but largely in vain. She kept within the house; when the knocker sounded she went to her own room. No flowery message, compliment, or appeal, not even Mary Stagg's kindly importunity, could bring her from that coign of vantage. There were times when Mistress Stagg's showroom was crowded with customers; on sunny days young men left the bowling green to stroll in the shell-bordered garden paths; gentlemen and ladies of quality passing up and down Palace Street walked more slowly when they came to the small white house, and looked to see if the face of Darden's Audrey showed at any window.

Thus the winter wore away. The springtime was at hand, when one day the Governor, wrought upon by Mistress Evelyn Byrd, sent to Mr. Stagg, bidding him with his wife and the new player to the Palace. The three, dressed in their best, were ushered into the drawing-room, where they found his Excellency at chess with the Attorney-General; a third gentleman, seated somewhat in the shadow, watching the game. A servant placed chairs for the people from the theatre. His Excellency checkmated his antagonist, and, leaning back in his great chair, looked at Darden's Audrey, but addressed his conversation to Mr. Charles Stagg. The great man was condescendingly affable, the lesser one obsequious; while they talked the gentleman in the shadow arose and drew his chair to Audrey's side. 'T was Colonel Byrd, and he spoke to the girl kindly and courteously; asking after her welfare, giving her her meed of praise, dwelling half humorously upon the astonishment and delight into which she had surprised the play-loving town. Audrey listened with downcast eyes to the suave tones, the well-turned compliments, but when she must speak spoke quietly and well.

At last the Governor turned toward her, and began to ask well-meant questions and to give pompous encouragement to the new player. No reference

was made to that other time when she had visited the Palace. A servant poured for each of the three a glass of wine. His Excellency graciously desired that they shortly give *Tamerlane* again, that being a play which, as a true Whig and a hater of all tyrants, he much delighted in, and as graciously announced his intention of bestowing upon the company two slightly tarnished birthday suits. The great man then arose, and the audience was over.

Outside the house, in the sunny walk leading to the gates, the three from the theatre met, full face, a lady and two gentlemen who had been sauntering up and down in the pleasant weather. The lady was Evelyn Byrd; the gentlemen were Mr. Lee and Mr. Grymes.

Audrey, moving slightly in advance of her companions, halted at the sight of Evelyn, and the rich color surged to her face; but the other, pale and lovely, kept her composure, and, with a smile and a few graceful words of greeting, curtsied deeply to the player. Audrey, with a little catch of her breath, returned the curtsy. Both women were richly dressed, both were beautiful; it seemed a ceremonious meeting of two ladies of quality. The gentlemen also bowed profoundly, pressing their hats against their hearts. Mistress Stagg, to whom her protégée's aversion to company was no light cross, twitched her *Mirabell* by the sleeve and, hanging upon his arm, prevented his further advance. The action said: "Let the child alone; maybe when the ice is once broken she'll see people, and not be so shy and strange."

"Mr. Lee," said Evelyn sweetly, "I have dropped my glove,—perhaps in the summer house on the terrace. If you will be so good? Mr. Grymes, will you desire Mr. Stagg yonder to shortly visit me at my lodging? I wish to bespeak a play, and would confer with him on the matter."

The gentlemen bowed and hastened upon their several errands, leaving Au-

drey and Evelyn standing face to face in the sunny path. "You are well, I hope," said the latter, in her low, clear voice, "and happy?"

"I am well, Mistress Evelyn," answered Audrey. "I think that I am not unhappy."

The other gazed at her in silence; then, "We have all been blind," she said. "'Tis not a year since May Day and the Jaquelins' merrymaking. It seems much longer. You won the race,—do you remember?—and took the prize from my hand; and neither of us thought of all that should follow—did we?—or guessed at other days. I saw you last night at the theatre, and you made my heart like to burst for pity and sorrow. You were only playing at woe? You are not unhappy, not like that?"

Audrey shook her head. "No, not like that."

There was a pause, broken by Evelyn. "Mr. Haward is in town," she said, in a low but unfaltering voice. "He was at the playhouse last night. I watched him sitting in a box, in the shadow. . . . You also saw him?"

"Yes," said Audrey. "He had not been there for a long, long time. At first he came night after night. . . . I wrote to him at last and told him how he troubled me,—made me forget my lines,—and then he came no more."

There was in her tone a strange wistfulness. Evelyn drew her breath sharply, glanced swiftly at the dark face and liquid eyes. Mr. Grymes yet held the manager and his wife in conversation, but Mr. Lee, a small jessamine-scented glove in his hand, was hurrying toward them from the summer house.

"You think that you do not love Mr. Haward?" said Evelyn, in a low voice.

"I loved one that never lived," said Audrey simply. "It was all in a dream from which I have waked. I told him that at Westover, and afterwards here in Williamsburgh. I grew so tired at last—it hurt me so to tell him . . . and

then I wrote the letter. He has been at Fair View this long time, has he not?"

"Yes," said Evelyn quietly. "He has been alone at Fair View." The paleness in her cheeks had deepened; she put her lace handkerchief to her lips, and shut her hand so closely that the nails bit into the palm. In a moment, however, she was smiling, a faint, inscrutable smile, and presently she came a little nearer and took Audrey's hand.

The soft, hot, lingering touch thrilled the girl. She began to speak hurriedly, not knowing why she spoke nor what she wished to say: "Mistress Evelyn"—

"Yes, Audrey," said Evelyn, and laid a fluttering touch upon the other's lips, then in a moment spoke herself: "You are to remember always, though you love him not, Audrey, that he never was true lover of mine; that now and forever, and though you died to-night, he is to me but an old acquaintance,—Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View. Remember also that it was not your fault, nor his perhaps, nor mine, and that with all my heart I wish his happiness. . . . Ah, Mr. Lee, you found it? My thanks, sir."

Mr. Lee, having restored the glove with all the pretty froth of words which the occasion merited, and seen Mistress Evelyn turn aside to speak with Mr. Stagg, found himself mightily inclined to improve the golden opportunity and at once lay siege to this paragon from the playhouse. Two low bows, a three-piled, gold-embroidered compliment, a quotation from his *To Sylvia* upon her Leaving the Theatre, and the young gentleman thought his lines well laid. But Sylvia grew restless, dealt in monosyllables, and finally retreated to Mistress Stagg's side. "Shall we not go home?" she whispered. "I—I am tired, and I have my part to study, the long speech at the end that I stumbled in last night. Ah, let us go!"

Mistress Stagg sighed over the girl's contumacy. It was not thus in Bath when she was young, and men of fashion

flocked to compliment a handsome player. Now there was naught to do but to let the child have her way. She and Audrey made their curtsies, and Mr. Charles Stagg his bow, which was mod-

eled after that of Beau Nash. Then the three went down the sunny path to the Palace gates, and Evelyn with the two gentlemen moved toward the house and the company within.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND IN 1901.

THE shadow cast over the country at the dawn of the new century by the death of Queen Victoria has colored, more or less observably, the thoughts and achievements of the year; while it has prompted a number of ill-digested but not wholly valueless attempts to measure the progress and define the position of England in the civilized world, during the era on which the door has been so recently closed. Even the bad taste of gushing journalists, driven by cruel necessity to write columns of "national sentiment" daily, was powerless to obscure the universally personal mourning for a sovereign lady whose youth had excited the chivalrous enthusiasm of our fathers, and whose age retained the affectionately proud respect invariably accorded to conspicuous rectitude and natural dignity in high places. The Queen, in fact, was beloved, not as a typical English mother, — being essentially German in her family life, — but for certain human essentials of character which transcend nationalities, and are confined to no particular social status, no special period of time. Unquestionably feminine in action, outlook, and expression, she yet possessed in no small degree the mental breadth and consistency which characterize statesmen, and always comported herself as the mistress of a great principality. Her profound interest in domesticities, so endearing to many thousands of her subjects, never

diminished the public significance of her attitude at every emergency. Along the lines on which she wisely elected to exert it, her influence was firm and unmistakable, working always toward a truthful simplicity of goodness. She held no heroic surprises for her people, yet never disappointed them. She was of the few on whom one could always absolutely depend. On her as surely and as significantly as on her ministers rested the cares of state, and the honor of England never suffered at her hands.

It has been said, indeed, that in recent years the monarchy has risen much in popular estimation, while Parliaments are every day held in less esteem. The closing years of the last reign gave fair occasion for the remark. The loyalty of Englishmen through recent crises has been easier and more stalwart, as it is always more spontaneous and more inspiring, to the throne than to any party the most influential. Soldiers of every rank care little for governments; in the most literal sense, they have given their lives for their Queen.

The Queen's influence, however, was no doubt in great part due to the fact of her being so essentially typical, both as woman and as sovereign, of the inner spirit which permeated the Victorian era, — the spirit of complacent pride in conventional respectability and material progress. She assumed, as did all our fathers, that we were everywhere on the

right path, and that by going on we must necessarily be going forward. The attitude, of course, was an inevitable sequel to the leaps and bounds in scientific discovery, commercial enterprise, and external civilization which characterized the nineteenth century. At any rate, Englishmen of those days have not forborne to fancy themselves continually marching in triumph along the highroad to human perfectibility. Indeed, the comparatively sudden advances in profound learning of all sorts, combined with an equally marked universality of some education and general knowledge, had been sufficiently dazzling to warrant the assumption that we need only be and do more thoroughly what we had been and were doing to become better, wiser, and happier. One can well understand how few have stopped to doubt and question if this marvelous "progress" by which we have been intoxicated were aught less than an adequate ideal for immortal humanity.

Imperialism is the latest and grandest phase of this optimistic complacency. We can only pray that it may be the last. The pride of intellect, morality, and commercialism — in one word, the pride of success — has acquired the enthusiasm of the missionary. Its prophets are inspired by that subtle combination of the lust for power in the exercise of administrative ability with the magic illusion of philanthropy by which a man is led honestly to believe that he is conferring a benefit on others by shaping them after his own image. So have the Western civilizations, with England for pioneer, become the fore-runners of the great new gospel, the gospel of success in time, holding on by lip service to the golden keys of eternity.

It is an honest enough creed, presenting many a warrant for noble heroism and high enterprise. It has brought us the legacy of clean thought, strenuous ambition, and a fairly clear-headed code of honor. The secret of success

is no idle possession, no fruitless power. Stripped of cant and admitting its spiritual inadequacy, the era behind us shall yet emerge in the pages of world history as a good record. The Victorian deserves his epitaph : —

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

But imperialism to-day is stepping from the region of the ideal to that of the practical. It is becoming the instrument of administrators, the field for men of action. Its problems are among the facts of every-day life, for the moment may be the most pressing; demanding technical knowledge, personal resolution, and the ruling instinct. Politically speaking, democracy must cease to theorize, and evolve the expert. The party landmarks of our infancy are vanishing before our very eyes, and the scaffoldings of new platforms cloud the horizon. New men, new morals, is a sound enough executive maxim, and the electorate must turn its energies to acquiring a grip of "affairs."

Meanwhile, the inevitable is also happening. Always as soon as a people have really got hold of an idea and are honestly endeavoring to live up to it, when the gospel has become a convention and the messiahship is bequeathed to stage managers, there arises somewhere the analyst, the critic, the questioner. Imagination, far ahead of action or mass emotion, looks backwards and forwards at one glance; accepts the lessons of the past, and reads a warning for the future. There is ever a hand writing on the wall.

So it is that thinking men to-day, confronted, for example, with the problems of China and South Africa (the settlement problem, not the war problem), are determined that the claims of imperialism shall not involve a reckless destruction of patriotism or a foolish process of remoulding nations on Birmingham patterns. Without precisely declaring that Western civilization has reached its cli-

max, they are firmly convinced that as itself an all-sufficient motive power its influence is on the wane. In other words, it is now recognized to be valuable only as a means, and it behooves us to consider the end it may legitimately encourage. For the moment, however, the pressing necessity is to check popular enthusiasm from mistaking it for an end; to convince the body politic that the consciences and ideals of other people are at least as permanent and as valuable as our own; that their ways are not our ways, nor our ways theirs. Nations make poor lecturers, and the arena of diplomacy is an unsteady pulpit. Civilizations are not one, but many, and of to-day's survivals few are barbarous. The danger of forgetting this truth is both theoretic and practical. The call to arms in Christ's name denies the doctrine we are professing to inculcate; the habit of interfering provokes interference. Our grandchildren will hardly thank us for teaching the Chinese to fight, and the zealous promotion of civilization apparently implies the daily commission of barbarities.

"John Chinaman" has spoken with no uncertain voice:—

"Unless you of the West will come to realize the truth; unless you will understand that the events which have shaken Europe are the Nemesis of a long course of injustice and oppression; unless you will learn that the profound opposition between your civilization and ours gives no more ground why you should regard us as barbarians than we you; unless you will treat us as a civilized power, and respect our customs and our laws; unless you will accord us the treatment you would accord to any European nation, and refrain from enacting conditions you would never dream of imposing on a Western power,—unless you will do this there is no hope of any peace between us. You have humiliated the proudest nation in the world,—with what results is now abundantly manifest. . . .

"Our mobs are barbarous and cruel? Alas! yes. And your troops? And your troops, nations of Christendom? Ask the once fertile land from Peking to the coast; ask the corpses of murdered men and outraged women and children; ask the innocent mingled indiscriminately with the guilty; ask the Christ, the lover of men, whom ye profess to serve, to judge between us who rose in mad despair to save our country and you who, avenging crime with crime, did not pause to reflect that the crime you avenged was the fruit of your own iniquity."

The system which has always characterized our home policy of "blundering on" and "shaking down" would seem to suit the national temperament. It is somewhat slow and somewhat laborious, but, as the natural outcome of party government, has certainly produced a steady improvement in all directions, perhaps as thorough and as satisfactory as could have been effected by other more reasonable methods. For our own flesh and blood in the colonies it has also worked fairly well. What led to the foundation of the United States, however undesignated, can scarcely be called a failure, and in India the situation has been saved again and again by the Man on the Spot.

But to-day we are on the threshold of new responsibilities and new enterprises. The commercial greed and roving propensity of the race are confronting us with our equals, or with those who may one day most unexpectedly and unpleasantly prove themselves to be such. The color problem is a long way off from its solution. We are opening the door on nations we cannot mould, who are fully justified in resisting the attempt. Many and great, unquestionably, are the benefits of our so-called civilization, but the assumption that all who cannot appreciate them should be wiped off the face of the earth is sadly primitive and unphilosophical. Strange to say, there are people upon this planet who do not want

us and our ways, who will die rather than submit to our fatherly patronage. We cannot afford to overlook the significance of this phenomenon. Here is a library to hand for our politicians of the future. It would become us to hold our breath from teaching, and learn a little; to think an instant on what terms we can take up our heritage; to pray, perchance, for some humility.

In China, for the moment, all visible eruptions have died away; and though the war in South Africa continues with all its virulent and discreditable details, the future of the situation is probably drifting into the hands of that group of men with sufficient administrative ability in their finger tips to run the parochial business of England single-handed, who care nothing for parchment suzerainties, and scarcely more for mining financiers. It is difficult for us to realize how they are carrying on the work, and undesirable that it should be completed without our cognizance; but till something shall knock enough sense into us to shake hands with an honorable enemy the conditions are inevitable.

And meantime, if we are to retain the mildest pretensions to continue a great example, we must begin to look after our own house, and leave off interfering with that of other people. Reform is imperiously demanded for the extraordinary stagnation of public life at home, the absence of statesmen at the helm, and the melancholy failure to determine a vital definition for the noblest word in our political vocabulary, — the word "Liberal."

To-day, the condition of England and of other European countries provides abundant evidence that modern progress is not only inefficient to remove the evils it triumphantly set out to conquer, but is actually creating a new group of most deadly and paralyzing despairs. The close of the Victorian era does not find us a happy and contented people, banishing disease by science, starvation by machinery, or crime by a zeal for hu-

manity. The extension of the franchise has not liberated the sons of toil, education has not demonstrated the nobility of labor, a love of art is not the master passion of the cottage. And every day shows more and more imminent the lust of power excited by acquiring new territories, the loss of honor entailed by speculative commercialism, the moral indifference encouraged by the denial of individual responsibilities, and the stagnation involved in capitalist tyranny. Externally, it would seem that these are not new evils; but they are assuming new forms, and becoming cruelly intensified by three modern forces of infinite potency: the revival of slavery (on the one hand over so-called inferior races for whom our idol of Success has no significance, and on the other over all home laborers), the numberless and intricate dangers attending life in large towns, and the practically anti-religious materialism — or cash code — which is ruling the civilized world of to-day, as the natural though undesigned outcome of daily increased power to regulate environments. Although of late public attention has been accidentally drawn most forcibly to the first of these, it is the last two which may be more advisedly attacked; for by such means alone can we readjust our ideal, and prepare ourselves in any measure for imperial or international responsibilities.

Our extraordinary apathy to the problem of large towns, tacitly encouraged by leaders of every sort, arises chiefly from its having come upon us unawares in the gradual and regular process of free development. Even to-day it is difficult to convince the professional politician, imperial or parochial, that he is confronted with a new battlefield, demanding tactics of its own. He will not recognize that a large town has quite other functions than to repeat, over wider areas, the benefits and the accidents of small towns, themselves the healthy outcome of village activity and enterprise.

In other words, he cannot or will not admit that "there is something more in a crowd than a mere collection of individuals: it possesses a character of its own as a whole, so that each person in it finds himself behaving in a manner foreign to his disposition, and experiencing sensations before unknown. A multitude of living beings has a strange intoxicating effect, and awakens the consciousness as of some giant power, latent indeed, but yet visibly felt. Children and adults are alike in this, and, once they have been subjected to this crowd passion, crave for a repetition of the emotion. . . . It is possible now to summarize the effect of the whole environment of a town. Physically, it tends to rear an unhealthy race. Mentally, it tends to create a people of quick, superficial intelligence. Morally, it tends to produce excitability, a love of fighting, and untruthfulness."

Yet here, undoubtedly, is an active force, created by civilization, with which the coming century will have to deal. It presents, as it were, the spiritual side of our economic difficulties.

For enterprise and the increase of knowledge, left to themselves, must centralize labor, and, by hourly demanding less and less from the intelligence of the worker or producer, — on whom we yet ultimately all depend, — must drive him farther and farther from the means of enjoying the good things he produces, and chain him ever more rigidly within the area where he can most economically be kept alive and most readily kept in bondage.

It is probable that this state of things would at last bring in its train a natural economic cure of the very evils it has produced. For the workman's powers of doing work must so rapidly deteriorate under the strain that the capitalist will be forced, in self-defense, to leash the forces he has awakened, and create a more kindly atmosphere for the necessary proletariat. Already a certain number of factories have been moved into the country, on

purely commercial grounds, with beneficial results.

Town life has come to stay; and if such removals to the country were ever general enough sensibly to diminish the evils that have been mentioned, the good work would move far too slowly along that road. But the conditions of modern existence produce, I had almost said fortunately, a vast aggregate of *obvious* suffering and crime which, in the first place, is inconveniently expensive, and, in the second, shall utter itself so loudly and so frequently that one day even the "just" citizen can no longer turn a deaf ear.

Even now, while political leaders are severely or contemptuously asleep in this matter, content with "thinking in continents" and playing the big game of modern warfare, a small wave of strenuous thought is beating against the rocks of domestic distress. A noteworthy utterance has been put forward this year by a group of young men from Cambridge, which fearlessly confronts the real danger. In a series of papers, aptly styled *The Heart of the Empire*, they have discussed "the problems of modern city life in England," and the work is in every way excellent. Such subjects as *Realities at Home*, *The Housing Problem*, *The Children of the Town*, *Temperance Reform*, and *The Distribution of Industry* will carry their own message to thoughtful minds; and there can be no doubt that each writer has made an honest and very diligent attempt to acquaint himself at first hand with the phenomena and their causes before enunciating a suggestion for their amelioration. The whole volume is informed with a high seriousness of purpose and a candid acceptance of realities. Here are no idle repinings for the good old days, and no æsthetic visions of never to be recovered Utopias, but a plain story and a plain moral. Speaking roughly, the trend of the book is naturally socialistic. In other words, its remedies are by regulations: —

"In order to extract the kernel of positive warning from the husk of vague pessimism, we must ask what is the difference between the banks of Time which the English used to see and those which they see to-day. The difference is this: in the past life was naturally — that is, by the process of existing social and economic conditions — beautiful and instructive, while to-day life moves in conditions which tend to make it ugly and trivial. It can still be made more beautiful and instructive than ever, but if so it will be by *artificial means and by conscious effort of our own*. The world on the banks, having become naturally ugly, must be made artificially beautiful. . . . The way back to Nature herself lies now through the dexterous use of artifice and modern inventions toward that end.

"Such is the law of our modern era. Economy and natural process, unguided, work for evil. But to check them we have in our hands the new powers of science and industry, — *Titan forces, themselves neutral in the warfare between gods and demons, but infinitely strong for good, whenever we take the pains to use them for ideal ends.*"

In one word, "the good new world must be made; it cannot grow."

The essayists here are typical of much that is most hopeful in English life of to-day. They are infinitely willing to work and fight, splendidly careless of old prejudices. But it is open to question whether their methods, like those of the Fabians, the London County Council, and the School Board, are not too slow and, above all, too restrained. Something is needed to arouse an essentially *public* feeling, and to awaken a mass emotion. But while the horrors of town life are in all conscience sufficiently sensational to move the most sluggish, it is, unfortunately, equally certain that no proposals yet put forward for their removal have ever seized upon the popular imagination. The watch-

words "Liberalism" and "Reform" have died away in the distance, and no echo has yet fallen upon our ears. To-day's gospel is a gospel of committees, but man can neither swear by a committee nor die for it. Committees, commissions, and societies mean always that we are leaving the business to some one else. Changes of executive, however valuable, must remain in the hands of the expert, round whose flag how few shall rally!

I have mentioned already the third force for evil which dominates modern civilization. We Englishmen have largely ceased to be a religious people. The arrogant assumption of nineteenth-century science, that spiritual values were proved non-existent, has been formally abandoned by the learned; but its effects on daily thought and conduct are no less powerful. And they have received most unexpected and dangerous support from the fashionable Christian virtues of tenderness and tolerance. Having discovered, to his own entire satisfaction, that nothing is really anybody's own fault; having noticed, with pardonable pride, that the genius of the English race is invincible; having arranged, with complacent foresight, that his hospitals and what not shall prevent any serious personal privations, the Anglo-Saxon householder turns contentedly to his newspaper, at once the priest and the Bible of his generation, and tickles his appetite by grumbling over the incapacity of all officialdom. Meanwhile, the souls and bodies of men are left to the officials.

Granted, certainly, that the "conditions of life" make the influence of the ideal non-existent for the majority; yet it becomes the reformer to herald some more strenuous ideal than the extension of material well-being, whose summons must ever remain powerless to shake the "seats of the mighty," or even to "flutter the dovescots" of Suburbia, whence should come the helping hand. If the Paradise of the future is to be consciously hand-made, not God-given, let us see to

it that the architect thereof is an artist in spiritualities, and no mere cunning craftsman, a seer of visions, a dreamer of dreams. The Jingo imperialist is not only a poor diplomatist, but the missionary of barbarism; the exploiter of home labor is not only economically and socially, but morally decadent. Further progress along the paths followed by the Victorian age will infallibly lead us to moral and economic chaos. The standards by which we have prospered in growth exceedingly are yet proved dangerous for our own manhood, and are manifestly unfit to elevate the world. And in the meantime, if we can so far improve the social conditions of life that each man shall be free to worship an ideal, let us remember to have ready an ideal for him to worship.

Amid so marked and universal an absence of idealism, it is inevitable that literature and art, which should reflect the finest shades of national spirituality and enthusiasm, have grown chaotic and superficial. Here as elsewhere the technique grows continually more excellent and more widely attainable. A larger number of competent writers are "discovered" every season, and the masters of style are more masterly than ever. Yet all of them are mere journalists or recorders. They stand outside life and make "copy" of it. They have no revelation, no message. If by chance a deeper chord be touched, its echoes are speedily drowned in the babel of Special Correspondents, the Realist, the Man with Local Color, or the Romanticist. Genuine popularity is achieved by such trivialities as *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* or *The Visits of Elizabeth*, of which the one depends for its effect on an entire absence of sincerity, and the other on the effrontery of gay cynicism.

Meanwhile, Lucas Malet has rivaled Mrs. Voynich, of *Gadfly* fame, in her fleshly glorification of "freaks" entitled *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*, and Mr. George Moore has laboriously

ground out another few hundred pages devoted to the study of a sickly temperament, exhibiting Evelyn Innes as Sister Teresa. The author of *Elizabeth* and her *German Garden* has issued another appeal, not inaptly termed *The Benefactress*, to the inherent snobbishness from which no man can shake himself entirely free.

Mr. Anthony Hope, however, has made the interesting experiment of masquerading as Mr. Henry James. His *Tristram of Blent*, of course, has every claim to be considered original in subject and treatment, but it is penetrated by all the elusive reserve and sensationally outspoken subtlety which characterize the author of *The Americans*. The hero and heroine are at once aggressively modern and perversely abnormal; whereas the one passion of respectable modernity is the normal, — in one's self, — though the abnormal gives pleasure as a spectacle. They are emotionally explosive, yet ridiculously self-conscious; intent on watching for the effects of their own temperaments, and entirely superior to self-control. The minor characters appear also to have been borrowed from the gallery of Mr. James, with here and there a curio of Mr. Meredith's; and the plot is elaborated along the lines of mental coincidence in which these ingenious authors delight. Mr. Hope rides skillfully and gayly enough in this new harness, as his manner is; yet the work is, after all, no more than a brilliant *tour de force*.

But Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a great book, which is an allegory. *Kim*, indeed, might be quoted effectively against reckless imperialism, for it contains one of the most eloquent vindications of Eastern idealism ever penned; though of course the parable goes far deeper, being a transcript of universal humanity. For here are shown, with full consciousness of their opposing tendencies, the two influences which must always build up character. Externally,

the boy Kim is educated by that rough-and-ready method, so dear to our forefathers, of seeing "the great good-tempered world." He finds his way everywhere, and understands most things. To the subtlety and picturesque cunning of the conquered races that fostered him he learns to annex that mysterious presence and self-confidence, that instinct for success and rule, which have unquestionably established our empire. But permeating and purifying his young nature, preserving him on the one hand from becoming "a fearful man" like the Babu, and on the other from coarsening into an average Sahib, stands that most lovable and saintly of personalities, the Thibetian Lama. He has lived for many years among men, and found "no need to lie;" he holds that "to abstain from action is well, for all doing is evil." Totally indifferent to the chances of death or suffering, gazing always upon the world with the wondering joy of an innocent child, he is a true pilgrim, "following the Middle Way," going to "see the Four Holy Places before he die," seeking "freedom from the Wheel of Things" in the "River of the Arrow," which "washes away all taint and speckle of Sin." Yet he will put aside for years, if need be, the one desire of his heart for the sake of the child; retracing the journey of many days to give him "wisdom," enduring much chatter of women, and always patient. Therefore Kim honors him with the loving reverence which human nature must yield to so wholly spiritual a presence. Throughout his rough-and-tumble existence, under his boasting, cunning, vitally alive, and intensely curious little being, the "friend of all the world" is ever sensitive and loyal to the ideal of which his Lama is the personification. Except for *The Brushwood Boy*, Mr. Kipling has never before attained so nearly to the reality which is far above realism, the spiritual which embraces and permeates the material, the immortal which transcends mortality.

Concerning the general output of literature during the year, we notice an increasing tendency to what may be called "parochialism in fiction." The novel deserving to be called a work of art is a composition in character, and its legitimate field is the illustration of human life. The novelist's ideal must be to create actual beings, of unmistakable, indestructible individuality; who act and feel according to the law of their own nature, whose experience may be tested by the most universal philosophy. In other words, his *dramatis personæ* must be persons, and not types; his method must be portraiture, not photography; his circumstances must be subsidiary, and not dominant. Fiction is only one of many mediums for the expression of ideas, and the craftsman cannot afford to neglect the particular conditions under which his work is to be carried out.

The medium of a prose story, like the humanity it produces, consists of two elements which are equally essential to its verisimilitude and its vitality, — the one spiritual or permanent, the other material or accidental. But the motive or underlying idea cannot be directly exhibited or preached, as in some poems and all essays: the costume or events should not stand for subject, as in histories and other textbooks. Disregard of the first law produces "the novel with a purpose," of the second the "study in local color," — both freaks of the artistic imagination. Yet the streets of London have lately succeeded the kailyard in popular favor as the novelist's hunting ground, — once more illustrating the coercion of town life.

The movement might perhaps be called a revival, inasmuch as Charles Dickens and others have "done" London low life in the days of our fathers, while Thackeray and others have "done" society. But they remained legitimate novelists. Dickens, indeed, must plead guilty to having written several novels

with a purpose; and he was constantly offending the canons of art. This, however, does not affect his superiority to his modern rivals, which comes from the fact that with him London is illustrative of character; with them character is illustrative of London. Dickens put his heart into his heroes, his heroines, his "funny" men, and his villains. He cared supremely that the public should love or hate the men and women of the piece, should feel a thrill of honest human pleasure at the triumph of injured innocence and the punishment of sin, — commonplace topics, perhaps, but the stuff of daily life. The use of copious detail, resulting from keen observation, was no doubt prominent in his effects; but as a rule it was subordinated to its proper position of a means rather than an end.

But in his modern rivals or imitators, who cannot shake off the habits of journalism, the normal relation between form and substance is inverted. They are inspired, apparently, by the desire to exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of particular districts, to pursue us into our studies with the hoarse cry of the itinerant news-vender and the shrill laughter of the flower girl. They are redolent of gas lamps, underground stations, and buses; they are cockney to the finger tips. Very similar criticisms may be passed on recent novels of London society, — in disadvantageous comparison, again, with Thackeray's methods. The denizens of Vanity Fair are more vital, both to author and reader, than the booths round which they dance and weep; their emotions and misfortunes are universal; their personal growth forms unquestionably the whole fibre and substance of the design. The characters of our older novelists are always living to us, not by virtue of their environment, but for their individual acceptance or conquest of circumstances: and in this distinction lies the root of the matter.

And tyranny of local color is more a positive than a negative evil: its votaries err by commission, not omission. To make a false picture of life is no less than treachery to art and humanity. A novel which is written for the set purpose of exhibiting certain phases of civilization must be essentially false. "The observer — poor soul, with his documents! — is all abroad. For to look at a man is to court deception. We shall see the trunk from which he draws his nourishment; but he himself is above and abroad in the green foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. And the true realism were that of the poets: to climb up after him like a squirrel, and catch some glimpse of the heaven for which he lives. And the true realism, always and everywhere, is that of the poets: to find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing." The novelist who may set aside his high calling, and elect to stand or fall by the brilliant correctness of his furniture-painting, is lending a dangerous grace to the most prominent and the most fatal heresy of our generation, — the worship of materialism.

But it must not be forgotten to-day that the great majority of those whom the careful government of our fathers taught to read care nothing for literature and art. A certain number of this restless contingent are chiefly nourished on that giddy jumble of crammed science and shapeless imagination which does duty for modern romance. The mixture has been most ably prescribed by Mr. Sheil's entirely mad, but almost brilliant *Lord of the Sea*, — a novel in which the dear old impossible laboring man of fiction (in reality descended from the aristocracy) rushes headlong into the circumstances of the most gorgeous affluence and the most despotic power. Like Mr. Hope's *Tristram*, and like the hero of this year's *Drury Lane* melodrama, he is floated (in more senses than one) by a miraculous genius for finance, and he

shares the sinister good fortune allotted in fiction and on the stage to every member of the Jewish community. The book is absolutely feverish in its sensationalism, and recklessly impossible in every detail of construction, but fatally convincing by reason of its photographic detail and its highly spirited manner. The Lord of the Sea is positively admirable in its kind.

But the religious melodrama affected by Mr. Hall Caine touches a far larger section of the community, — the community of flatland and villadom. Every one has read *The Eternal City*. Every one remembers this compound of the sensuous and the sacred, these cheap living pictures of crowded and gaudy Italian life, these unsavory intrigues; with the usual stage villain, the familiar hero-patriot, the "pure woman" of untrammelled passions and hysterical piety, the Pope, the baron, and the porter. It is all very clever and quite worthless. Its breathless and inflammable style is entirely sympathetic to the man of the moment. It might be an evening paper of six hundred pages. Virtue appears to triumph, though the sinners exert great powers and enjoy much prosperity. Being wholly superficial, it is generally mistaken for a picture of real life. In reading it, one loses all desire for patience or self-control, all idea of thinking quietly, all ambition for spiritual imaginings. Such is a popular book to-day.

In drama, the most characteristic features of the year have been the return of the problem play, inaugurated last year, and the final disappearance of the hero. Mr. Pinero's *Iris*, played with unexpected depth and sympathy by Miss Fay Davis, is far more sincere in feeling than its predecessors. The familiar elements of the "three-cornered" tragedy are used not merely for the development of situations, but to betray the inherent weakness of a character not essentially bad. The interest is not centred on any favorite topic of the moment, any pass-

ing phase of convention. It touches the permanent limitations of human nature. *Iris* concerns two men and a woman, while *The Mummy* and the *Humming Bird*, at Mr. Wyndham's, and Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *The Likeness of the Night* adopt the variant of a man and two women. So far as I am aware, Mr. Wyndham has discovered a new dramatist in Mr. Isaac Henderson; and perhaps it is hardly fair to class his admirable production as a "problem," since it provides us with the picture — so unusual in stage-land — of a husband and wife whose temporary misunderstandings are quite superficial, and of an entirely contemptible number three. The plot, indeed, is commonplace enough; but its technique is masterly, and furnishes abundant opportunity for Mr. Wyndham's finished graces and Miss Lena Ashwell's vigorous emotionalism. Mrs. W. K. Clifford is far less of an adept in stagecraft; but her practice as a novelist has enabled her to create an atmosphere congenial to the finely legitimate method of Mrs. Kendal.

Sherlock Holmes is an abundantly wholesome and refreshing melodrama, but *The Great Millionaire* at Drury Lane has fallen on evil days. Here, at least, we should expect to find the hero in all his pristine glory: conventional, maybe, but brave, honest, and, above all, frankly absurd. He is nothing of the sort. His difficulties, which should arise from circumstances and the machinations of the villain, are entirely of his own seeking, and betray the decadent. His triumphs, which should be gained by deeds of reckless valor, are prosaically achieved as the indolent and pampered private secretary of a company promoter. It would seem that he shall win the heroine of to-day who can gain, and retain, the confidence of a "millionaire."

Incidentally, this phenomenon is a sign of the times. The prevalent loss of faith in the romance hero is dictated by the enervating cowardice of the moderns, the dread of giving way to simple emo-

tions, the hatred of admitting that any one is actually great. We are haunted to-day by self-consciousness, a blind respect for sanity and balance, a stupid craving for measuring the proportions of things, which makes it seem almost ridiculous for a man to go on his knees before the God in whom he is not quite certain of believing, or the woman he is not quite certain of loving. He knows that other Gods as great have been worshiped by other men as wise, that other maids as fair have been served by other men as brave.

Now melodrama should be the stepping-stone from art to religion. In other words, the melodrama should inculcate virtue in an exciting story, and, by clothing its sermons in a literary form, should familiarize the Philistine with art. The hero must prevail over the villain; his thoughts and acts must be instinct with the glamour of imagination. Hence the

importance of this form for educating and elevating a nation.

Can melodrama be pressed into the service of our present religious needs? To-day we must raise a plea for reflection and a little holding of the breath in silence. Reticence is needed in thought, speech, and action. The power of vision must be recovered. Stepping aside from the glare and noise of daily life, turning our back awhile on the accumulation of coin, we must seek, till haply we find it, for some genuinely spiritual ideal of sufficient ethical power to inspire enthusiasm. The problem will be to discover a faith which is consistent with tolerance and charity, yet strong enough to govern life. For the most zealous belief in humanity, the very widest tolerance, the most profound learning, will avail nothing without the conviction of right and wrong, the consciousness of struggle, and the assurance of victory.

R. Brimley Johnson.

THE PASSAGE.

ONWARD ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the earth,
 With ever before us the perilous vista, behind us the laughter and light of the hearth;
 With the wind of the wilderness fresh in our faces, the rain in our hair like
 a chaplet of light,
 As the silent low light of the dawn, like a dewfall, is sifted and shed through
 the raiment of night.

And the airs shall be smitten in sunder

Before us

With lightning and voices of thunder

In chorus.

We shall pass over desolate places, strange forest and measureless plain,
 And the noon shall relent and the spaces of midnight be severed in twin;
 Over meadows that murmur with fountains, where rivers like serpents lie curled,
 We shall pass to the wall of the mountains, crouched low on the edge of the world:

Till the last low ledge of the lea

Makes division,

Till the wild wide waste of the sea

Fills our vision,

We must journey in morning and midnight, we must travel in sorrow and mirth,
 Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the earth!

Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the sea,
Out over the tremulous tides and the trackless waste ways to the wall of the
firmament free,
Full filled of the light of ineffable spaces, the echoless thunder of wind in the
night,
And broad in the burnished blue hollow of heaven the endless procession of
darkness and light.

For the fire of the full moon shall waken

To find us,

And the hounds of the storm be forsaken

Behind us ;

We shall on through the vistas uncertain, having neither beginning nor end,
Though as folds of a fluttering curtain the deep sea be shaken and rend,
Though the sea, where the foam rivers run white, be naked and weary and
blind

As the breast of a shield in the sunlight, or black with the scourges of wind :

Till the great green wall of the wave

Shall cover us,

Or the sweet spring grass of the grave

Blow over us,

We must on till we fall in our traces, we must follow the dawn and be free,
Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the sea !

Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the Soul,
Out over the ages resumed in remembrance, the priest's and the tyrant's re-
lentless control,
The puny divisions of evil and virtue, restrictions of men and commandments
of God, —
Oh, ever the soul in all paths and all places where straying or striving the
Children have trod !

For the Great Gods who curse and defile us

Shall fear us,

And all men who hate and revile us

Shall hear us ;

And the bonds of allegiance that fetter the spirit, the oaths of obedience sworn
in the past,

Shall be words of the lesson of life we inherit, embraced, understood, super-
seded at last.

We are done with the Gods of our old adoration, we acknowledge they served
in their turn and were fair,

But we go, for Behold ! after long preparation what no man has dared to dis-
cover, we dare !

Till the body and soul and all time

Shall be blended,

Aspiration and virtue and crime

Comprehended,

We must fathom the sense and the spirit till we stand self-possessed of the
whole,

Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the Soul !

George Cabot Lodge.

NEW POWERS OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

THE quiet and almost unperceived usurpations of political power by the party National Committee, during the past fifteen or twenty years, are well worth study. They furnish an excellent example of the continual readjustments which the exercise of power in a democracy is always undergoing. They show, too, that the substance of political control may exist where there is little appearance of it, and make it clear how poorly the book theory of government may correspond to the actual facts. Parties themselves are extra-Constitutional. The authority of the party Convention, like that of responsible government in England, derives from unwritten law. One thing we may always be sure of, — a man or a committee will accept and wield every particle of power that offers itself. "Power cleaves to him who power exerts." It ought not to surprise us, then, if we find, on examination, that what was at first only a simple and temporary agency of party activity has silently taken to itself new powers, and assumed to exert them year in and year out, instead of merely through a presidential campaign. That, in a word, is what I think can be shown to be true of the rôle in our political life which the National Committee has come to play. In its present prestige and animus, it would dictate to the very party which created it. It would control conventions. It would prescribe candidacies. It would distribute party rewards. It would both consolidate and perpetuate the power which has fallen to it. In short, the clay of the National Committee is ready to say to the party potter that moulded it, "What doest thou?"

Like nearly every rise to undesignated power, that of the National Committee has been slow and gradual. *Nemo repente*. Its early function — the only

one described in histories of parties and manuals of government — was very modest. It would appear that even Mr. Bryce knew of it as only a passing instrument of the party in a presidential campaign. Merely such, in fact, it long was. Most people did not even know who was the Chairman of the National Committee at any given time. He was *functus officio* with the ending of the electoral struggle. Usually, indeed, he emerged from obscurity four years later, long enough to call the National Convention to order; but it was only as a perfunctory Jones or Robinson that he reappeared for this or some other minor duty of the Committee. Occasionally, it is true, some Chairman rose to picturesque prominence, as did "Seven-Mule Barnum" in 1876, and gained a sobriquet which stuck to him, more or less agreeably, for years; but even so, the notoriety was nothing like the authority which attaches to the later breed. What reader, without stopping to think or referring to some newspaper file or history, can say who was Garfield's Chairman of committee, who Hancock's? Theirs was the time when chairmen fluttered their little day, amid the glare and noise of a campaign, only thereafter to be lost in the general forgetfulness.

The change began to be sharply marked in 1884. It was owing in part to the personality of the Chairman, Senator Gorman, who then came forward, without clamor or controversy, to extend in a very notable way the powers and emoluments of the office. But his opportunity lay largely in the fact that a great party revolution was effected under his management. Had Mr. Blaine's campaign been successful, there is no reason to suppose that his Chairman, Mr. B. F. Jones, would have ranked as anything more than simply another of the respect-

able but meaningless figureheads of the National Committee. But with Gorman the case was different. Under his guidance, a party came to power which had been out of office for a quarter of a century. It meant something like a convulsion. The Democratic party was stirred to its depths, — some would say to its dregs. Masses of men were swayed by new hopes of office; the whole federal administration was to be reorganized; the claims of individuals necessarily unknown to the President elect had to be sifted, and who so natural a presiding genius in all this work as the man who had had his hand upon each of the levers of the Democratic machine for five exciting months, and who enjoyed in a peculiar way the prestige of an unprecedented victory on a close-fought field? At all events, thousands of Democrats turned to Mr. Gorman at that juncture, and turned to him, not as Senator from Maryland, but as Chairman of the National Committee. How he magnified the latter office was not fully known at the time, except to those who had occasion to observe matters from the inside. Mr. Gorman was never a man to go hunting with a brass band. It was quietly, but none the less effectively, that he made his power as party Chairman tell in the distribution of party patronage, in the shaping of legislation, and as well in determining party policy. Not merely at the beginning of President Cleveland's first term, but all through it, those who were intimately acquainted with affairs at Washington knew how large a significance and how great a weight came to be associated with the influence of Senator Gorman. His *visé* was most eagerly in demand by office-seekers. His voice was most listened to in caucus. And the new deference which he won came to him, not as Mr. Gorman, not as Senator Gorman, but as Chairman Gorman. His tenure of the position marked the first great step in the enlargement of its powers and privileges.

He was closely followed by a man in the opposite party, who carried the assumptions of the National Chairman to a still higher pitch. Mr. Quay was less secret in his methods than Mr. Gorman. Immediately after the presidential election of 1888, he publicly announced that his party office he was bound to make a continuous one; that he was going to look carefully to the work of garnering all the fruits of victory; and that the National Committee (meaning himself) was not to sink back into inactivity, but was to keep a firm hand upon the party organization and upon party strategy. How persistently Senator Quay adhered to this plan is matter of too recent history to require detailing here. Enough to say that he sensibly enlarged the prerogatives and stiffened the self-assertion of the office he held.

After 1892 there came a pause. For a time the party Chairman seemed to fall back into his old modest stillness and humility. Two causes conspired to bring about this result. One had to do with personalities. President Cleveland's second election to the presidency was too sweeping a success to be attributable to any manager. The victory was obviously his own. More than that, his Chairman, Mr. Harrity, of Pennsylvania, held no office, and was, besides, not a pushing man, bent on aggrandizing his own position at the head of the National Committee, and extracting from it all possible advantage. Even if he had been, the situation would have been too much for him. His party's failing fortunes in 1893 and 1894 were too plain, and it was too unlikely that it would long have patronage to dispense, to make it worth any man's while to build up his individual prestige through use of the party machinery. The deep cloud under which the Democratic party lay almost from the first days of its return to power in 1893 did not allow of additions to the bulk of the plant whose early growth has now been traced.

It is in the person of Senator Hanna that this growth has reached its culmination. He has outstripped all his predecessors in making of the Chairmanship of the National Committee a centre of political power. Happy accidents have conspired with great skill and determination on his part to bring about such a consummation. He has now held the office continuously for five years,—indeed, practically for seven years. It was in 1893 or 1894 that Mr. Hanna, then little known outside of Ohio, set about, in his long-headed and far-planning way, the election of William McKinley to the presidency. He perceived the thickening signs of a political reaction, and in them saw the great opportunity for his friend Mr. McKinley, and also for himself. The history of that campaign before the campaign of 1896 has never been written; but enough of it is known to show the signal ability and resolution with which it was planned and fought. Long before the Republican Convention met, old masters like Senators Chandler and Quay and Platt recognized the rise of a political manipulator greater than themselves. This is referred to at present only to make the point that Mr. Hanna was party Chairman in fact for two years before he became so in name. In the course of those preliminary manoeuvres he had swept everything before him, so that his accession to the Chairmanship was foregone. On the heels of that came his election to the Senate. This both heightened his prestige and put him in a position to assert and extend his power as National Chairman. In the latter capacity (counting in his two years or more of antecedent campaigning for the nomination of McKinley in 1896) he had made a host of pre-election pledges. His post in the Senate enabled him to see that they were carried out. Never, it is safe to say, did a party Chairman previously have so much to do with the apportionment of party patronage. The President gave him sub-

stantially a free hand in the South. Then there came along the Spanish War, yielding our Cæsar of a Chairman further meat on which to grow great. Thousands of new appointments had to be made. For each applicant the indorsement of Chairman Hanna was eagerly sought. His power grew by power. After four years of its gradual increase came another successful campaign for the presidency, under his management. Reckoning all this in, we begin to see how high were the pretensions, how proud the importance and influence, which this most able and assertive of all the Chairmen of National Committees might have been excused for thinking lawfully his own, on the eve of the assassination of President McKinley.

Whether the accession of Mr. Roosevelt is to result in a challenge of this Front de Bœuf of our party politics remains to be seen. Some men who know well both President and Chairman think it inevitable that their spears will be clashing upon each other's shields, sooner or later. There have been pretty obvious signs that Mr. Hanna has at least been looking the field over, to see exactly what his strength would be if it came to actual jousting. If he does pick up the presidential glove, it will be, we may depend upon it, only because a careful measuring of his power has convinced him that, at any rate, he is not foredoomed to defeat. What is the armor which he knows he can put on? What his lance in rest, the sword buckled to his thigh?

It is difficult to set off, each by itself, the elements of the political power of the party National Committee, vested largely in its Chairman, for the reason that they are all inextricably interdependent. The Chairman has the spending of vast sums of money: this gives him political power. But he has the money to spend only because he is first in a position of political power. So of his rights of patronage; of control of party conventions, big and little; of his

dictation in both party manœuvring and public legislation: all these things dovetail into one another, and appear now as cause, now as consequence. Still, it is possible to see just how each of the instruments in the hand of the National Chairman may be made subservient to the upbuilding of his own prestige and power. He has, for example, millions of dollars to disburse. There is good authority for the assertion that the Republican campaign fund of 1896 was upwards of seven million dollars. Mr. Hanna argued in 1900 that it ought to be twice as great, — presumably because the country was twice as prosperous. At all events, he was not cramped for funds in either year. Now the outlay of such huge sums necessarily means an increment of power for the man who controls it. Such will be the case even if he is the most unselfish and incorruptible of mortals. Money is power in politics as everywhere else. A Chairman who may determine how much is to be allotted to this state, that congressional district, this city and the other county, becomes inevitably the master of many political legions. There is no need of a hard-and-fast understanding between giver and recipient, — least of all, of any corrupt bargain. Common gratitude and the expectation of similar favors to come are enough to bind fast the nominee for Congress, the candidate for a Senatorship, or the member of the National Committee for any given state, a large part of whose campaign expenses has been kindly paid for him from headquarters. It is hard really to think ill of a man who has sent you a large check. To oppose your humble opinion to his necessarily large and enlightened view of party policy and public advantage is sheer presumption. To vote for him, or with him, or as he bids you, is thereafter obviously the line of least resistance. Thus it is that the bread which the National Chairman casts upon the waters returns to him after not so many days.

The pecuniary aspect of the Chairman's power has another feature. He collects as well as pays out; and with many of the collections goes an express or tacit party obligation which he alone is fully cognizant of, and which it is his peculiar duty to see carried out. Rich men do not always contribute to party in obedience to the Scriptural injunction to give, asking not again. They make conditions, either openly or by hint or gesture. Like Cecil Rhodes, they are perfectly willing to give twenty-five thousand dollars to speed the triumph of their cherished party principles; only they too wish to have a hand in the defining of those principles. He wanted to provide against a Liberal evacuation of Egypt, because both the Empire and his Cape to Cairo project were dear to him. Our own wealthy contributors to the party treasury have been suspected of coupling their gifts with an understanding about the tariff, about the seal fisheries, about ship subsidies, and what not. It is not necessary to go into this. The present point simply is that all this side of the business is so much more water for the mill of the party Chairman. He sits at the receipt of customs. To him are confided all the wishes and the schemings, and he makes all the promises, that go with the money paid him. Hence it becomes his concern to see that there is honor among politicians. And nothing is more inevitable than the resultant heightening of his political power, repository as he is of secret liens upon party action, and the one mysterious agent by means of whom they are made good.

A word or two will suffice to bring out the almost complete mastery of party machinery which has fallen into the hands of the National Committee since it became a continuous and continuously active body, and took to itself such new and great powers. When the Chairman now calls to order a national Convention, he is really facing a large number, sometimes a majority, of dele-

gates who are there because he willed them to be there. To "call" the Convention has, in fact, come to be pretty nearly the same thing as deciding who shall be among the "called." The product which the party machine turns out depends too much upon the man who gives the signal to set it in motion, and who himself gets up steam and oils the bearings, not to have a strangely suspicious way of proving to be of just the kind he wanted. This has especially been the case with Mr. Hanna and almost all the Republican delegates from the South. They have been peculiarly his progeny for eight years past. When he first began to look about for a profitable field in which to invest the money he had raised to nominate Mr. McKinley for the first time, it was to the Southern states that he turned. He "bought Reed's niggers" in even a more wholesale way than that in which Senator Sherman had accused General Alger of buying his in 1888. Since then, in the nature of the case, those colored troops have been absolutely under Mr. Hanna's command. He pays their expenses to the Convention. He settles their board bills while there. Their places on committee, their party recognition, their share in the patronage, — all are determined by him. They are naturally, therefore, his creatures, and the sheep of his pasture. What he does so sweepingly with them, he does in a less degree and sporadically, but still effectively, with the delegates from other sections. Large numbers stand ready to do his bidding. They vote as he prays. The result is to give him enormous power in dictating nominations in advance, and in moulding the Convention like clay to his hand. Take a crucial instance. At Philadelphia, in 1900, Mr. Addicks, of Delaware, was admitted as "regular." This was after having been contemptuously thrown out of the next preceding Convention, and having been steadily denounced by the leading Republican news-

papers as a man who was trying to burglarize his way into good party standing, and so into the United States Senate. How did this hated and despised man suddenly win recognition as regular Republican leader in Delaware? He quietly made his peace and made his terms with Chairman Hanna. That gentleman first put the arrangement through the Committee of Credentials, and then gave the order to his fuglemen in the Convention to prevent any open protest. It was a fine if audacious illustration of what the party Chairman can do.

The part that control of the patronage plays in the building up of the party Chairman's overweening political power has been sufficiently intimated. Mr. Hanna has never attempted to conceal his active intervention in this business of rewarding the faithful. In the South, it has been clearly understood, he has been given a free hand to promise office before election, and to see that it is honorably bestowed, though often on dishonorable men, after election. What has not been so patent, however, is the fact that even a defeated Chairman has a large measure of similar power. This is what proves the case up to the hilt. If we find that Chairman Jones, twice unsuccessful, still exercises a party prerogative second only to that of Chairman Hanna, we need doubt no longer that the position is one that draws power to itself as a magnet does iron filings. And precisely this we do find. Who is the one Democrat whom the Republican managers felt bound to consult and defer to in the beginnings of the Spanish War, in regard to their tariff legislation as well as their currency bill, and in all the minutiae of business in Congress? It is Senator Jones. And this is clearly not because he is a man of transcendent ability, not merely because he is Senator from Arkansas, but because he is, and has been for years, Chairman of the National Committee of the Democratic party. He is the one to be reckoned with,

because he, in a similar though necessarily less degree, has made himself a power, as Chairman Hanna has. Mr. Jones, too, has a vast and intricate party machine, upon the very pulse of which he keeps his hand. He is in touch with his state committeemen. He has his congressional legions at command, to make trouble for the party in power unless they and he are duly placated with consideration and offices. Hence it was that, unknown to most, Senator Jones had the weightiest voice in determining the Southern army appointments made in the Spanish War. They were given him in recognition of his power, and at the same time, of course, increased that power. It is of the kind which cannot be stripped from a party Chairman even in defeat, and which, in continued success, continually increases, until its possessor comes naturally to be regarded as almost a co-ordinate branch of the general government.

Whether President Roosevelt will directly and consciously assert the power of his office as against the resources of the head of the National Committee of

his party cannot be said at this writing. But that he has already done much to rouse Chairman Hanna's ire, if not his resentment, is certain. He has set his Rough Rider's boot upon the Hanna-Addicks bargain. He has ridden sharply over several of Mr. Hanna's political friends and protégés in the South. There doubtless are, or soon will be, other cases of friction between President and Chairman. What the latter's *riposte* will be, if he decides to make one, it must be left to time to tell. The present writer has no thought of falling into what George Eliot called the one form of gratuitous mistake, — prophecy. All that he has wished to do is to give a hint of the way in which a new power has grown to portentous size in our politics; to show how the Chairman of the National Committee has, little by little, taken to himself functions and privileges undreamed of a generation ago; and to suggest the nature and numbers of the reserves and formidable allies which Mr. Hanna can summon to his side, if he determines to challenge Colonel Roosevelt to try a dash at this new San Juan Hill.

Rollo Ogden.

THE PURIFICATION OF CORNBURY.

ONE September morning, sixty years ago, the three selectmen of Cornbury were holding an informal council in front of the kitchen door of Squire Dana. He, a tall, athletic man, with a strongly moulded and not unkindly face, stood on the ground, resting one foot on the hub of a vehicle called by courtesy a light wagon, in which sat, elevated high above him, the second and third members of the triumvirate. One of them, a short, important-looking man, held the reins of a fat Morgan mare that stood quite undisturbed by his meditative flicking of the grass with the woodchuck-skin lash

of the hickory-handled whip. The other, a lean, mild-faced person, picked nervously at the hair of the buffalo skin that temporarily upholstered the wagon seat, while he listened to the conversation of his associates.

"The long an' short on 't is," said he who held the reins, giving a sharp cut at a late-blooming dandelion, "folks is a-gittin' so stirred up abaout them a-livin' together the way they du 'at we've got tu raout 'em aout."

"Wal, I s'pose so," Squire Dana admitted reluctantly, taking his foot from the hub as he drew his knife from his

pocket, picked up a chip that had strayed from the woodshed into the neatness of the yard, and began to whittle, "but I swan it goes agin my grain tu tackle a woman."

"That's jest it," said Captain Fay, the rotund second selectman. "All aour women folks is tur'bly riled up ababout it, an' for my part, I'd a good deal druther hev a bresh wi' that 'ere one woman an' done with it 'an tu hev all the women in taown a-buzzin' araound aour ears the hul endurin' time."

"Why not set the constable arter 'em?" Deacon Palmer suggested. "Seems 's 'ough 't was more his business 'n what it is aourn."

Squire Dana shook his head in slow dissent. "No, 't would make the taown expense. I guess we'll hafter 'tend tu it."

Mrs. Dana, hovering near the open door, conducted her housework in such unusual silence that her alert ears caught the drift of the conversation, to which she felt it her duty, as a member of the Moral Reform Society and the wife of the first selectman, to add her voice for the quick removal of a blot on the town's good name.

"Good-mornin', Captain. Good-mornin', Deacon," she said, stepping out on to the stoop, the welcome smile on her genial face hardening to fitting severity as she asked, "Was you a-talkin' ababout that Lem Tyler an' that woman? It's a disgrace tu the hul town an' every respectable woman in it tu have them mis'able creeturs a-livin' the way they du. It's a burnin' shame, an' I say if the selec'men hain't got enough spunk tu take a holt an' turn 'em aou' door, the women 'll haftu."

"Sartainly, we're a-cal'latin' tu, Mis' Dany," Captain Fay answered, with prompt decision; "but you see we want tu ketch 'em aou' door if we possibly can, an' then we can set their stuff aou' door an' not hev no rumpus."

"That's it ezackly," her husband as-

sented emphatically; and Deacon Palmer added acquiescence without taking his eyes from an unfamiliar prairie bur he was plucking at in the buffalo hair.

"Wal, if that's what you want, he's gone away," declared Mrs. Dana. "He went off up the road whilst aour folks was a-milkin', an' I hain't seen him go back. If you three men can't git one woman an' one young one aout of a haouse, the taown hed better elect a new board."

"I guess they won't heftu, Mis' Dany," Captain Fay said confidently. "Say, Square, if we're a-goin' tu-day tu lay that new road, why can't we take in this 'ere job as we go along? 'T won't be no gret of a chore. Come, put on your kut, an' git right in here."

"You come in an' let me put a clean dicky on, Mr. Dany," said his wife, and she bustled indoors, presently reappearing with the supplementary collar and bosom, with which she proceeded to invest her husband, while he elevated his chin, pursed his lips, shut his eyes, and held his breath, in dread of pins. Then she brought his second-best blue coat and his black fur hat, in which he permitted himself to be arrayed without audible protest.

"There! naow you look more like payin' your respec's to a lady," she said, after a brief, comprehensive inspection that lingered with least approval on trousers and boots.

He climbed to the seat, and the three drove away, watched by Mrs. Dana till they were hidden by the copse of crimson sumac at the turn of the road.

"Wal, I only hope their spunk 'll hold aout," she soliloquized as the apex of the pyramid of three bell-crowned hats disappeared, and she reëntered to a brisk and noisy resumption of her interrupted labors. "I wish 't I was a man a spell: I'd drive 'em aout o' the taown. But then, I s'pose if I was a man I should be jest like the rest on 'em."

Captain Fay drove the Morgan mare at a pace that soon brought him and his

associates to a house of such forlorn exterior and surroundings that one would have thought it untenanted, if the smoke crawling from the crumbling chimney and the heap of freshly gathered wood at the door had not betokened occupancy. Naked scars where the wind had torn shingles from the sagging mossy roof; broken windows; lichen-scaled clapboards dropping away from their places, disclosing raw strips of unweathered boarding like unhealed wounds; the dying lilac tree, hedged around by its own sprouts, beside the unused front door; the lilies and peonies running wild with a vagabond company of weeds; the untrodden, weed-grown path to the ruinous barn; the curbless well, and its broken sweep lying beside it, with the leaky bucket still attached to the pole and chain, — all told of a house abandoned by its owners and given over to careless tenants.

"They run a pretty good fire," said the Squire, observing the smoke.

"Yes, wood a-plenty for the picking up," said Captain Fay; and then, casting a critical eye along a rail fence which had shrunk somewhat below lawful height, "Guess Davis's fences hes begun tu winter-kill a'ready."

"I don't see what in tunket Davis ever let the critturs in here fur!" Squire Dana said impatiently. "Folks ortu be more pa'tic'lar. My tenant haousen has ben empty more 'n three months 'cause I can't find the right sort of a family tu let int' it."

"Wal, mebbey Davis'll git a day's work naow an' agin, an' that's better 'n nothin'," said Palmer. "Shh! there's the woman naow. Say, she hain't bad-lookin'."

A dark-haired, dark-eyed woman, comely in spite of a look too worn for her years, which were not more than twenty-five, and neatly though poorly clad, came out at the side door with a pail in her hand. She halted a moment to cast a startled glance upon the visitors alighting at the broken gate, and

then hurried to the well and hastily lowered the bucket by its clumsy attachment.

Squire Dana's first impulse was to help her; but while he hesitated she drew up the dribbling bucket with swift, strong hands, and emptying what remained of its wasted contents into the pail, sped back to the house without bestowing another look on the strangers at the gate, though their chief called out: —

"Hol' on a minute, won't ye, marm? There, Fay, if you had n't 'a' ben forever a-hitchin' your hoss, we might 'a' run in ahead on her."

"Wal, what hendered you an' Palmer?" the Captain asked, chuckling as he joined his companions. "I could tend the mare."

"Say," said Palmer, edging toward the wagon, "le's go an' lay that road, an' leave this 'ere job for the constable. It hain't aourn."

"What! flunk aout naow an' hev aour women folks givin' us Hail Columby?" asked the Squire. "No, siree, I've ben hetcheled all I want tu be. Come on."

With that he led the way up the path, but with as little stomach as the others for the unpleasant duty. He knocked at the door where the woman had gone in; but there was no response, though he could hear her stepping lightly across the floor. He tried the latch and found it fastened; then knocked more loudly. A window over the door was opened, and the woman's voice descended: —

"What d' you want?"

There was a little penthouse roof jutting out over the door, and the Squire backed from beneath it that he might see the speaker. Her face was flushed and defiant, and beside her, peering over the window ledge, was the curious, scared face of a fair-haired little girl.

"We want tu come in," he said, answering her question as he looked up at her.

"Wal, you can't, 'cause Mr. Tyler's gone away, an' he tol' me not tu let no-b'dy in till he come back."

"Oh, come naow, what's the use? We're the selec'men, ye know. You'd better let us in."

"I can't help it if you're the hul taown. I can't let you in, I can't!"

"Wal, then we'll hafter bust in the door, for we're a-comin' in, one way or 'nother," said the Squire, taking a more decided tone. "Fay, you an' Palmer fetch a rail off'en the fence." He turned away, and stood with his arms akimbo watching the somewhat slow execution of the order by his companions.

The two figures disappeared from the window; there was a clatter of stove furniture, a sound of pouring water, and the woman reappeared at her coign of vantage as the storming party advanced, carrying a stout rail as a battering ram.

"I give you good warnin'," she said, with hervoice higher pitched than before. "If you come anigh, you'll git scalt."

There was a reek of steam about her, and as she spoke she lifted a large dipper of hot water from a pail and rested it on the window sill.

"Sho, she won't dast tu!" said the Squire contemptuously as his comrades hesitated. "Come on. Let drive nigh-tu the latch an' bust it."

They advanced more briskly, and she, drawing back the dipper, called out, "Ta' care, or you'll ketch it!" and then flung out the contents at them.

The shot fell short of the bearers of the battering ram, and the Squire dodged under shelter of the narrow pent roof and flattened himself against the door, while the charge overshot him and dribbled from the eaves.

"Gosh, hain't she a spunky one!" he exclaimed, in a burst of admiration that exceeded his vexation. "Come on, naow. Quick afore she gits loaded up agin."

But before the order could be executed another volley descended upon the assaulting party, who dropped the rail and retired precipitately; Captain Fay nursing a scalded finger, and Deacon Palmer,

whose hat had fallen off within range of the battery, striving to express his feelings within the limits of such mild profanity as a church member might be allowed.

"Wal, you be smart fellers," the Squire commented. "Naow, if I'd hed a holt o' that 'ere rail" —

"You can hev a holt o' my sheer on 't an' welcome," the Captain generously offered, as he alternately inspected and blew his injured finger.

"Mine tew, gol darn it!" the Deacon declared, venturing near the danger line with a pole, and attempting to insert the end of it in the crown of his hat. Before he could effect a rescue down came a scalding shower, deluging the upturned beaver and barely missing its owner.

The Squire made a determined attack upon the door, kicking lustily at the panels and throwing his shoulder with all his might against it; but it would not yield, and he desisted when a dash of hot water caught his foot thrust beyond the shelter of the door's hood. Direct attack did not seem to promise success, so he sallied out to his comrades beyond the fire of the garrison, and began plotting strategy.

"We wanter kinder squirmish 'raound till she gits her ammerition used up," said he; "when that's gone, I'll resk her claws."

"I do' know 'baout that, the darn' she-cat!" Deacon Palmer remarked dubiously; but he had no thought of raising the siege now, for his fighting blood was up. "I'm a-goin' tu make another try for that 'ere hat."

"Yes, du, an' me an' Captain 'll make b'lieve go at the door agin."

The Deacon clawed at the hat with the pole at arm's length, the others made a show of attack with the rail, and all drew frequent fire from the enemy, ineffectual but for a further drenching of the hat, which the owner at last secured and hung on a stake to dry.

"My sakes!" he groaned, as he con-

templated its limp and bedraggled condition. "I do' know what in time Mis' Palmer 'll say when she sees that 'ere hat. I've kep' it as good as new for fifteen year, an' naow jest look at it! Looks as if I'd took a head dive int' the river an' forgot tu take it off."

"If I was you, I'd ruther hev her see it 'an tu hev her hear what you said. Pretty nigh cussin' for a deacon."

"That I can keep tu myself. The hat I can't."

"Wal, you want tu keep that 'ere tu show your gran'childern when you tell 'em abaout the capture o' Fort Davis," said the Captain.

"It hain't captured yet."

"Wal, it's a-goin' tu be," said the Squire confidently. "I can hear her scrapin' the dipper in the bottom of the kittle, an' her ammermition's 'baout spent. Le' 's draw her fire agin."

The feint excited a feeble volley; another brought no response, and it became evident that the amazon's ammunition was exhausted. The besiegers now advanced boldly to the assault. The door yielded to the first vigorous stroke of the battering ram, and victory at last perched on the banner of the selectmen.

"Wal, marm," said the Squire, in his severest official voice, addressing the woman who stood sullenly defiant at the farther side of the scantily furnished kitchen, with one hand on the head of the frightened child, "you ortu be 'shamed o' yourself a-scaldin' taown officers."

"Shamed!" she flared up indignantly. "I sh'd think you was the ones tu be 'shamed! Three men a-tacklin' a woman an' a little girl an' bustin' in doors! Scald you! I wish I c'd bile you!"

"No daoubt on 't, marm, but we won't waste no time a-passin' compliments," and the Squire turned away. "Come, men, le' 's git these 'ere things aout."

The victors hurried as if in fear of relenting before the disagreeable duty was accomplished, and soon set the poor and meagre furniture out of doors, yet

with a degree of care they felt was due to its valiant defender, who now, without further attempt at useless resistance, went out, leading the child by the hand. Then they fastened the door, and clambered out through a window and went their way, leaving the woman and child standing in silent, dazed despair among their unshrined household gods.

"Gosh! I do' know but I sh'd feel as mean 'f I'd ben stealin' sheep an' got ketched at it." The Squire broke the silence in which the selectmen held self-communion as they drove along the highway. His associates grunted a sympathetic response, and the Deacon ran his hand tenderly over the blistered hat crown.

"I do' know what the critturs live on," the Captain remarked. "All the victuals I see was a bag o' 'taters I fetched aout, an' the' wa'n't more 'n a ha' bushel o' them."

As the Squire's wife set her kitchen in order and put the finishing touches to its neatness (for she was just then, as she expressed it, "aout of a girl, an' duin' my own work"), she often went to the door and looked down the road, wondering what progress the town fathers were making, and with what thoroughness they would perform their duty. No hopeful sign was given her out of the haze of smoke with which a shift of wind to the northward was thickening the atmosphere, from some distant forest fire, and chilling it with what seemed an unnatural breath, since it choked one with the odor of burnt leaves, and even bore their charred and ashy shapes, wavering as silently as ghosts of dead leaves, in long slants to the ground. The sumac copse shone like a red flame in the blue mist that blurred near objects, and blotted out all beyond the middle distance.

"I p'sume tu say they won't du nothin'," she said to herself. "Square Dany's tew soft-hearted, an' the others

is afeard o' maddin' someb'dy nuther tu vote agin 'em. My! I wish 't women voted; we'd show 'em which side their bread was buttered on. Wal, I'll see if I can spin part of a knot 'fore it's time tu git dinner a-goin'."

She drew the big wheel, with its white saddle of rolls, from the corner, and set it to humming its musical song while she stepped back and forth beside it; now twirling the wheel swiftly in one way, now slowly the other. After a time the merrier sound of the kettle and the clatter of dinner-getting succeeded the noise of the wheel; then the dinner horn sounded a note pleasant to the ear of the hired man wrestling with the plumed ranks of ripe corn, when, sticking his sickle into the last-vanquished shock, he declared an hour's truce. When he had resumed hostilities, and Mrs. Dana, leaving the table uncleared, was assisting digestion by a perusal of the *Advocate of Moral Reform*, she was disturbed by a timid knock at the door.

Opening it, she was confronted by the unfamiliar faces of a young woman and a little girl. Both bore traces of recent tears, and the child's breath was still broken by an irrepressible sob.

"I would n't 'a' bothered you, ma'am, but 'Mandy was cryin' for somethin' tu eat, an' there wa'n't nothin' tu give her." The young woman spoke in a soft voice, and her dark eyes had a pleading expression that a harder heart than Mrs. Dana's could not have resisted.

"Hungry, is she? Why, good land, come right in. I guess you be, tew, if you hed n't nothin' for her. Set up to the stove. It's turned raound real cold, an' the fire feels good." She put chairs for her guests, and gave the fire a hospitable punch, and set herself to rearranging the table; piling dirty plates, cups, and saucers, clawing the rumpled cloth into place, brushing the crumbs with one hand into the other, and bustling to the pantry for a fresh supply of bread and the indispensable pie.

"I don't want you tu take no trouble," the woman protested, looking apprehensively at the preparations. "I—I hain't no money tu pay you, but I can spin a spell for you," her eyes dwelling on the wheel.

"Good land, I don't want no pay, an' I hain't goin' tu take no trouble," Mrs. Dana declared. "Trav'lin' fur? Goin' tu see some o' your folks, I p'sume tu say? The little girl hain't yourn? Some related, mebby, but she don't favor you a mite. Mebby you hain't merried?"

It was not Mrs. Dana's habit to wait for answers to her questions, but she did now, while the visitor, with downcast eyes, shook her head.

"If you 'd ha' come an hour sooner, you might ha' eat a hot dinner with us," the hostess went on. "But there's enough left, such as it is, thank goodness. There wa'n't nob'dy but me an' the hired man tu dinner. My husband, he's gone off on taown business tu-day. He's fust selec'man, an' they've gone off 'mongst 'em a-transactin' business. Naow, then, you an' she take right off your bunnets an' shawls, an' set up tu the table."

The visitor arose hastily, and gasped in a scared voice: "No, no! Give 'Mandy a piece o' bread an' butter in her hand, an' we'll go. We can't stop! Oh no, we can't stop!"

"Be you crazy? I sh'd like to know what's the reason you can't stop an' eat?"

"Oh, I can't," the woman protested. "We must go right off."

"Wal, then, you hain't a-goin', an' that child hain't a-goin' afore she's eat a meal o' victuals! Naow tell me your trouble," Mrs. Dana said, in a tone so masterful that, aided by the entreating, hungry eyes of the little girl, it compelled compliance.

"If you've got tu know," the stranger answered half defiantly, "your man an' the other selec'men come over there," indicating the direction with a sidewise motion of the head; "an' Mr. Tyler, he was gone, an' they was comin' in, an' I

hove hot water ontu 'em! Yes, I did. But they broke in the door, an' they sot all the things aout door an' fastened us aout; an', oh dear, I do' know what's goin' tu be become of us! I wish 't I was dead!" With that she broke down utterly, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Wal, I never!" Mrs. Dana gasped, her breath so completely taken away by the relation that she was obliged to sit down to await its return, burying beneath her ample form the crumpled pages of the Advocate where it lay on the cushion into which she sank. The blankness of her face gradually hardened into an expression of proper severity; her gaping mouth closed tightly, then opened again as speech came with renewed breath. "So you 're that woman, be you? You don't look like her. I would n't ha' thought it of you. Haow ever come you tu du so?"

No answer came but sobs from the hidden face. Impelled by an impulse of motherly pity, Mrs. Dana laid her hand gently on the bowed head, and said as gently, "Don't you believe you 'd better tell me all about your trouble?"

Then the woman began in a broken voice that grew steadier as she went on: "I was took sick at the place where I was a-workin', an' they was a-goin' to throw me on t' the taown, but Mr. an' Mis' Tyler took me in an' kep' me till I got well; an' then Mis' Tyler, she took sick, an' there wa'n't nob'dy tu ta' care of her only me, an' so I did till she died: an' then there wa'n't nob'dy tu keep haouse for him, an' so I stayed an' kep' a-stay-in', like a fool, but I could n't seem tu help it, they 'd ben so good tu me. An' everybody turned agin us, an' he could n't git no work, an' so we come away from there an' got in here, but it 's jes' as bad; an' this mornin' he started off for Brinkford lookin' for work, an' them men come an' turned us aout, an' now I do' know what we be goin' tu do! Oh dear, I wish 't I was dead!"

Her sobs broke out afresh, and Mrs. Dana waited a little before she asked, "Why wa'n't you merried?"

"He wanted tu, but I would n't so soon after she died, an' so we kep' livin' along; an' he said 't wa'n't nob'dy's business 's long 's we sot so by one 'nother as we did."

The moral reformer of Cornbury, suddenly recollecting neglected hospitality, said in a gentler voice: "It don't signify, a-lettin' folks starve afore my face an' eyes! Now set up tu the table. Yes, you've got tu, an' the little girl 'll set right by, an' help her an' yourself;" and having seated her guests at the table, she busied herself in ministering to them while she silently pondered and cast frequent searching glances up the road.

"When was you expectin' 'Mandy's pa 'd be comin' back?"

"Any time 'most."

"Well, I want tu ketch him when he comes along. An' naow, if you won't eat nothin' more, you may spin a little while if you are a mind tu. You was sayin' you could, wa'n't you? What did you say your name was?"

"Roxy," the woman answered, taking her place at the wheel with the alacrity of accustomed use.

Mrs. Dana watched her, at first doubtfully, then with growing admiration of her agile and skillful movements; and when she had examined the yarn with critical eye and touches, she declared: "I never see nob'dy that could spin sprier an' better. I could n't myself. There, naow, you sit daown an' rest. You need n't spin no more. Sis, is n't that your pa?"

She hastened out to intercept a man whose form seemed to acquire substance as he drew near, as if materializing out of the blue haze. He yielded to her entreaty, which was as much a command. His heavy, good-humored face was blank. While he was wiping his dusty boots on the dooryard knotgrass, she was further gratified by the arrival of the selectmen.

"Hitch your hoss, and come right in, Captain, you an' the Deacon. Oh yes, you got tu. I want you tu," she urged against all excuses, and getting in the rear of her guests left no way open to them but the one she desired them to take. Her husband walked behind her, dumbly wondering at her, and went to the depths of speechless astonishment with his colleagues when he found their late antagonist installed in his own kitchen.

"Square Dany," his wife began, without any detail of explanation, "these folks wants tu git merried right off, an' I want you tu merry 'em. Stan' right up here, naow, Lem'wil, an' you, Roxy, take a holt o' his han'. There, naow, Square, perform the ceremony."

The matrimonial candidates obediently did as told, but the Squire protested.

"Why, Mis' Dany, I never merried a couple in my life."

"Wal, if you've ben Justice o' the Peace tew hul year, goin' on three, an' do' know haow tu merry folks, the taown 'd better 'lect someb'dy else in your place," she said, in a tone that put him upon his mettle; and since the eyes of his fellow fathers were upon him, he manfully essayed the performance of the unaccustomed duty.

"Du you, j'intly an' severally, solemnly promise, in the presence o' these witnesses, tu take one 'nother for husban' an' wife, for better or wus, be the same more or less, an' promise well an' truly tu perform the same without fear or favor of any man — or woman?" he added, with a happy afterthought.

Lemuel Tyler responded with a hearty affirmative, and Roxy bashfully nodded, as the mistress of ceremonies, with a ready hand, would perforce have obliged her to, had she hesitated. Then the Squire declared, in his best official voice: "By the authority in me vested by the state of Vermont, I du pronounce you man an' wife, tu hev an' tu hol' till death du you part. Asy Dany, Justice of the Peace. — There, I guess that 'll hold,

won't it?" he asked, turning to his associates as he wiped his perspiring face.

"I don't see no flaw in the indictment," Captain Fay admitted; "but hain't you goin' tu make no remarks? It's usuil on sech occasions."

"Wal, yes, I s'pose it is." The Squire pondered as he cleared his throat for further speech. "I will say tu you, Mr. Tyler, that ef you want tu keep peace in the fam'ly you 'd better du putty nigh as Mis' Tyler wants you tu; an' tu you, Mis' Tyler, not tu want onreasonable; an' tu both on ye, if one gits sassy, for t' other not to sass back, — in the words of the poet,

'Ef one throws fire an' the other water,
Peace will reign in every quarter.' "

"S'posin' it's hot water?" the Captain asked, as he tended his forefinger.

"I do' know 's I've got anything more tu remark," said the Squire.

"Naow set daown, all on ye," his wife commanded, as she bustled into the pantry, where her voice, pitched in a high key, could still be heard: "The' wa'n't no time for preperation, so the' hain't no weddin' cake; but the' 's nut cakes an' cheese a-plenty, an' punkin pie, which is good if I did make it." These she presently brought and pressed upon the company.

Captain Fay picked up the crumpled Advocate from the chair in which he was about to seat himself, and studying the title a moment remarked, "Mis' Dany, your Moral Reform paper looks as if it hed ben set daown on."

Without heeding him she went on: "Naow, ef you hain't no objections, Square Dany, I'll blow the horn for Hiram, an' he an' Lem'wil can hitch ontu the hay riggin', an' go an' git the things an' put 'em in your tenant haouse. You ben wantin' a good stubbed man in 't, which Lem'wil looks tu be, an' Roxy is the beater tu spin, as I know."

As Squire Dana parted with his associates at the hitching post he spoke only one word, — "Gosh!"

Rowland E. Robinson.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

STEVENSON was one of the happy few : he knew his life's business from childhood. He was to write books. Happier still, and one of even a smaller minority, he early discovered that authorship is an art requiring a long and rigorous apprenticeship ; that, if a man is to write, he must first study how, putting himself under tuition and devoting himself to practice ; that an author no more than a pianist can begin with "pieces" and a public performance. In short, Stevenson had from the beginning an idea of literary composition as a fine art, — an art not to be picked up some pleasant day by the roadside (as later in life he essayed, for whim's sake, to pick up the art of writing music), nor acquired, with other more or less useful pieces of knowledge, at a grammar school or university, but to be attained, if at all, by years of drill. Another man may write "well enough," and perhaps successfully, so far as material rewards go, by nature and the rule of thumb ; but the artist aims at perfection, — perfection for its own sake. That aim, the pursuit of that ideal, is what *makes* him an artist. And such was Stevenson.

"All through my boyhood and youth," he says, "I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler ; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words ; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas."

So he "lived with words." And the point of the confession is that these "childish tasks," as he calls them in an-

other place, were done "consciously for practice." "I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me ; and I practiced to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself."

But he did more than to practice. A man does not learn to whittle, or to paint, or to play the flute, by the primitive process of merely trying his hand, be it ever so patiently. The fine arts are no longer things to be invented, every man for himself. Others have whittled and painted ; one generation has bequeathed its increment of skill to the next ; here and there a master has arisen, and the masters have set up a standard ; and now, the standard being established, the essential matter is, not to paint or write to the satisfaction of village critics, but to prove one's self a workman beside the best of the craft. For this there needs acquaintance with the masters' work, — such acquaintance, or so young Stevenson was persuaded, as could come from nothing but an imitative study of it. And he set himself to imitate. He had never heard the dictum, or he disbelieved it, that a boy should read the best writers, but pattern after nobody. Wherever he saw excellence of a kind that appealed to him, he took it for the time being as his model. This he did consciously and unashamed.

Such a course would never give him originality ; but no matter. For the present it was not originality he was seeking ; he was not yet writing books : he was learning his trade. Whether, having learned it, he should turn out to have original genius to go with his knowledge and put it to use, was a question that the event alone could determine. Originality is a gift of the gods ; it is born with a man, or it is not born with him. The technique of a prose style, on the other

hand, could be learned, and Stevenson's present business was to learn it, in the only way of which he had any knowledge, the way in which his masters themselves had learned it, — practice based on imitation.¹

How could the boy have done better? He was called to write; he had "the love of words" which, as he says, marks the writer's vocation; and for such a boy "to work grossly at the trade, to forget sentiment, to think of his material and nothing else, is, for a while at least, the king's highway of progress." Yes, "for a while;" and after the while, if he is not merely one of the many that are called, but one of the few that are chosen, he will have found his own line, and such originality as nature endowed him with at birth (or before) will show itself in its season.

Stevenson had the name of an idler, he tells us, and it must be said that he wore it jauntily, — as he wore his old clothes. Whatever he did or failed to do, it would have been hard to catch him without defense. He wrote *An Apology for Idlers*, which, as he confided to a correspondent, was "an apology for R. L. S.," and to this day it sounds like a good one. It would do many a hard-working man and useful member of society a service to read it. He believed that, for the young especially, a certain kind of idleness is a profitable kind of industry; while they are seemingly unemployed they may perchance be learning something that is really worth while: "to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men."

For himself, like many another man of genius, he was very little of a scholar in the traditional sense of the word. What the schools had taken upon them-

selves to teach were mostly not the things that he had taken upon himself to learn. At the university he devised "an extensive and highly rational system of truancy," and no one "ever had more certificates (of attendance) for less education." Like his antitype in Mr. Barrie's novel, he could always find a way. No doubt his personal attractiveness counted for much here, as it did everywhere else. One of his earlier teachers had pronounced him "without exception the most delightful boy he ever knew;" and his mother's testimony is that his masters found it pleasanter to talk with him than to teach him. How his wits and his fine gift of plausibility helped him over a hard place in one of the last of his examinations — for admission to the bar — is related, as from himself, by Mr. Balfour. The subject in hand was *Ethical and Metaphysical Philosophy*, and a certain book had been prescribed. "The examiner asked me a question," Stevenson says, "and I had to say to him, 'I beg your pardon, but I do not understand your phraseology.' 'It's the textbook,' he said. 'Yes; but you could n't possibly expect me to read so poor a book as that.' He laughed like a hunchback, and then put the question in another form. I had been reading Mayne, and answered him by the historical method. They were probably the most curious answers ever given in the subject. I don't know what he thought of them, but they got me through."

It is a good story, and thoroughly characteristic. There was nothing academic in Stevenson's turn of mind, whether in youth or manhood. "I was inclined to regard any professor as a joke," he remarks, in his *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*, and the words may be taken as fairly expressive of his at-

¹ After he began writing, the question of an individual style took on, as was inevitable, a different complexion. In his early days he would not read Carlyle, and (more surprising)

at forty or thereabout he discontinued the reading of Livy; dreading in both cases an injury to his own manner.

titude toward the whole business of what is called education. The last thing he meant to be was a conventional man, — “a consistent first-class passenger in life,” — and why should he disquiet himself over a conventional training? Allow him his own subject and his own method, and he would be studious with anybody.

So through all his early years, as we have seen, he studied the art of authorship. Then, as happens to all artists, came the critical point of production or non-production. Would the plant so sedulously watered and tended, so promising in the leaf, prove to be fertile or sterile? Having so lofty an idea of his art, so exalted a standard of excellence in it, would he go on indefinitely putting himself off with preparations, “prelusive gymnastic,” as he saw so many painters doing at Barbizon (“snoozers” instead of painters, covering their walls with studies, and never coming to the picture), and as is so easy for art students of all kinds to do, or, having learned the handling of his tools, would he set himself to use them in the performance of a man’s work?

Such a question is by no means one that answers itself. In any particular case there is perhaps more than an even chance that the student will never have the industry, the courage, and the intellectual and moral stuff to accomplish, or even seriously put his hand to, any of the great things for which he has so long been making ready. Stevenson himself, from all that appears, may have had at the beginning a period when the issue hung more or less in doubt. “I remember a time,” he wrote afterward, “when I was very idle, and lived and profited by that humor.” Now, he says, the case is different with him, he knows not why. Perhaps it is “a change of age.” He made many slight efforts at reform, “had a thousand skirmishes to keep himself at work upon particular mornings;” the life of Goethe affected him, as did also some noble remarks of

Balzac, but he was never conscious of a struggle, “never registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personally to do with the matter.” “I came about like a well-handled ship,” he concludes. “There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God.”

In his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year, at all events, he was really getting under way, though for the present, as was becoming, with small ventures; and from that time, except for the frequent occasions when illness and the likelihood of speedy death constrained him to “twiddle his fingers and play patience,” he kept his pen busy as few men of anything like his physical disabilities and his roving disposition have ever done. For it is important to note that he was by inheritance a wanderer. Even had his health allowed it, he could never have sat month after month at the same desk, turning off so many thousand words as his daily stint. Once, when he has lived for six months at Davos, he writes to his friend Colvin that he is in a bad way, — a result, he believes, of having been too long in one place. “That tells on my old gypsy nature; like a violin hung up, I begin to lose what music there was in me.” And when his mother complained that he was little at home, he bade her not be vexed at his nomadic habits. “I *must* be a bit of a vagabond; it’s your own fault, after all, is n’t it? You should n’t have had a tramp for a son.”

For a man who had studied authorship, and wished to write not mainly from books, but from the experience of his own mind and body, this ineradicable gypsy strain was of the highest value. How much it imported to Stevenson should be evident even to those who know his books only by the backs of them. Bodily health excepted, he had all the qualifications of a traveler. Happy man that he was, he was always a boy, rich to the last in some of the best of youthful virtues, — buoyancy, curiosity, “interest in the whole page of experience,”

and the capacity for surprise. The world for him was never an old story. When he saw a ship or a train of cars, he wished himself aboard. Discomforts and dangers were nothing; nay, they could be turned into excellent fun, and after that into almost as excellent copy. His spirit was habitually strung up to out-of-door pitch, to borrow his own expression. He felt "the incommunicable thrill of things." Not for him a staid life in drawing-rooms or city clubs. He would be out in the open, "where men still live a man's life." At forty he wrote his own formula thus: "0.55 artist, 0.45 adventurer." Near the same time, being just from the island of Molokai, where he had played croquet with seven leper girls (and would not wear gloves, though cautioned to that effect, lest it should make the girls unhappy to be reminded of their condition), he writes to a friend: "This climate; these voyages; these landfalls at dawn; new islands peaking from the morning bank; new forested harbors; new passing alarms of squalls and surf; new interests of gentle natives, — the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem." A lucky combination it was, both for the man himself and for the world of readers, — fifty-five per cent artist, and forty-five per cent adventurer.

And the adventures, of course, need not be so extraordinarily venturesome, with an artist's pen to put them on the paper. In 1887 Stevenson had been once more at the gates of death with hemorrhages, this time so often repeated that they had ceased almost to be exciting, and were rather grown tiresome; and when the doctors prescribed another change of climate, he sailed for America. The steamer turned out to be loaded with cattle, — "a ship with no style on, and plenty of sailors to talk to;" and this is how the consumptive patient describes the voyage: "I was so happy on board that ship, I could not have believed it possible. We had the beastliest weather, and many

discomforts; but the mere fact of its being a tramp-ship gave us many comforts; we could cut about with the men and officers, stay in the wheel-house, discuss all manner of things, and really be a little at sea. . . . My heart literally sang. . . . It is worth having lived these last years, partly because I have written some better books, which is always pleasant, but chiefly to have had the joy of this voyage."

Later, in the South Seas, he ran more than once upon the very edge of shipwreck, but always with the same brave heart and the same gayety. "We had a near squeak," he writes to a friend, after one such experience. "The reefs were close in with, my eye! what a surf! The pilot thought we were gone, and the captain had a boat cleared, when a lucky squall came to our rescue. My wife, hearing the order given about the boats, remarked to my mother, 'Is n't that nice? We shall soon be ashore!' Thus does the female mind unconsciously skirt along the verge of eternity." And thus, be it added, does the artistic masculine mind turn even the face of death itself "to favor and to prettiness."

By this time Stevenson had almost settled it with himself that he should never again leave the sea. "My poor grandfather, it is from him that I inherit the taste, I fancy, and he was round many islands in his day; but I, please God, shall beat him at that before the recall is sounded. . . . Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney-stacks and telegraph wires." One feels like saying again, What a blessing it was for the world that a man so perennially boyish, so endowed with the capacity for enjoyment, so conscious of his life, so incurably in love with the romantic side of things, was also the master of a style and an industrious lover of the art of writing!

His remark, quoted above, about the "plenty of sailors to talk to" suggests another thing: his exceeding fondness

for rubbing elbows with what are called, inappropriately enough, common people, — people who have lived free from the leveling, uniformity-producing, character-dulling influences of too many books and an excess of social sophistication. This, too, was a real fairy's gift to a man destined for literature. "He was of a conversible temper" (he is speaking of himself in his youth), "and insatiably curious in the aspects of life." Like Will o' the Mill, "he had a taste for other people, and other people had a taste for him." As we read of his journeyings hither and thither, and the friends he made almost as often as he opened his mouth, we are reminded of what David Balfour's father said of his offspring: "He is a steady lad and a canny goer; and I doubt not he will come safe, and be well liked where he goes." Perhaps it was from his own experience that Stevenson was writing when he said that a boy might learn in his truant hours "to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men."

Stevenson's books, the narratives of travel and the essays not less than the novels, — perhaps even more, — are galleries of portraits. Wherever he went he found men: not caricatures, mere burlesques and oddities, useful materials for print, creatures of a single crying peculiarity, so easily drawn and, for one reading, so "effective;" nor lay figures simply, wire frames (literature is populated with them) on which to hang "the trappings of composition;" but breathing men, full, like the rest of us, of complexity and paradox, nobly designed, perhaps, but — still like the rest of us — more or less spoiled in the making; men who had known, each for himself, the war in the members (happy for them if they knew it still!), and had drunk every one of the mingled cup of tragedy and comedy. He loved the sight of them; their talk, wise or foolish, was music to his ears; and the queerest and

ugliest of them, under his capable and affectionate hand, wear something of a human grace upon the canvas.

It is a great gallery. Who that has ever walked there will forget the old soldier turned beggar, the borrower of poets' books? — "the wreck of an athletic man, tall, gaunt, and bronzed; far gone in consumption, with that disquieting smile of the mortally stricken in his face; but still active afoot, still with the brisk military carriage, the ready military salute." We can see him, "striding forward uphill, his staff now clapped to the ribs of his deep, resonant chest, now swinging in the air with the remembered jauntiness of the private soldier; and all the while his toes looking out of his boots, and his shirt looking out of his elbows, and death looking out of his smile, and his big, crazy frame shaken by accessions of cough." His honest head may have been "very nearly empty, his intellect like a child's," but he loved the unexpected words and the moving cadence of good verse. We know his talk; a little more, and we should hear it: "Keats, — John Keats, sir, — he was a very fine poet."

A book like *The Amateur Emigrant* is full of such sketches, every one of them done from life, and hit off with a perfection that might well render it and the volume, as foolish mortals say, "immortal." It would be long to enumerate them, though it is a short book. There is Jones the Welshman, for example, — "my excellent friend Mr. Jones," owner and dispenser of the Golden Oil; "hovering round inventions like a bee over a flower, and living in a dream of patents." He had been rich, and now was poor, but, like all dabblers in patents, he had a nature that looked forward. "If the sky were to fall to-morrow, I should look to see Jones, the day following, perched on a step-ladder and getting things to rights." What *we* should have cared most to see was Mr. Jones and Mr. Stevenson walking the deck by the hour

and dissecting their neighbors; for Jones was first of all a student of character. "Whenever a quaint or human trait slipped out in conversation, you might have seen Jones and me exchanging glances; and we could hardly go to bed in comfort till we had exchanged notes and discussed the day's experience. We were then like a couple of anglers comparing a day's kill." And there is the fiddler, "carrying happiness about with him in his fiddle-case," a "white-faced Orpheus cheerily playing to an audience of white-faced women," with his fiery bit of a brother, who "made a god of the fiddler," and was determined that everybody else should do the same; and Mackay, the cynic and debater, who professed to believe in nothing but what had to do with food ("that's the bottom and the top"), but who once grew so eager in maintaining this noble thesis that he slipped the meal hour, and was compelled, with a smile of shamefacedness, to go without his tea; and Barney the Irishman, the universal favorite, so natural and happy, with his "tight little figure, unquenchable gayety, and indefatigable good will," who could sing most acceptably and play all manner of innocent pranks, but whose "drab clothes were immediately missing from the group" when, after the ladies had retired, some one struck up an indecent song; and the sick man (poor soul), who thought it was by with him, and who had a good house at home, and "no call to be here;" and the two stowaways, so fond of each other, yet so strikingly contrasted, — one so ready to work for his passage, the other "a skulker in the grain," and like the devil himself for lying.

And besides these there are numbers more nearly or quite as telling; but they must be let pass, though it is pleasant to pick good things out of a book that, comparatively speaking, seems to have been little made of, either by the author or by his admirers. To one of these, at least, *The Amateur Emigrant* seems,

not one of Stevenson's greatest books, indeed, but certainly one of the most enjoyable, say on the sixth or eighth reading.

It is a point of grace with any writer, and a very *sine qua non* with the essayist, that he should be able to speak often of himself without offense, as Montaigne and Lamb did, to mention two shining and incontestable examples. And the trick (though it is not a trick, but an admirable quality, and almost as far as honesty from being common) is none of your easy ones. To begin with, the venturer on such an experiment must be interested in himself, which is by no means an ordinary happening. Most men, we may say, count for nullities under this head; they recognize their outward presentments in the glass, no doubt, and are letter-perfect with their names and occupations; but for a knowledge of their inner selves, the story of their real lives, the "wonderful pageant of consciousness," one might almost as well interrogate the lamp-post on the next corner. They have never kept company with their own thoughts, nor been in the least degree inquisitive about them. Life, as they live it, is a matter of externals, of eating and drinking and being clothed, of getting and spending more or less money, of being amused, of movings up or down on a social ladder. As for their past, the past of themselves, — which with another man is his dearest possession, — it is mainly as if it had never been. They must have had a boy's dreams once, one would think, but that was long, long ago, and the dreamer is dead, and the dreams with him.

But if a man is to tell the world about himself, and charm it into attention, he must not only be in love with his subject; he must have a natural frankness, an unaffected and almost unconscious delight in self-revelation, — tempered by a decent sense of personal privacy, — such as infallibly commends itself and makes its way, the listener cannot tell how. In

other words, and in a good sense, the man must be still a boy, endowed with a boy's winning attributes, and entitled, therefore, to something of a boy's privilege. And with all the rest, and most important, he must be favored with the gracious quality of humor. Of all talk whatsoever, talk about one's self must not be too serious. No man (or none but a great poet) can safely indulge in it unless it is natural for him to see the funny side of his own foibles, and at the right minute to make his point at his own expense. All of which is perhaps no more than to say that the writer in the first person must be a man of taste, knowing (a wisdom which nobody under the sun can teach him) what to say and what not to say, and, chiefest of all, how and when to say it.

Stevenson did not talk of himself so freely as Montaigne nor (the present scribe being judge) so adorably as Lamb, — Nature herself is little likely to hit the white centre of perfection twice, and we shall perhaps see another Shakespeare as soon as another Lamb; but few have loved a personal theme better, and in the handling of it there were none among the living to surpass him. He had every qualification for the work. A pity he died at forty-four, — a pity in every aspect of the case, but especially when it is considered what treasures of youthful reminiscence he would have left behind him had he lived even to the approaches of old age. Such a devotee of his own past should have been spared to see it through a bluer haze. Yet even in middle life how fair it looked to him, and how lovingly he laid its colors as he transferred the picture to the page! Hear him speak of his grandfather, in a passage no better than is common with him, and dealing with nothing out of the ordinary: —

"Now I often wonder what I have inherited from this old minister. I must suppose, indeed, that he was fond of preaching sermons, and so am I, though

I never heard it maintained that either of us loved to hear them. He sought health in his youth in the Isle of Wight, and I have sought it in both hemispheres; but whereas he found and kept it, I am still on the quest. He was a great lover of Shakespeare, whom he read aloud, I have been told, with taste; well, I love my Shakespeare, also, and am persuaded I can read him well, though I own I never have been told so. He made embroidery, designing his own patterns; and in that kind of work I never made anything but a kettle-holder in Berlin wool, and an odd garter of knitting, which was as black as the chimney before I had done with it. He loved port, and nuts, and porter; and so do I, but they agreed better with my grandfather, which seems to me a breach of contract. He had chalkstones in his fingers; and these in good time I may inherit, but I would much rather have inherited his noble presence. Try as I please, I cannot join myself on with the reverend doctor; and all the while, no doubt, and even as I write the phrase, he moves in my blood, and whispers words to me, and sits efficient in the very knot and centre of my being."

A man could talk of himself in that strain for all day and all night, and nobody would vote him tiresome or blame him for an egotist. Yes, a misfortune it was that he could not have lived to write a dozen books full of essays like *The Manse*, *Old Mortality*, *Memoirs of an Islet*, and especially *A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's*. So appreciative a reader and so entertaining a talker could never have wearied us with gossip of his favorite books, "the inner circle of his intimates;" and the more first-personal and confidential he became, the better we should have liked it.

Well, since we cannot have the finished essays, we will be the more thankful for the letters. How good they are! — so varied, so spontaneous, so free-spoken, so humanly wise and so deli-

ciously nonsensical; now bubbling over with jest, now touching the deepest springs of thought and action; fit expression of a man who was himself both Ariel and Prospero; "an old, stern, unhappy devil of a Norseman," with "always some childishness on hand;" the "grandson of the Manse," who would rise from the grave to preach, and has "scarce broken a commandment to mention," yet owning it as his darling wish to be a pirate. Whim and opinion, settled conviction and passing mood, alike find utterance in them; and best of all, perhaps, many of them are most engagingly rich in matter connected with his own pursuit. A selection of these in a handy volume (why must letters always be put up in a form too cumbersome for lovers' convenience, as if they, more than other books, were expected to stand forever upon a shelf?) would go far to supply the place of that treatise on *The Art of Literature* which their author spoke so frequently of making.

Here would be found a letter to Mr. Marcel Schwob, a letter one page long, but weighty with the subtlest and pithiest criticism, not of Mr. Schwob's writings alone (that might not seem so very important), but of writing in general, and in particular of Stevenson's. For it is impossible to read it without perceiving that the critic is passing judgment (no unkind one) upon his own early books of sentimental travel. His correspondent has sent him a volume of verses. He has read it through twice, and is reading it again, — a handsome compliment, to start with. It is essentially graceful, he says, but is a thing of promise rather than a thing final in itself. "You have yet to give to us — and I am expecting it with impatience — something of a larger gait; something daylit, not twilit; something with the colors of life, not the flat tints of a temple illumination; something that shall be *said* with all the clearnesses and the trivialities of speech, not *sung* like a semi-artic-

ulate lullaby. It will not please yourself as well, but it will please others better. It will be more of a whole, more worldly, more nourished, more commonplace — and not so pretty, perhaps not even so beautiful. No man knows better than I that, as we go on in life, we must part from prettiness and the graces. We but attain qualities to lose them; life is a series of farewells, even in art; even our proficiencies are deciduous and evanescent. So here with these exquisite pieces, . . . you will perhaps never excel them. . . . Well, you will do something else, and of that I am in expectation."

Happy poet! to be caressed so affectionately and lanced so beneficently with one stroke of the master's hand; and happy critic, no less! having sentences of this quality to drop without a second thought, like small change from the hand of wealth, into the oblivion of private correspondence.

In truth, Stevenson could afford to be generous; he had always good things enough and to spare. His was a mind incessantly active. He was always covering paper. If only disease would leave him strength enough to hold the pen, he could be trusted to keep it going. Ideas thronged upon him; books by the dozen, one may almost say, stood waiting for him to make them. The more wonder that, with all this excess of fertility, he could yet rewrite and rewrite, and then write again, still on the search for perfection. Surely the artist was strong in him.

His fame was of slow growth, surprising as the fact seems now, till he wrote novels. These, as all the world knows, since all the world reads them, are nothing like the ordinary modern novel of carpet knights and pairs of happy or unhappy lovers. They are romances in the heroic vein, spun mostly of a single thread, with no lack of high lights, plenty of blood-letting, a good spice of humor, dialogue that is closely pared and talks of itself, character dis-

played in action, not dissected, and movement to delight the lover of a story.

The lode was struck, almost by accident, when Stevenson's schoolboy stepson, backed by another "schoolboy in disguise," — namely, Stevenson's father, — begged him to "write something interesting." The response to this eminently reasonable request was *Treasure Island*, which not only filled the schoolboys' bill, but captivated so stout-hearted a disbeliever in things romantic as Mr. Henry James. As it was this story that introduced its author to a wider public, he used to speak of it (possibly with a shade of irony, though that does not certainly appear) as his first book.

It may be that the gift of romance was the highest of his endowments. Some, at least, have thought so, and have reckoned the novels as not only the most popular, but the greatest of his works. As to the choice among them, the question of their comparative excellence among themselves, that is a matter not under discussion here, the writer of the present paper having no sort of competency for dealing with it. His own special delight is in *David Balfour* (the two parts) and *Treasure Island*. These he hopes to read — now and then a chapter, if no more — as long as he reads anything. He likes the men, — and the women, — and he likes the talk. Mr. James's comment upon *Treasure Island*, that one seems to be reading it over a schoolboy's shoulder, strikes him as extremely ingenious and pretty, but he is conscious of nothing of that nature himself. He reads it, if he may be allowed to say so, on his own hook, and for the time being is himself the schoolboy, — which may or may not be the better fun. He likes the story and the pictures, — for every chapter is a picture, — and he likes the writing.

Concerning this last point, so often discussed, what shall be said? As Stevenson's nature was complex and his themes varied, so he wrote in many keys. His

prose was never "far from variation and quick change." When he put pen to any work, — essay, travel sketch, tragedy or comedy, — the first thing was to strike "the essential note." He would not begin a funeral march in A major, nor a sailor's hornpipe in C minor; a requiem for the friend of his youth was one thing, and a description of his fellow passengers in the steerage was another: and, strange to tell, here and there a wise critic, wise above what is written, has discovered in this change of key proof of a want of originality. "Behold," he cries, "the man has no style of his own; to-day he writes in one manner, and to-morrow in another." The same sharp-eyed reviewers are certain to be troubled because Stevenson talks freely of style, openly professing to have cultivated one, — to have cared not only for what he said, but almost or quite as much for the way in which he said it. "How can a man be concerned with the niceties of expression, and yet be true to himself?" they seem ready to ask. A question to which, it must be admitted, there is no answer, or none worth the offering to any who need to ask for it.

To be greatly occupied with matters of form is doubtless to subject one's self to peril. Careful writing may easily become mannered (as careless writing also may, and with less excuse); but what then? Danger is the common lot. An author, not less than other men, must face it, whether he will or no. He may choose between one set of pitfalls and another, but he will find no path without them. As for the risk of mannerism, Stevenson escaped it substantially unharmed. Compared with some of the more famous of his style-loving contemporaries, he may be said to have come off without a scratch. Whether his style is better or worse than theirs (and touching a point so delicate an unprofessional critic may prudently reserve his opinion) is a different matter; at least, it is less tagged with peculiarity. It was

formed, as style should be, by the study of many models, not of one; and it has many virtues, including in good measure one of the highest, rarest, and most elusive, the quality of pleasurableness, or charm, — a quality not to be acquired by labor nor to be exactly defined; a something added to a thing already complete, like the bloom on the grape or the perfume of the rose.

If the style has failings, also; if one feels now and then, in the more closely wrought of the essays especially, a certain excess of precision, a seeming hardness of outline, a lack, shall we say, of flexibility; if, after a time, one experiences a sensation as of walking in too continuously strong a light, with the sun, as it were, standing still at high noon; if one misses those momentary glimpses of invisible truth, those hints and adumbrations of things beyond the writer's and the reader's ken (a feeling as if twilight were coming on, and shadows were falling across the page), those touches of distance and mystery which make the peculiar attractiveness of another order of writing; if this, and perhaps more than this (an occasional want of absolute success in the use of the file; a failure, that is to say, to leave the phrase looking only the more unstudied for the labor bestowed upon it), — if things like these are felt at times by the sensitive reader, what does it all signify but that, in the perception and expression of truth as in the making of moral character, one excellence of necessity excludes or dwarfs another, and perfection is still to seek? As the French martyr said ("a dread confession," Stevenson called it, in one of his moods), "Prose is never done."

The estimate which the author himself placed upon his style (though this is a point of little consequence) seems not to have been exalted. He had his gift, he knew, and had done his best to improve it; but other men had greater ones. He was an enthusiastic reader, and while still fresh from the enjoyment

of *A Window in Thrums* he wrote to Mr. Barrie: "There are two of us now [two Scotchmen] that the Shirra might have patted on the head. And please do not think, when I seem thus to bracket myself with you, that I am wholly blinded with vanity. Jess is beyond my frontier line; I could not touch her skirt; I have no such glamour of twilight on my pen. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius. Take care of yourself for my sake."

A handsome thing for a man to write, and a pleasant thing for his lovers to remember, but, as we say, not to be interpreted too strictly, as if it settled anything. The more considerable a man's gifts, the more likely he is to speak disparagingly of them. To take his own word for it, Stevenson was a poor letter-writer, "essentially and originally incapable." So he assures one of his correspondents; and then, the mood coming on him, he proceeds to fill page after page with the very scintillations of epistolary genius, — compliment, gossip, humor, brilliant description, verbal felicities, sweetness of personal feeling, everything, in short, that goes to the making of a perfect letter. No doubt he smiled at the incongruity of the thing as he folded the sheet (for no doubt he knew he had done well), but what shall we conclude as to the value of an honest author's depreciatory judgment of his own work? If it is not a proverb, it ought to be, that self-dispraise goes little ways.

The welcome of Stevenson to his younger Scotch contemporary was characteristic of the man. In all his letters there is not a glimmer of professional jealousy nor a word of belittling criticism. With all his boyishness, — partly because of it, it might be truer to say, — he had a manly heart. Generosity and courage were matters of course with him, native to the blood. In his novels there is plenty — some would say a superfluity — of battle, murder, and sudden

death; Cut and Thrust were two of his favorite heroes; he loved the breath of danger, and when, for the first and last time, he saw armed men taking the field, "the old aboriginal awoke" in him, and he sniffed the air like a war horse; he could be stern as the Judgment Day itself against injustice and cruelty; in such a cause he would break a lance, though all the world should call him, what he was once overheard to call himself, another Don Quixote; but withal, few men were ever more tender-hearted. At twenty-one, as he told the story more than twenty years afterward, he enjoyed a great day of fishing; the trout so many and so hungry that in his eagerness he forgot to kill them one by one as he took them from the water. In the small hours of the night his conscience smote him; he saw the fishes "still kicking in their agony;" and he never fished again. Whoever was in distress was sure not only of his sympathy, but of his hand and purse. He would walk the streets of a city half the night with a lost child in his arms, invalid though he was; and when he comes to clear the land of his new South Sea domain, he wonders whether any one else ever felt toward Nature just as he does. He pities the vines and grasses that he uproots: "their struggles go to my heart like supplications." Since his death, says his biographer¹ (of whose capacity and taste it seems a shame to speak only in a parenthesis), the native chiefs — "gentle barbarians," truly — have forbidden the use of fire-arms on the hillside where he is buried, "that the birds may live there undisturbed."

Stevenson believed in the supremacy of the soul. Many years he lived face to face with death, and to the last his testimony was that he found his life good.

¹ *The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.* By GRAHAM BALFOUR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

To a critic who thought him too little appreciative of the darker side of things he wrote: "If you have had trials, sickness, the approach of death, the alienation of friends, poverty at the heels, and have not felt your soul turn round upon these things and spurn them under, you must be very differently made from me, and I earnestly believe from the majority of men." Such was his brave confession; and his life, from all we see of it, was in full accordance with his faith. We may say of him what Lowell said of Chaucer: he was "so truly pious that he could be happy in the best world that God chose to make."

Toward the last, it is true, he fell into a state of depression, and for a time was alarmingly unlike his old self. His power of work seemed to be gone, and the "complicated miseries" that surrounded him weighed upon his spirits. Even then, however, he protested his belief in "an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it!" This was his natural religion, which the early loss of his ancestral creed — that "damnatory creed" with which his childhood was "pestered almost to madness" — had only deepened and irradiated. And the dark and sterile mood was no more than a mood, after all. Soon he was writing again, more successfully than ever. And then, with everything bright before him, his powers working at their easiest and best, his prayer for "courage, gayety, and the quiet mind" fully answered, all at once the end came. The brief candle, that so often had flickered and burned low, was suddenly blown out. He had gone round more islands than his lighthouse-building grandfather, as it amused him once to boast, and now, like his grandfather, he had reached "the end of all his cruising."

"Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Bradford Torrey.

DIVINATION BY STATISTICS.

It is fairly obvious that the study of statistics is not exactly what would be termed a popular pastime. Mr. Eugene Richard White, in his telling article in the December *Atlantic*, protests that they stand foremost among our modern plagues. Librarians do not discover any extensive demand for statistical literature. Sir John Lubbock, if I remember rightly, found no place for a single volume of figures in his hundred best books; and in that flood of articles on *Books That Have Helped Me*, by authors great and authors small, the same significant silence seemed to be maintained. There were some very curious books that had apparently proved helpful to certain persons, but there was unbroken testimony of a negative kind that nobody had ever been helped by a blue book. To say of anything, "As dry as statistics," is at once to consign it to the nethermost Limbo of Aridity. Such is the verdict upon the finished statistical product. As for the methods employed in constructing such tables, — weighted averages, index numbers, or curves of error, — these, to the wayfarer, are hidden and ingenious refinements of cruelty, to be avoided at all hazards, or at least forgotten with a shudder and a prayer.

This aversion to statistics is doubtless founded in part in sheer mental laziness, or what is more decorously termed the economy of mental effort. The comprehension of statistics puts a heavier strain than common on our attention, and from our earliest experience with the multiplication table we are predisposed, like high Heaven, to reject

"the lore

Of nicely-calculated less or more."

Were this, however, the only grievance cherished against statistics, the case would be bad enough in all conscience ;

but there is a graver one in reserve. They have the reputation not only of palling on the spirit, but of commonly misleading the judgment. The former could issue in nothing worse than neglect, but doubt as to their veracity results in downright skepticism regarding them. One might reasonably toil after an exacting guide, if only the promised mountain prospect were assured ; but who is going to climb when the reward is a crevasse, or at best a mirage ? So it comes about that the statistical argument is frequently powerless against the popular adage that "anything can be proved by statistics."

If this extreme view of the matter seem to be unduly disparaging to a scientific method of inquiry, and to argue small discrimination on the part of its critics, it is encouraging to remember that the ordinary run of men, by their actions, give the lie to their avowed distrust of all statistical induction. The veriest skeptic in this domain loses little sleep over his insurance policy, I suppose, provided only he has met his premium payments ; and insurance of all kinds rests obviously, in the last resort, on the reliability of statistics. Blind unbelief in their trustworthiness is "sure to err," and the sweeping condemnation we sometimes hear visited upon them, like the Psalmist's unsparing impeachment of human veracity, is likely to be the result of haste.

This is very far from denying that much of the skepticism felt toward statistical conclusions has been amply justified. Indeed, it is just this perversion of statistics that I desire to trace. But it is only fair to set in the forefront a grateful recognition of their exceeding great services in a hundred fields of scientific endeavor. Apart from all particular uses they subserve, they have con-

tributed to the mental furniture of this generation a certain definiteness of apprehension of which, very likely, we are for the most part unconscious. It becomes apparent, however, when we reflect that two hundred years ago, for example, it was not only impossible to say numerically what the population of England was, but even to know whether it was growing or falling off. The high mortality in years of epidemic had given color to the notion that the population was diminishing, and there were not wanting alarmists who seriously proposed polygamy as a temporary expedient to remedy the imagined danger. The absence of statistical data explains the appearance of such tracts as *Britannia Linguens* (1680), all voicing the complaint of England's industrial decay. Nor were the mouths of these prophets of evil effectually stopped until Sir William Petty put forth his *Political Arithmetic*, grounded largely on statistical calculations. But even then the closest approximation to exact knowledge of these matters was the estimate of the expert, based on chance scraps of fact such as the records of baptisms or burials. Even so recently as a century ago the population of every state in Europe was mainly a matter of conjecture. As for any accurate knowledge of the distribution of population according to age, sex, race, occupation, or of such matters as the growth of population, the movement of prices, of trade, of wages, — this was simply *terra incognita*.

It goes without saying that to-day the man of average intelligence, while he may not be versed in the figures or averages of the last census, has in his mental make-up a numerical framework, more or less exact, in which, unconsciously, the main facts of political and economic geography comfortably pigeonhole themselves. The pedant and the precocious schoolboy often rudely flutter these statistical dovecoats; but while we may find difficulty in keeping them in repair,

we are most of us agreed that it is impossible to dispense with them altogether. If at times we are tempted to complain of the mutability and uncertainty of our statistical knowledge, we must needs cease complaining when we survey the unirradiated mist of ignorance which cloaked our great-grandfathers' vision of things statistical.

The *odium anti-statisticum* of which mention has already been made is generally explained by statisticians upon grounds much too narrow. Sometimes, it is true, erroneous deductions have been made, upon the basis of inexact or fragmentary data. Sometimes, from reliable data erroneous conclusions have been drawn. Both errors account for some part of the widespread distrust of statistics. But this distrust must in part be traced to two other sources: first, to the towering interpretations which have been foisted upon statistics: and second, to the persistent and commonly unfruitful use of statistics in approaching questions not to be solved with their aid. It is these last two sources of unbelief with which, in this paper, we shall be concerned.

Gottfried Achenwall (1719–72), the so-called father of statistics, although his title rests largely upon his invention, or rather his domestication, of the word *Statistik*, is, fortunately, not chargeable with either of these errors. He was satisfied with a comparatively modest view of the function of statistics. In his lectures at Marburg and Göttingen he employed statistics simply to define more sharply the outline sketches he gave of the political and industrial geography of Europe. He was a sort of political Bædeker, not content with a mere qualitative description of realms and peoples, but conscientiously bent upon recounting their exact numbers, their military strength, and their precise industrial vocations. In his simple conception of the matter there appears that amusing, half-pedantic German *Gründlichkeit* which

is still so strong among their university traditions. I remember an American student who lately took his degree in a German university, and who grumbled over the way in which the acceptance of his really able thesis was postponed time and again until it was supplemented with the most recent census figures. Said he to me in some indignation, "Why, old Teufelsdröckh wouldn't accept a copy of the New Testament itself unless it was *ergänzt* with the latest statistics."

But while Achenwall's narrow conception of statistics was a perfectly safe one, it would never have proved very fertile. It is owing to a contemporary of his, a Prussian military chaplain named Süßmilch (1707-67), that statistics became the exponent of the numerical laws of population. But this result of his studies, though of cardinal importance for statistics itself, was by no means the immediate object of his quest. In 1743 he published a book entitled *Reflections upon the providential Ordering of the numerical Variations of the human Species, proved by its birth, death and marriage Rate*. This work is said to have been used as a required textbook in Austrian universities until 1846. As the title would suggest, it is as though Butler had written an arithmetical Analogy, or Paley a volume of mathematical Evidences of Christianity. It is withal uncommonly ingenious in places. Thus, that to every twenty-one sons born there are born on the average twenty daughters, whereas at the marriageable age the two sexes, owing to the greater mortality among males, are numerically equal, is for Süßmilch a corroboration of the divine origin of monogamy. The exceedingly small excess of men over women had been cited long before in England by Captain John Graunt, in his *Observations upon Bills of Mortality*, as a certain indication of the divine disapproval of current "irreligious *Proposals* of some, to multiply people, by Polygamy," though the worthy captain is

rather graveled to explain why the same numerical equality of male and female does not bespeak the divine disapproval of polygamy among "*Foxes, Wolves and other Vermin Animals*." The outcome of Süßmilch's work, however, was to cast into the public mind the idea that movements of population are subject to law, and predictable with great exactitude. From this fountain there issued forth water both sweet and bitter. There was given a great impetus to the study of social aggregates, but the attempt to "justify the ways of God to men" statistically was gradually discarded. Like other specific arguments from design, it withered under the breath of the *Zeitgeist*; and though for a time tolerated as a pious fraud, it was finally repudiated as a pompous failure. In less than a century thereafter the pendulum had taken a long swing to the farthest point in the opposite direction, and statistics had been made to yield a seeming support to a materialistic as well as fatalistic interpretation of history and society. The scent of this paradox hangs around statistics to this day, and accounts for much of the distrust which many people entertain for statistics generally. Its rise and progress, therefore, are matters of some moment.

The ferment of the French Revolution was congenial to a materialistic conception of history. Condorcet, in his *Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain* (1794), had declared that general laws, regular and constant, govern the development of the intellectual and moral faculties no less than the phenomena of the physical universe. Even Kant, some ten years earlier, in his proposal for a cosmo-political history, had declared, notwithstanding his metaphysical reservations in favor of volitional freedom, that human actions are as completely under the control of universal laws of nature as any physical or chemical occurrence. It remained for Quetelet (1796-1874), the versatile

Belgian statistician, to deck out these abstract doctrines in an attractive literary garb, and lend them the seeming sanction of statistical evidence to make the new conception common property. In 1836 Quetelet published his treatise *Sur l'Homme et le Développement des Facultés*. It consisted of two distinct parts. The first contained tabulated and averaged statements of the growth of the physical and moral qualities of the average man, while part second gave Quetelet's version of the nature of society itself. It is only fair to say that Quetelet believed in the possibility of social betterment, and was far from looking on society as a wooden automaton that may be studied, but not altered or stopped. But in his anxiety to make out a strong case for the regular recurrence of social phenomena, he uses expressions which suggest the fatalistic view of society; and, unfortunately, these expressions are charged with a tenacious vitality, — hard to forget, easy to misread, and, if we may judge by the example of two eminent English historians, worthy of all adaptation. In speaking of the almost unchanging number of criminal offenses committed yearly, Quetelet remarks: "A tribute which man pays with more regularity than that which he owes to nature or to the public treasury is that which he pays to crime. *Triste condition de l'espèce humaine!*" And again: "Experience demonstrates that it is society which prepares the crime, and that the offender is only the instrument which executes it. It follows that the unfortunate wretch who mounts the scaffold or who dies in prison is, in a certain measure, a propitiatory victim of society. His crime is the fruit of the circumstances in which he is placed."

This view of human society as the matrix of the criminal and the genius has had an overpowering attraction for some thinkers, from Buckle to Lombroso. The former, it will be remembered, made it the foundation of his exact science

of history, and avowed that statistics, "though still in its infancy, has already thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together." And Mr. Lecky, an historian of vastly more penetration than Buckle, and who would dissent most radically from a fatalistic philosophy of life, has also scorched his wings at Quetelet's candle. Referring to the necessity as well as the extreme difficulty of maintaining the domestic hearth inviolate, he tells us, in perhaps the most eloquent passage he ever penned, that "under these circumstances there has arisen in society a figure which is certainly the most mournful, and in some respects the most awful, upon which the eye of the moralist can dwell. . . . Herself the supreme type of vice, she is ultimately the most efficient guardian of virtue. . . . On that one degraded and ignoble form are concentrated the passions that might have filled the world with shame. She remains, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people."

One would expect this doctrine of the "*not ourselves*" which makes for iniquity" to be a very popular philosophy of life in Rogues' Alley, but, singularly enough, the lowly beneficiaries of the system, to do them justice, have seldom manifested any interest or belief in it. Only the more accomplished of their order, like Becky Sharp, have given it their unqualified adhesion. Unfortunately, too, for Buckle and the fatalists, the logicians and the statisticians of today repudiate totally the idea that the numerical uniformity of man's actions in the mass makes it even remotely probable that natural law exerts any compulsion or any limitation on the free decision of the will. Constant ratios in social aggregates are statistically established, it is true; but it is just as legitimate to argue that the constant antecedents are free wills — some acting constantly in one way, some in another

— as to assume that natural law, with her scorpion whip, coerces a fixed number in one direction, and the remainder in another. The freedom of the will will probably puzzle philosophers in the future as in the past, but many persons will continue to indulge in this delightful illusion until some better argument can be adduced against it than the constant ratios of unaddressed letters or forgotten umbrellas.

It might be supposed that the failure of these two ambitious attempts to found far-reaching speculative systems upon statistical grounds would have impressed upon later adventurers in the field a spirit of caution. Süßmilch's apologetics had long ago been rejected, and Buckle's fatalism, much more recently, but with equal certainty, had been discarded. But while scientific statisticians long ago realized the limitations of their instrument of inquiry, there have never been lacking sanguine empirics who have thought to distill from their statistical alembics a charm which has eluded all other kinds of scientific alchemy. It is, of course, impossible to lay down in advance the precise limits within which statistics may yield valuable results. Their employment in insurance of all kinds, in financial and administrative problems, in astronomy, meteorology, medicine, and even in the more recent investigation of problems of biological evolution precludes us from rashly delimiting *a priori* the bounds of their fruitful application. But there is practical unanimity as to the *kind of problem* which invites this method of approach.

Where the object studied is absolutely unique, there is no play for statistics. One must certainly be mad who would seek to formulate an æsthetic appreciation of the Venus of Milo by applying to the marble the Bertillon system of measurements. So, too, when the object investigated is known to be a virtual replica of thousands of others in the same class, there is no room for statistics. The num-

ber and quality of the nerves or muscles in the human anatomy, for example, may be discovered by the dissection of a single normal subject. Again, where the artificial manipulation of conditions is possible, there is no call for the statistician. Thus, in physics, where the introduction of a single new condition, such as raising the temperature, is possible, the effect of this single change can be gauged by one experiment as certainly as by a thousand. To use statistics in any of these inquiries is simply to make the quest for knowledge harder than it was ever intended to be. It is only where the object studied is not *sui generis*, where experiment is impossible, and where the thing sought is inextricably bundled up with a thousand diverse and changing elements not to be separately measured or eliminated, that recourse must be had to the statistical method. If, for example, in any large population, we desire to know the average age of marriage, or the tendency to migrate, or the extent of illiteracy, it is hopeless to go about, with or without a lantern, seeking for the abstraction known as the average man. Buttonhole the first man you meet, and you may get a confirmed bachelor, one who has never wandered beyond the limits of his own parish, and who, for aught you can tell beforehand, may be either an illiterate or an adept in Sanskrit. There would evidently be little use in questioning such a one. But ply a large number of persons with questions, and certain approximate answers to your inquiries emerge, — true, perhaps, of no single individual in the population, and yet sufficient to indicate with precision the tendencies operative in the aggregate. Now, while the statistical method, *faute de mieux*, must be applied to problems of this kind, we have no certainty or guarantee beforehand that it will yield us in any given case even an adumbration of the truth: and this is especially marked in cases where the elements are very complex and very unstable. It is to the

neglect of these truths that we must trace many of the foolish attempts of investigators to utilize statistics. To the same source we must trace much of the common-sense contempt for statistics generally.

There is a certain class of problems whose external aspects may possibly yield to statistical tabulation, but which in the last resort must be "spiritually discerned," and which cannot, like Diana, be surprised in naked essence by the statistical Actæon. To this class of problems belong particularly certain questions in literary analysis, psychology, and pedagogy. Unfortunately, this very tract seems to be the chosen thoroughfare in which the statistical fakir loves to hawk his wares.

Take, for instance, the application of statistical methods to problems of a literary character. Quetelet himself affords one of the earliest examples. In order to illustrate what he terms "the growth of intelligence" in one of its phases, he makes an international study of the evolution of the drama. He confines his selection of plays to the French dramas given in Picard, and the English dramas contained in Bell's British Theatre. The latter, it is interesting to observe parenthetically, contains none of Shakespeare's works. In parallel columns, he draws up the number of dramas and the corresponding ages of the playwrights at the time their products were first staged. No qualitative distinction is made in regard to the English dramas, — *Comus* and *The Orphan of China*, by one Murphy, counting alike in the comparison. The reflective analysis of the figures reveals *arcana* which had been kept secret from the foundation of the world. First, neither in the English nor in the French dramatist does dramatic talent begin to develop until after twenty-five years of age! Second, between thirty and thirty-five it manifests itself energetically! Third, it continues to flourish until toward fifty-five! We also

discover that the talent for writing comedy develops later than that for writing tragedy! One naturally feels, after reading such trivialities, like the old gentleman in *Pickwick*, who learned the alphabet when eighty years of age, and went no further, doubting "vether it was vorth so much to get so little."

One would suppose that this fatuous attempt would have been sufficient to deter other serious students of literature from using the same method. The fact is far otherwise. A text in English literature which appeared in 1892 states in the preface that the "work is based throughout upon abundant statistics and other data, soon to be published, concerning the development of form in prose and poetry, both in English and out of it." Among its contents are to be found the variations in the length of Macaulay's sentences plotted graphically. Here too a statistical study of various authors demonstrates that in 500 periods of Sordello the percentage of simple sentences is 25, and the average number of "predications" and "clauses saved" is 3.62 and 11.54 respectively.

Another recent instance of this mechanical application of statistical measurements to literary products appears in the American Journal of Psychology for April, 1901. Two ingenious gentlemen publish therein their *Studies of Rhythm and Meter*. Their avowed purpose in undertaking this experimental study of certain selected rhymes was "to secure some objective record of rhythms as they actually occur in spoken verse." In order to secure absolute objectivity, one of them first made a "census of nursery rhymes." A large number of presumably complaisant people were requested to set down at random the first ten nursery rhymes that happened to come to mind. Those returned most frequently on the lists, such as *Old King Cole* and *Diddle, Diddle, Dumpling*, were selected for rhythmical investigation. Inspection disclosed the fact that

four fifths of the rhymes could be grouped under three distinct "patterns." The typical character of these metrical "patterns" was confirmed by the investigation of a church hymnal. Fully half of the contents of the hymnal, it was found, could be grouped under the same rhythmical rubrics. Each investigator then proceeded to repeat aloud these typical rhymes, and to mark the rhythm both by the tap of his finger and the stress of his voice. The time intervals between finger taps and between vocal stresses were recorded upon an instrument measuring to the hundredths of a second. These intervals were then averaged, and tabulated statistically. The following conclusions were then reached: (1) there was found "a general uniformity in the intervals between stresses," with "a tendency to a quickening in the rate from first to last;" (2) there were found characteristic movements, depending "partly on the distribution of pauses, and partly, perhaps, on this tendency to increase of rate." — "*O trumpety! O morris!*"

Another field in which, so far as I can determine, the results of statistical investigation have been extremely desultory and of very questionable utility is the sociological or psychophysical study of criminals and children. A pamphlet published last year has an appendix containing a Plan for the Study of Man. The proposal is there made that the federal government shall establish a psychophysical laboratory, "to compute, tabulate, and publish the results" of such investigations. To clinch the necessity for such investigations a summary is given, at the close of the pamphlet, of the most "recent results from the study of man." We are indeed warned that most of the thirty-nine conclusions cited, "although based upon a considerable number of cases, can be held only as *tentative*. They are also true only in a general sense, which might mean true in three fourths of the cases and false in one fourth." I trust the following selections,

taken at random, are fair samples of the results attained: —

"Truant boys are inferior in weight, height, and chest girth to boys in general."

"Among U. S. Naval Cadets there is a great preponderance of blonds."

"Visual perceptions are not copies of a physical world, but mainly the result of experience and utility."

"In boys, fear increases from ages 7 to 15, and then declines; in girls from 4 to 18. Girls fear more than boys."

"Great men, though often absent-minded, have strong memories in the lines of their interests."

I submit that the first two theorems, though curious, are apparently of no earthly use; that the third has been known since Bishop Berkeley's time; and that, barring the affectation of mathematical nicety in the fourth, both it and the last have always been apparent to all persons of ordinary powers of observation. A recent report of the Commissioner of Education of the United States contains a somewhat extensive account of Child Study in this country. As humorous literature it is unsurpassed. The compiler of the article, in reply to the criticism *Cui bono?* replies that "the primary object of science has always been *truth for its own sake*." Unfortunately, it is one thing to unearth the true, and another and a very different thing to vociferate the obvious.

The new psychology is another field in which the statistical humbug delights to dig pitfalls. It may seem ungracious to animadvert upon the pseudo-scientific performances of the most injudicious exponents of an embryonic science, but the really solid achievements of the new psychology, such as the localization of mental functions, or the scientific study of mental processes, both normal and pathological, must profit by being severed from the rabble of statistical conjecture which parades under the psychological banner.

To illustrate a common misuse of statistical processes in this field, I shall first cite an article which appeared about a year ago in a popular magazine, and which purported to explain the results obtainable by the use of the kymograph. This instrument, it should be said in passing, is an apparatus which records, by a wavelike line upon a plate, the variations in the contraction and expansion of the chest. It is employed upon various persons, and the tests are "repeated and verified for accurate statistical work." Auto-suggestion is generally employed to affect the emotions of the subject, and the different wave lines produced by the altered breathing under such conditions are held to be tests for surprise, pain, anger, love, vanity, and the like. The variation in the wave forms are pronounced "graphic pictures of laughter, of crying, of sighs, coughing, and of thought processes." Indeed, with the resources of the psychological laboratory, the writer affirms that "the physical senses, mental faculties, and emotions can now be measured. Sight, hearing, touch, smell, taste, imagination, reason, association, fatigue, can now be tested."

The article in question consists of pictures of the various waves obtained by the kymograph, and an accompanying explanation of what the waves, wild or otherwise, are saying. These photographs are labeled, Surprise, Pain, Vanity, and so forth. Sometimes, it appears, the unfortunate individuals subjected to these tests undergo very drastic stimulation, in order that the desired emotion may be induced. Pain, for example, is occasioned "by pricking the subject's neck with a sharp needle." "The subject's thought, when this stimulus, used in the illustration, was given, was, 'Oh, Lord!' showing," as the investigator naively remarks, "a genuine reaction in feeling and thought." The wave supposed to be representative of the emotion of modesty is induced by telling

the subject to imagine that she is repeating the experiment of Godiva, — though this, the learned writer observes, is "a narrow test for modesty, inasmuch as it relates to clothes alone." "Fear is secured by pressing a cold steel tube against the temple, and assuring them it is an electric battery, which will hurt them but little if they do not move." To induce the emotion of vanity, the subject needs only to be given a mirror and requested to look at herself! What is sought in this process of psychic photography is to "obtain definite facts regarding the emotional life of students and criminals." I have quoted the paper at this length simply because of its typical quality. The hopeless pathos of the quest pursued on such lines should protect the investigator from aught but pity.

I shall refer to but one additional illustration of what I conceive to be a singularly futile and a singularly pretentious application of the statistical method in this province. There appeared in 1900, from the pen of Professor Starbuck, of Stanford University, a book entitled *The Psychology of Religion*. The work is well accredited, for Professor William James contributes a preface, in which he pronounces the treatise to be "a weighty addition to the current process of taking account of psychological and sociological stock," and declares that in the book "the statistical method has held its own." Professor James says of the educational inferences deducible from the author's researches that "Christians and Scientists alike must find in them matter for edification and improvement." Perhaps this latter statement is to be taken partitively, the Christians finding therein matter for edification, and the Scientists for improvement; but let us not prejudice the case.

The author of the work in question does not underestimate the importance of his investigation, as may be judged from his opening sentences: "Science

has conquered one field after another, until now it is entering the most complex, the most inaccessible, and, of all, the most sacred domain, — that of religion. The Psychology of Religion has for its work to carry the well-established methods of science into the analysis and organization of the facts of the religious consciousness, and to ascertain the laws which determine its growth and character." "It is an equally important step with that which marked the beginning of experimental psychology that now the whole range of human experience, including its most sacred realm, is thrown open to scientific investigation."

Professor Starbuck secured his data from religious "autobiographies;" that is, from replies to a circular list of questions drawn up by himself. Thus in the first problem attacked — that of religious conversion — the data (apart from the Drew Alumni Records of "776 Male Methodists") consisted of replies from several hundred persons, most of whom were found at two conventions of the W. C. T. U. in California, or among two regiments, one from Iowa and one from Tennessee, temporarily stationed at San Francisco.

By means of statistical tables whose figures are afterward plotted into curves, he ascertains that this religious experience occurs with boys most commonly at the age of seventeen or thereabouts, and with girls most frequently at thirteen, sixteen, or eighteen years of age. The inference is plain even without Professor Starbuck's italics, — "*conversion is a distinctly adolescent phenomenon.*" So, be it observed in passing, is taking one's first interest in politics, or reading one's first novel, or getting one's second teeth, or learning to swim. But our investigator apparently thinks an "adolescent phenomenon" a *rara avis*, and divines a hidden significance in the figures which his tables have disclosed. He remarks that, "since nearly all the respondents were above twenty

years of age at the time of making the record, the probability is the same that a given conversion would fall in any year up to twenty. . . . But the dice seem to be loaded," etc. Now I confess it is hard to work myself up to this dogmatic level. I should have imagined that the chances that conversion would be experienced, say, at five years of age decidedly less than at some subsequent period. I remember to have read of a young lady of five, in Jonathan Edwards's congregation at Northampton, who experienced a change of heart at that early age, and who insisted daily upon several long, uninterrupted periods for her private devotions, but I had always thought of her as a precocious prig. It is pleasant to think that this was a misapprehension. Having determined the age of conversion, Professor Starbuck next demonstrates that it is also the age when the most rapid bodily growth in length and weight takes place. This unsuspected coincidence is established, however, only by neglecting the rate of growth up to two years of age, — the period at which it is most rapid, and in which not even Professor Starbuck has unearthed any evidences of conversion. The statistics of the age at which physical maturity is commonly attained are next in order overhauled. The age at which this is most frequent does not prove to coincide with the age of most frequent conversions. But this makes no difference, for the law of their relation is worded thus (in italics): "*The spiritual and physical aspect of development in individual cases tend to supplement each other.*"

Thus Professor Starbuck proceeds most industriously from topic to topic; tabulating the Motives and Forces leading to Conversion, Experiences preceding Conversion, The Beliefs of Adult Life; probing with his figures to the heart of Sanctification, and concluding with Some Educational Inferences. At times one's risibles are provoked by the

phraseology, as when an individual case is quoted as "Non-revival female 16," or when the author nudges our elbow to observe "how readily Sanctification passes over into a pathological condition." Indeed, the only glimpses of religious psychology which the book affords are the fragmentary bits occasionally contained in the replies of his respondents. These disclosures of the *vie intime* often glow with feeling or shine with tears, but to the author they are merely straw for his statistical bricks.

The statistical empiric to-day is abroad, and his marks are these: he employs statistical tables to prove facts that have been commonplaces of ordinary observation years out of mind. He batters himself and his hearers into an attempt to extort an occult meaning from facts which, upon a little careful analysis, are

recognized as practically self-explanatory. He parades pedagogical principles avowedly based upon a scientific psychology which, in so far as they are either true or important, have been the common possession of intelligent and sympathetic teachers for generations. And worse than all else, because at the source of all his errors, he neglects any adequate preliminary inquiry into the probability of employing statistics in a given field with success. The statistical implement is a crude one at the best. Its readings are necessarily very rough in many a province where its use is unquestionably necessary. But it is hardly probable that for centuries to come it will be happily employed in deciphering the life of the spirit whose fabric is "as fragile as a dream," and whose endurance "as transient as the dew."

Winthrop More Daniels.

THE CURL.

WE were sitting on the terrace of an old French château, sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes. It was a hot autumn afternoon. The tapestries of the woods were worked in the faded colors of decay; they rustled with the sentiment of the lost, the past, and the dead. The warm sun had raised a wavering veil of moisture about them, and in allowing for its influence one was inclined to exaggerate the definition of leaf-line underneath,—that delicate definition, incident on the sparseness of autumn, which charges the smiling abundance of summer with the first exquisite thinness of renunciation, to sharpen later into the hard features of winter asceticism.

Beneath the tobacco smoke my old friend's face showed shriveled and wrinkled with a like delicacy of line. Its sentiment of expression was almost

one with the sentiment of this essentially French moment of the year. The woods were sad, but they were more happy than sad; with them it was the time of dreams, and they were haunted by the fragile loves of a vanished spring. The sorrow that was in them was plaintive, wistful, — almost a tender impersonation: theirs was the sentiment of sorrow, its iridescence and play, unconscious of any depth or darkness of suffering.

It was forty years since I had met Louis de Brissac. In Paris, as young men, we had been close friends. I had gone over to study in the French capital, and from the very first Louis had won me to him by the charming romance of his friendship for me. Since that time, during the long years in India, men had come near to the fibre and core of me through mutual danger and mutual endurance; I had felt the stir

of those silent friendships whose most open manifestation is a firmer hand grip, an understanding eye glance. Beside these hidden vital emotions the memories of my Paris friend were as pale-colored as his autumn woods, but yet in these far-off memories there was a sweet fragrance which the robuster attachments lacked. Louis had written to me regularly for years and years: I had whole boxes of letters in his fine, pointed handwriting. He was expansive, and thought no detail too trivial for my interest: not only was I familiar with the administration of his estate down to the minutest particular, but also his whole mental life, with all its philosophic doubts and conjectures, was laid open before me. The letters were written with flow and lucidity; they were full of keen observation and admirable criticism of life and books. But partly through lack of time, partly through difficulty of composition in the French language, and mostly through constitutional self-repression, my replies were, I fear, somewhat bald and brief. Then, during a period of extended travel, I missed several of his letters, and, having no incentive to write to him, I let the correspondence end.

On my return from India the London doctors advised me to try the waters at Vichy, and thither I repaired, intending to find out if my old friend still lived in the neighborhood. On the very first evening I came across him unexpectedly. I had dropped into the Cercle Privé to watch the gambling, and amid the grasping and repulsive faces of those present my attention was attracted by an old man of great benevolence of aspect. I could not be mistaken. I knew him at once, in spite of his white hair and his wrinkles. The peculiar charm, the dash of melancholy happiness, that had always belonged to Louis were there still, more marked than ever. He was playing the game with a childish pleasure, — staking deliberately, but not

high. He had evidently set a limit to his losses, for presently he came over, with a pleasant word to a friend or two, toward the window where I was standing.

“Louis!” I said, touching his arm.

He looked at me for a moment quite blankly. Then his face grew irradiated. “Richard!” he said, pronouncing the name French fashion. “It is Richard, — my friend Richard Wright! My poor Richard, but how you have changed!”

I smiled. “Well, it is forty years,” I replied.

“And to meet you here!” he continued. “I always dine here when I come to Vichy on business. And I play a little. It is excitement. If you win, excitement; if you lose, more excitement. . . . My friend Richard Wright! . . . I am overwhelmed! . . . You must come home with me to-night. Why, I insist, — I absolutely insist. My carriage is here. There is a room ready for you. It is too great happiness to have you with me at the Château de La Tour.”

There was no resisting the pressure of his invitation, his faithfulness of friendship. I consented, though quizzically, half doubtful what manner of welcome I should receive from Madame or Mademoiselle de Brissac. I supposed, of course, that Louis had married in the long interval since we had ceased to correspond, — that he had children. But I was wrong. I found the château presided over by an old butler and his wife, who superintended the servants.

And so, on the next day, looking out on that delicate autumn landscape, so full of vague and lovely regrets, I felt impelled to break our silence with the remark, “So there never was a woman in your life?”

A greater sweetness came into my friend’s face. “Yes, Richard, there was, — and is,” he replied. “I will tell you about her when we go in. You will think it — you may think it — rather a delightful story. Perhaps you

will only laugh at me. . . . And you, my friend, — you have never married, either? No, no . . . do not answer me. I see I have touched pain. I would not have you speak out of a sore wound. I want to know no more. Forgive me, — forgive me!”

“You are — happy in her?” I asked. in a low voice.

“But you must hear the beginning, — you must see,” said Louis. “Tell me, did my last letters make mention of any hobby of mine?”

I reflected a moment. “A hobby?” I repeated, a little puzzled.

“Why, yes: one must have a hobby, — birds’ eggs,” said Louis. “It is a hobby full of poetry, of romance, of sentiment. When I was young, it took me out into the open woods, out in the springtime, out in the early morning. Every specimen I collected made me more exquisitely aware of the marvels of creation, and woke in me new wonder for nature’s supreme artistry of color and curve. Have you ever pondered over a bird’s egg, Richard, — over the frail brittleness that incloses the germ of sublime music? As the crinkled shell is characteristic of the crisp ocean, — as it is thin, but of infinite resistance, and shaded mainly with the yellow and red hues of sand, — so the bird’s egg is characteristic of the softer contours of the land, and memories of leaves and skies are blended in the greens and blues of its shell.”

“That seems to me . . . just a little fanciful,” I protested, “but to tell the truth, I have not given the subject any attention.”

“I will show you my collection presently,” said Louis. “I am arranging and classifying it now. Of course I am too old to get any more specimens myself, and I fear to employ the village lads, lest they should be lacking in wise discretion. But believe me, Richard, on the most bitter winter’s day my birds’ eggs are potent to bring the spring

vividly before me. Within these fragile cases, I whisper to myself, there lives in essence the whole magic of spring, — its crystal-clear calls, its high and liquid notes, its flash of lark mounting into the sky, all its varieties of faint flutterings among new leaves. I touch my eggs and say, ‘Thrush, finch, wood dove:’ and the pressure of woven nests grows round me, and I see the green-cradled babyhood of birds.”

“I wonder,” I said, “that you ever found the will to take and blow the eggs?”

“Ah,” Louis replied, “you are too prosaic. I take but one egg of many; with us scientific interest does not necessarily kill sentiment. And the birds do not resent it; they have been kind to me, kind beyond expression. They have given me a gift. I have told you this that you may be in the right mood to understand. Come in, now; I will show you.”

Together we went into the château. It seemed to me charged with an atmosphere of old-world sentiment, conventionalized by the lines of ancient perpendicular wall papers, of panels and parquets of oak, — dim hand-worked tapestries reproduced within the rapture of autumnal decay. A sombre richness had grown about the greens and blues of the threads, like an emergent shadow; there was the pallor of exhaustion in the blanched yellows and waning whites. Everywhere huge potpourri of roses reproduced about the corridors the sentiment of the lost, the past, the dead; giving for the passionate beauty of June an attenuated sweetness, grown a little sickly in heavy confinement. Louis led me up the stone staircase to a long, bare room, arranged as a museum, with a number of cases containing birds’ eggs. It was inconceivable to me how any one could extract a dream of springtime from so arid a spectacle. Louis drew me over to a table upon which stood a casket jeweled with small turquoises: this he opened with a key. Within lay

a curl of golden hair tied with a piece of faded blue ribbon.

"She is with me always," he said dreamily; "her sunny presence pervades the house; I almost think, at times, I see her flitting up and down the staircase. Before, I was lonely, — lonely and often bitter, — but since she came all has been changed."

"Your dead wife," I said reverently, for the moment forgetting.

"No, no; I was never married. I told you that. But I did not tell you why. There was *consumption* in our family. I consulted a doctor after you left Paris. . . . I did not think I was justified" —

I grasped Louis's hand. "My friend, my friend, how could I guess at so deep a tragedy?" I exclaimed, deeply moved. Here indeed was courage, heroism. "I fancied, — forgive me, — I fancied you had not known real suffering. My own case . . . I have loved, too."

"But . . . let me finish. I think you mistake. I never loved . . . in the flesh," he interrupted hastily. "That would have been terrible, terrible. I could not have conquered a great passion. I think I should have killed myself." He touched the curl. "I never saw her," he went on. "I found this . . . just as it is now . . . tied up with blue ribbon . . . in the nest of a bird. That is my romance, Richard, — the whole of my romance."

"But — I don't understand!" I gasped.

"It gave me something tangible to build upon, — a lock of hair, brought me in that tender way by the bill of a bird, associated with all that is dear and beautiful and wonderful to me. I think: this bit of sunshine in the soft moss of a nest, a golden pillow for wee feathered things. She would be pretty, with such hair! She has blue eyes and gentle ways; she has changed a little during the long years she has been with me, but always she is young, always she is sweet and lovable, with golden hair.

Her gentle companionship has grown dearer to me, and dearer; her voice is the blended voice of all birds, and the lightness of the birds is in her step, and their timidity, and soft, nestling ways."

"But it is a dream!" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps. Still, there is the curl," he said. Then he put his hand on my arm. "It puzzles you," he continued, with a whimsical smile. "No Englishman is like that: you are material, and must have the substance; you do not understand that a dream has as actual an existence as a reality. We have the better of you, dear Richard, in this: we have found one secret of happiness."

"If there had ever really been a woman," I began.

"I know. This could not have happened," he said gravely, "it could never have happened — in that case, and I should have suffered — like you."

I took up the curl, examining it curiously. At one time I had given some study to physiology. "But this is not woman's hair," I remarked, without thought.

Louis grew pale. "Not woman's hair!"

Then I realized the mischief I had done. I cursed myself inwardly that in a moment of recklessness I had shattered the whole fabric of his life's dream. It is, of course, easy enough to tell from a lock of hair the age and sex of the owner when it was cut off, and it was quite evident that this curl had been taken from the head of a young child. But why had I not had the wit to keep the discovery to myself? Why must I burst in with my crude science upon this delicate, incomprehensible romance?

"Not woman's hair!" repeated Louis.

"It is the hair of a child, — of a young child, — about seven years old," I said dully. "Oh, Louis, I should not have spoken."

He looked dazed, bewildered. The next moment he was wringing my hand ecstatically. There were tears in his

eyes. "Richard, Richard," he cried, "I had never thought of that, — a child! We pass the time . . . for loving women, and sometimes I have felt . . . lately . . . that an old gray-haired curmudgeon like myself has no right to let his fancies run forever on golden-haired maidens. But a child, a little girl, — one is never too old to love a child! It is what the château wants beyond all else, — childish laughter, the patter of childish feet. Oh, Richard, think what you have given me, — a little child, to be with me always till I die! It is good, — it is good that you came!"

He leaned on me, almost overcome. But I . . . I could not understand. Only in my heart was a great void, — a pitiful cry for that childish laughter, the patter of childish feet, which I should never hear.

It was twilight when we reached the staircase. The wind was in the tapestries on the walls. They rustled like a shower of falling leaves. Suddenly Louis touched my arm. And down at the bottom of the stairs, amid the fantastic movings of the hangings, I thought for one moment I saw a brief vision of a little golden-haired child.

Ethel Wheeler.

RECENT PROGRESS IN ASTRONOMY.

THE progress of discovery during the past century has been so rapid, and, compared to the previous ages of the world, so epoch-making, that not a few recognized thinkers in different lines of scientific research have expressed the opinion that the age of really great discoveries has passed; that what remains to be done is the perfection of the sciences rather than the laying of foundations for future development along new lines. These critics appear to consider the temple of human knowledge essentially complete in its general aspect, with perhaps a pillar to be placed here and a pediment to be completed there, but with no great wings or new outlines yet to be disclosed to coming ages. Such an opinion is logically a conceivable one, and in some lines of scientific activity is indeed justified by the present state of our knowledge. The sciences of elementary geometry and human anatomy, for example, are well-nigh finished; and the same is true of ancient biography and Homeric criticism, at least until new discoveries shall alter the present aspects of these subjects. The history of Greek

philosophy and of Greek art affords little or no field for new explorations, after the century of searching inquiry to which it has been subjected by German scholarship; but obviously the same degree of exhaustion has not been attained in other notable fields of historical criticism, particularly in those pertaining to the Middle Ages. The achievement of ideal perfection, a state of development permitting of imitation, without material improvement or hope of higher ideals, — such, for example, as followed the epoch of Phidias in sculpture and that of Raphael in painting, and has so frequently been exhibited in the literature and architecture of different ages and countries, — is seldom, if ever attainable in the natural sciences, which admit of greater and greater perfection, wider and wider extension. This essential distinction between art and literature, on the one hand, and the physical sciences, on the other, was clearly pointed out by Laplace about a century ago, and has perhaps been more or less realized by the principal scientific thinkers of every age; yet so great an authority as Professor

Haeckel, of Jena, has only recently taken a somewhat different view, and declared that the work of the future will consist mainly in perfecting the structure of the sciences on their present foundations.

It cannot but appear a little remarkable that so lucid a thinker as Professor Haeckel should take so inadequate a view of the future of the natural sciences. Possibly his own experience in stretching the theories of organic evolution somewhat beyond their natural limit, and the reaction which inevitably followed in the minds of conservative biological thinkers, may have contributed to this temper of mind. Whatever be the causes, — and the uncertainty of the theories of life, and the resulting unsatisfactory state of the many biological inquiries, is evidently one of them, — it seems that Haeckel's criticism is of doubtful validity as regards the exact sciences of mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, mechanics, geology, or indeed any of the natural sciences.

When science has attained a definite state of development, it frequently is not possible to assert in what direction a new advance will take place; even the most penetrating and discerning minds will often view a subject from different stand-points. But as regards general progress in some direction, I am not aware of any philosophic authority who regards the natural sciences as either finished or nearing completion, even in the matter of principles, still less in the matter of applications, and of verifications relative to the infinitely varied phenomena so abundantly diffused throughout nature. Rash as it may appear to some, I, for one, believe that all the physical sciences are still in their infancy, and that a considerable number of the generalizations now provisionally accepted are destined to be cast aside when more light is shed upon the true phenomena of the physical world. Such has been uniformly the result of past experiences, and a similar outcome is strongly indicated by fresh

discoveries in many lines. There is indeed nothing in recent progress to indicate that the resources of the human mind have been exhausted. We are, beyond doubt, still profoundly ignorant of most great natural phenomena; and any attempt such as Herbert Spencer has made to write the sum and substance of the final philosophy will necessarily be in a very large degree a failure. It may, however, serve some such purpose for our times as the writings of Aristotle did for those of the Greeks. This ancient Greek philosophy does not look well in the light of modern research; and so it will be with any attempt now made to write a final philosophy, even in the light of the experience of the nineteenth century, which is distinguished above every other age of the world for the output of exact scientific knowledge. It will be the aim of the following pages to point out the tendency of some recent discoveries in astronomy, and to indicate their probable bearing upon our general conceptions of the physical universe.

A word should first be said in relation to the division between the great sciences of astronomy and physics. The consideration of the luminiferous ether, common hypothesis of both, is usually regarded as a branch of physics, but it also has a very important bearing on astronomy, as the properties of the ethereal medium are based largely on phenomena derived from the observation of the heavenly bodies. The velocity of light was discovered by Roemer in 1675, from the observations of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, which recurred in such a way as to show conclusively that about sixteen minutes are required for the propagation of light diametrically across the Earth's orbit. Roemer's discovery is generally conceded to be one of the most remarkable in history. Besides exerting a great influence on the philosophy of the sciences, it has led, during the last half of the nineteenth century, to some of the finest physical

experiments of all time. Sixty years before Roemer's memorable achievement the immortal Galileo had discovered the satellites of Jupiter by means of a telescope of his own construction, which consisted of a simple lens and an eye-piece fitted in a leaden tube about two inches in diameter and some three feet in length. In accordance with the doctrine of the ancients, handed down from time immemorial, the velocity of light was then supposed to be infinite; and Galileo naturally had no idea that the moons of Jupiter might be used for investigating its rate of propagation, which in fact proved to be so rapid as to be practically instantaneous for all terrestrial distances, and could probably never have been discovered but for the fortunate use of the satellites of Jupiter, whose distance from us varies about 186,000,000 miles during the year, owing to the orbital motion of the Earth about the Sun.

In the first half of the eighteenth century another capital discovery was made by the English astronomer Bradley, known as the "aberration of light," which confirmed the discovery of Roemer, in showing that the motion of the Earth had an apparent effect on the places of the fixed stars, each luminous point describing a small ellipse during the year, as a result of the combination of the Earth's orbital motion with that of the light from the celestial objects. The discovery of the aberration of light proved of high importance for exact astronomy, and in turn gave the physicists some ground for hope of devising experimental means for measuring the velocity of light by suitable apparatus upon the surface of the Earth. This was accomplished during the nineteenth century by a number of eminent men: first by Fizeau, then by Foucault and Cornu, in France, and finally, in America, by Michelson and Newcomb, whose classic determinations have come into use among men of science everywhere.

The studies on the velocity of light have led to experimental searches for motion of the ether near the surface of the Earth. Though great pains have been bestowed upon these inquiries by Michelson and Morely in this country, and by Lodge in England, and perhaps by others, it has not yet been possible to prove that the ether near the Earth's surface suffers any change owing to the forward motion of the Earth in its orbit; nor has it been possible to communicate to the ether between two disks, revolving with the utmost rapidity and separated by a sensible space, any motion whatever. These experiments are thought to offer an apparent contradiction to the observed phenomena of aberration, and some further investigations of a thorough-going character will be required to throw light upon the cause of the discrepancy. In view of such phenomena, it is perhaps unnecessary to point out how intimate is the relation between the sciences of astronomy and physics, and how little of this common ground has yet been occupied. That the luminiferous ether fills the visible heavens, and is a medium of like nature and qualities throughout, seems established beyond doubt by the appearances of the stellar universe. It seems to transmit the light from the most distant stars, without sensible loss, due to imperfection of the intervening medium; and if any light is absorbed, it must come, according to Professor Brace, from all wave lengths alike, so that the most distant stars exhibit no increase of coloration relative to those comparatively close to our planetary system.

Moreover, Lord Kelvin has brought to light a very singular fact, — that the properties of the luminiferous ether correspond closely to those of an elastic solid. Although usually spoken of as a fluid, it acts like a solid, a true jelly, transmitting all vibrations communicated to it almost perfectly. In proportion to its density it is exceedingly rigid, a veritable elastic solid; and so great an authority as Lord

Kelvin has even suggested that the medium may be occasionally broken or cracked by the violent shocks to which it is subjected by material bodies. It does not seem to be affected by the attraction of gravity from such bodies as the Sun and planets, but appears to be equally dense in all parts of space, without regard to the presence of ponderable masses, which are scattered very unequally in different parts of the sky. Dr. Thomas Young held the opinion that the ether might be so continuous a medium that it passed through or around ordinary material bodies in motion, like a stream of wind through the tops of the trees. In this way he accounted for the seeming common motion of all portions of the ether near the surface of our terrestrial globe. It would thus be undisturbed by the motion of material bodies through it; the ether would freely press round and allow them to pass. There appears to be still some serious defect in our knowledge of the aberration, since different methods give somewhat different results. One cannot but feel that in these discrepancies lies a beautiful discovery, awaiting the attention of a patient and thoroughgoing investigator.

Notwithstanding the great importance of the general subject of the luminiferous ether for both physics and astronomy, it must yet be conceded that the branch of physics of most direct bearing on astronomy is a particular development of the wave theory, known as "spectrum analysis," or "astrophysics," which is scarcely half a century old. Everybody remembers Newton's decomposition of white light into the primary colors of the spectrum, and how he afterwards verified his experiment by reversing the operation, and again obtained white light by recombining the separate colored rays into one white beam. For a century after this famous achievement the progress of pure and applied optics was very considerable; yet it seems that

no one possessed the apparatus for, or had considered the careful study of, the spectra of the actual heavenly bodies. About 1826, Wollaston, of Edinburgh, approached the subject from a new point of view, and obtained some remarkable results. His work was soon to be superseded, however, by the great explorations of Fraunhofer, of Munich, who combined theoretical and practical optical knowledge with a mechanical talent of the highest order, which together created a new epoch in the manufacture of prisms and lenses for achromatic telescopes, and led him to recognize for the first time the great variations and even the distinct classes among the spectra of the heavenly bodies.

The subsequent invention of the spectroscope by Kirchhoff and Bunsen, about 1860, laid a new foundation for the physics of the heavens. These distinguished investigators were the first to study attentively the spectrum of the Sun, and to inquire into the spectra of a multitude of terrestrial substances subjected to experimentation in the laboratory. When the spectra of various bodies, such as sodium, lithium, iron, magnesium, and hydrogen, were studied, it was found that each substance had a characteristic spectrum, and when incandescent consisted of bright lines having definite positions in the spectrum; that is, the light consisted of vibrations from molecules oscillating in particular periods, and thus having particular wave lengths. And it was found that the substances in the sun gave dark lines in the place of the bright ones produced by the flames in the laboratory. The identity of the substances in the Sun and on the Earth was clear enough on grounds of probability; and the darkness of the lines in the solar spectrum was readily explained by the absorption of the solar atmosphere, which cut down the intensity of the vibrations without altering the periods.

No sooner had Kirchhoff and Bunsen laid the foundations of spectrum analysis than it occurred to Sir William Huggins, then a young man, to apply the new method of research to the study of the heavenly bodies generally. As early as 1864 he had examined the spectra of the Sun, Moon, planets, numerous stars, nebulae, and even comets, each of which had its own peculiar type and an interest commensurate with the novelty of the subject. The subsequent history of astrophysics, always under the leadership of Sir William Huggins, and shaped by the special researches of Secchi, Rutherford, Draper, Vogel, Young, Langley, Pickering, Jansen, Thollon, and others, need not be recounted here; perhaps it will suffice to say that the new science experienced such rapid growth that it now occupies the attention of nearly one third of the observatories of the world.

In the year 1840, Christian Doppler, of Prague, announced, as a result of his studies in the wave theory of light, that stars moving toward us would give more light waves per second, and stars moving away fewer waves per second, than an ideal star at rest relative to the Earth. The result would be a slight modification of the spectra of all bodies moving toward or from this planet. This would have the effect of shifting all the lines in the star spectrum by a slight amount; and if the amount of this displacement — which is toward the blue for stars approaching, toward the red for stars receding — could be accurately determined, it would afford a measure of the velocity of approach or recession. This problem of measuring the motion in the line of sight was taken up by Sir William Huggins in 1867. By using as a basis of comparison the spectral lines of hydrogen, iron, and other substances volatilized in the laboratory, it was possible to determine with the utmost nicety the amount of motion in the line of sight. At that time, however, all comparisons were necessarily

made by the eye, since photography had not yet been applied to the study of spectra. The extreme difficulty of measuring by eye observation the slight displacement of faint and often hazy lines was such that it is not surprising that the early work of Huggins proved to be qualitative rather than quantitative. Yet there was no difficulty in showing by these early experiments that the method would eventually be capable of great possibilities. And during the past twenty years these anticipations have been more than fulfilled by the large and unprecedented developments of spectrum photography.

With the largest telescopes, it is now possible to photograph and measure for motion in the line of sight spectra of stars as faint as the sixth or seventh magnitude. This would give for both hemispheres some six thousand stars which could be used for determining this important element. Up to the present time probably not more than six hundred stars have been measured in this way; yet these few objects, about one tenth of the number which can be measured with existing instruments, have yielded results of the greatest interest. Most of these results have been achieved at the Lick Observatory, in California, by Professor W. W. Campbell, the distinguished American astronomer, whose discoveries bid fair to constitute a veritable epoch in modern astronomy.

Before taking up the details of this work, however, we must allude briefly to the present state of double-star astronomy, which is intimately connected with Campbell's famous work at the Lick Observatory. It is well known that the science of double stars was founded by the illustrious Sir William Herschel, about one hundred and twenty years ago. While observing closely associated stars for relative parallax, due to the orbital motion of the Earth, he accidentally discovered that certain double

and triple stars constitute genuine double and triple systems; and the lapse of twenty years showed that their components move in ellipses, and obey the same laws as Kepler had found to hold true in the solar system. This implied with the highest degree of probability that the law of gravitation is really universal, and not confined in its application to the bodies revolving about our Sun, whose motions had been so fully studied by the immortal geometers Newton and Laplace. The pioneer work of Sir William Herschel on the double stars of the northern hemisphere was extended by his son, Sir John Herschel, to the double stars of the southern hemisphere. This hurried survey was completed at the Cape of Good Hope between 1834 and 1838. This latter year is famous, also, for the publication by the renowned William Struve, of Poulkova, of his monumental work on 3112 double and multiple stars measured at Dorpat, Russia, between 1824 and 1837. In this splendid work we have the first secure foundation of an exact knowledge of the stellar systems within one hundred and five degrees of the north pole. It has since been supplemented by the explorations and measures of Otto Struve and Glasenapp, in Russia; Dembowski and Schiaparelli, in Italy; Burnham and Hough, Hall and See, Hussey and Aitken, in America; and finally by those of Russell, of Australia, and Innes, of the Cape of Good Hope.

All together, something like eleven thousand double stars have now been catalogued; but of this total number only about five thousand are of real permanent interest. In the explorations which have been made to discover and measure these five thousand important double stars, probably not less than one million of the brighter stars of the heavens have been examined with powerful telescopes. If we could suppose that no double stars were overlooked in this examination, this result would indicate that on the average one star in every two hundred is an im-

portant double. The experience of the writer, who examined something like two hundred thousand fixed stars in the southern hemisphere, would indicate that at least one in every hundred, under the average conditions, is double; while under the best conditions to be had in the dry climates of Arizona and at the City of Mexico, the indications were that one in twenty-five might be resolved with the twenty-four-inch refracting telescope of the Lowell Observatory. This would indicate that, under the best conditions afforded by modern instruments, four out of every hundred stars are probably double, and could be so recognized by exhaustive study, in a clear, dry climate, with a good telescope. Our search for double stars was usually confined to the brighter objects for two reasons: (1) they are the most interesting on general grounds, as being on the average the closer members of the sidereal system; (2) the closer members of the sidereal system will be the more easily separated into their constituents, since the remoter the object, the smaller will be its angular separation as seen in the telescope. From these considerations it appears that while our explorations have been confined chiefly to the brighter stars, and have been more thorough in the northern than in the southern hemisphere, yet there is not the slightest doubt that if we had sufficiently powerful telescopes, and could use them efficiently through the disturbing atmosphere which covers the globe, we should find double stars, genuine stellar systems, extending to the utmost bounds of the sidereal universe.

In this connection attention may be called to the great desirability of having a large telescope in the southern hemisphere, for the study of an extensive zone around the south pole which is still very largely unexplored. It is a misfortune, hitherto apparently unavoidable, that nearly all the principal instruments of the world are in the northern hemisphere,

which includes the great civilized nations of the Earth, and the only peoples devoted to the cultivation of the sciences. The result is that a large space, beneath our horizon, round the southern celestial pole, including three eighths of the celestial sphere, and incomparably rich in objects of surpassing interest, is almost as little known as the antarctic continent. A few of the more obvious phenomena have been studied, either hurriedly or with inferior instruments, and enough attention has been given to the contents of that part of the universe to assure us of its exceeding richness; but there has been no general and exhaustive survey of that part of the sky, such as is demanded by the present state of our knowledge of the northern heavens. The largest telescope in the southern hemisphere is an eighteen-inch refractor at the Cape of Good Hope, where, unfortunately, the climate is so poor that little can be done in the way of discovery; while the northern hemisphere has at least twenty telescopes of greater power than any one in the southern hemisphere.

The dry climate and elevated plains of Peru offer atmospheric conditions probably unsurpassed on the face of the terrestrial globe; and this location above all others is to be recommended to the builders of our future great telescopes. Explorations in this region will be pioneer work; their value to the future progress of astronomical science will be priceless. The Harvard College Observatory, fully alive to the advantage of this southern location, already has a magnificent station at Arequipa, Peru, devoted to the photographic study of the southern stars and their spectra. Discoveries of the highest interest have recently been made at this site, which, it is interesting to note, was recommended by Alexander von Humboldt nearly a century ago. In his account of the exploration of the countries west of the Andes he points out that this is a dry and elevated plain, where the air is so steady

that the stars scarcely twinkle when at any considerable elevation, but rather shine with a steady lustre, like the planets in our own climate. This steadiness of the atmosphere enables the telescope to perform to its full theoretical capacity, and would enable one powerful instrument in Peru to do more important work of discovery than a dozen great telescopes in the northern hemisphere.

So far as can now be estimated, it is safe to say that several thousand new stellar systems of great interest would be disclosed by an adequate exploration of the zone within sixty degrees of the south pole, which includes the constellations Scorpis, Centaurus, Lupus, Crux, Tucana, Grus, Eridanus, Corona Australis, Phoenix, and the great ship Argo, besides many less famous groups. The two wonderful Magellanic Clouds adorn this area, and the equally renowned voids known as the Coal Sacks. These latter are so named because they appeared to the early navigators as black holes in the densest portion of the Milky Way, near the Southern Cross. It is difficult to overestimate the high interest attaching to this part of the sidereal universe, which in point of variety of remarkable objects surpasses in importance every other portion of the celestial sphere. No area of the same extent in either hemisphere has so many promising objects for exploration, and no other portion of the sky is so truly a *cælum incognitum*. Under the circumstances, it cannot be considered singular that all astronomers hope for the early exploration of this interesting region by a powerful telescope, which will alone enable us to form a correct estimate of the extent and variety of bodies composing the material universe.

The observations since the time of Herschel show that the double stars obey the law of gravitation. This law, being established for many individual cases, is inferred to be true universally; and hence, in the few instances where certain

anomalies appear, it is inferred that the regular motion is disturbed by unknown bodies, usually dark and wholly unseen. The discovery of double and multiple stars from the effects of the gravitational attraction on their luminous components is known as the "Astronomy of the Invisible." It was first suggested by the illustrious Bessel about 1840, to account for certain irregularities in the proper motions of the two dog stars, Sirius and Procyon; both of which have since been shown to be real binaries, the bright stars being in both cases attended by faint but massive satellites. More recently, Professor Seeliger, of Munich, Mr. Lewis, of Greenwich, the writer, and others have added to the Astronomy of the Invisible by showing that certain double stars are in reality triple, with one component yet to be disclosed. But the greatest extension of the Astronomy of the Invisible has been made by Professor Campbell, of the Lick Observatory. In the course of the regular work on the motion of stars in the line of sight, carried out with a powerful spectroscopic apparatus presented to the Observatory by Hon. D. O. Mills, of New York, he has investigated during the past five years the motion of several hundred of the brighter stars of the northern heavens. The velocities toward and from the Earth developed in different cases were, of course, very different; and with this splendid spectrograph, which Professor Campbell has used with decisive effect, the accuracy attainable is little short of marvelous. An error in the final result of one mile per second is quite impossible. With such unprecedented telescopic power and a degree of precision in the spectrograph which can be safely depended upon, it is not unnatural that some new and striking phenomena should be disclosed. These consisted of a large number of spectra with double lines, which undergo a periodic displacement, showing that the stars in question were in reality double, made up of two components, moving in oppo-

site directions, — one approaching, the other receding from, the Earth. There were thus disclosed spectroscopic binary stars, systems with components so close together that they could not be separated in any existing telescope, yet known to be real binary stars by the periodic behavior of the lines of the spectra so faithfully registered on different days by the powerful Mills spectrograph attached to the thirty-six-inch telescope at the Lick Observatory. Some of the more famous of these new stars are Capella, Polaris, Xi Ursæ Majoris, Kappa Pegasi, Castor, Spica, Algol, Beta Lyræ, and Eta Aquilæ. In all, about fifty such stars are now known.

It appears from the investigations so far made that the brilliant star Capella is made up of two nearly equal components, which revolve in a period of one hundred and four days. The period of Polaris is about four days. In other cases the periods vary according to the objects: some being very short indeed, say only two days; others amounting to a considerable portion of a year, or even as much as three years in the case of Beta Capricorni.

It should be pointed out that these are not indeed the first spectroscopic binaries ever discovered. Professors Pickering and Vogel led in the initial search for these remarkable objects; yet with the means at their disposal they found only a few isolated examples, such as Beta Aurigæ, Alpha Virginis, and Zeta Ursæ Majoris. Campbell's work at the Lick Observatory derives increased importance from its systematic character, which enables us to draw some general conclusions of the greatest interest. He has thus far made known the results of his study of the spectra of two hundred and eighty of the brighter stars of the northern heavens. Out of this number he finds thirty-one spectroscopic binaries, or one ninth of the whole number of objects studied. Professor Campbell also points out that as some of the stars are

multiple in character, composed of three or more components, with periods ranging from a few days to a year, or even several years, it cannot be assumed that all the spectroscopic binaries have been found in the first study of his photographic plates. In fact, it seems certain that a more thorough study will materially increase the number of spectroscopic binaries; and Professor Campbell thinks one sixth, or even one fifth, of all the objects studied may eventually prove to be binary or multiple systems. Such an extraordinary generalization opens up to our contemplation an entirely new view of the sidereal universe. If there be five or six thousand stars in both hemispheres which are sufficiently bright for study with the powerful apparatus now in use at the Lick Observatory, it will indicate that there are at least one thousand spectroscopic binary stars awaiting exploration, — a number of stellar systems decidedly inferior, to be sure, to those of the visual class, yet undeniably impressive, and ample for furnishing us the general laws for all such objects, seen and unseen, throughout the immensity of space. If the labors of the next twenty years should give us accurate knowledge of even forty spectroscopic binaries, these would enable us to obtain a good estimate of the probable character of all such systems whatsoever. So far as they have been studied, it appears that the double stars observed visually in our telescopes are remarkable for two chief characteristics: (1) the high eccentricities of their orbits, which average about 0.5, or are twelve times larger than the eccentricities prevailing in the solar system; (2) the masses composing the systems, which are equal or comparable, not enormously disproportionate, like those of the planets relative to the Sun, or those of the satellites relative to the planets about which they revolve. Thus the stellar systems heretofore discovered are of a very different type from what we find in our own solar system, where the

satellites are insignificant compared to the planets, and the planets insignificant compared to the Sun, and all the orbits nearly circular. And the number of such stellar systems, both visual and spectroscopic, appears to be truly enormous. Campbell finds that the general characteristics of high eccentricities and comparable masses, first attributed to double stars by the writer of these lines, some years ago, are true also of the spectroscopic binaries, which therefore are likewise of a different type from anything found in the solar system.

Since our telescopes do not enable us to recognize bodies anything like as faint as the planets attending the fixed stars, it is obviously impossible to affirm that no other systems similar to the solar system exist in the immensity of space; yet it is very clear that a vast number of systems of a radically different type are widely diffused. Some of these systems are self-luminous, like ordinary double stars; others probably are burnt out and already comparatively dark, so that they are correctly classed with the Astronomy of the Invisible; while yet others are spectroscopic in character, composed of one, two, or more associated bright and dark bodies revolving under the action of their mutual gravitation.

If we accept the conclusion that with our finest telescopes, in the best climates, on the average one star in twenty-five is visually double, it will follow from Campbell's work on some three hundred stars that five times that number are spectroscopically double. Thus, although over a million stars have been examined visually, and some five thousand interesting systems disclosed by powerful telescopes, the concluded ratio would give us, at last analysis, four million visual systems among the hundred million objects assumed to compose the stellar universe. On the other hand, the large ratio of spectroscopic binaries to the total number of stars examined by Campbell would lead us to conclude that in the

celestial spaces *there exist in reality no less than twenty million spectroscopic binary stars!* Could anything be more impressive than the view thus opened to the human mind? Millions and millions of systems, of all sizes and representing all stages of cosmical evolution; with light, dark, and semi-obscure masses, all moving in orbits of considerable eccentricity, and by gravitational attraction generating in their fluid globes enormous bodily tides, which, working and reacting through the ages, modify the shape and size of the orbits and the stability of the systems! Since there are doubtless many millions of dark bodies, both large and small, as yet wholly unseen and even unsuspected, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that probably the great majority of the stars are in some way attended by satellites. The mass of matter composing the stupendous arch of the Milky Way is thus very much greater than has been supposed by those who have enumerated the stars disclosed by our telescopes, and computed the total amount of it on the assumption that all of the star dust is luminous.

It may indeed well be that the dark and unseen portion of the universe is even greater than that which is indicated by our most powerful telescopes. Half a century ago Bessel remarked: "There is no reason to suppose luminosity an essential quality of cosmical bodies. The visibility of countless stars is no argument against the invisibility of countless others."

If, therefore, certain stars are called "runaway" stars, because their velocities appear to be too great to be accounted for by the attraction of the luminous bodies composing the sidereal universe, we should perhaps ask whether the unknown mass of matter scattered throughout space as dark stars, comets, meteors, and nebulae might not, after all, account for the discrepancy. For my part, I am satisfied that it probably would, and that the universe is much more massive

than has been generally supposed. In this fact will doubtless be found the explanation of the great velocities of the runaway stars.

These discoveries shed an interesting light upon the general theories of the material universe, and show that the ultimate exploration of the heavens has, in fact, only begun. Moreover, it is now recognized that the self-luminous stars are fluid masses, and therefore binaries are of necessity agitated by tidal oscillations. In considering some recent observations bearing on this subject, Campbell has found in certain subsidiary displacements of the spectral lines of a few binary stars evidence of the enormous tidal waves which sweep over their flaming globes.

It is well known that our original conception of tides arose from the oscillations in the waters covering the Earth, first noted by the early navigators of our seas. These periodic motions of the oceans were correctly explained by Newton in 1687. The theory of the tides has since been placed on an adequate mathematical basis by the labors of numerous geometers; and as the law of gravitation is shown to hold among the double stars, we assume that the rotations and orbital motions of such systems are disturbed by the gigantic tidal waves generated in their globes of flaming fluid. Some years ago I explained in this way the high eccentricities of the stellar orbits, and, following the younger Darwin, pointed out tidal friction as a physical cause operating with more or less effect throughout the heavens. Since the generation of bodily tides depends merely on the mutual attractions of two connected fluid globes, the resulting tidal effects are obviously as universal as gravitation itself.

For the natural philosopher to be enabled to ascend from the comparatively minute and unimportant oscillations of our terrestrial seas, generated by the attractions of the Sun and Moon, to the

bodily tides in the stars composing the Milky Way, which are great pulsating globes of self-luminous fluid; and to trace in this manner the effects of tidal friction, which with the flight of ages has enlarged and elongated the orbits of double and multiple stars, is a generalization which at least need cause no feeling of humiliation! A chain of reasoning connecting such grand phenomena may justly impress a philosopher of any age or country as alike honorable and gratifying to the human mind. And since this achievement is of comparatively recent origin, it may be cited as a specific proof that all the great generalizations of nature are not yet accomplished. Far from it!

Though three hundred years have elapsed since the death of Tycho Brahe, and the scientific world has only recently joined in celebrating worthily his immortal memory, it appears that we are in many lines almost as far from the ultimate goal as when he began the great work of exploring the skies, before the days of Kepler, when all Europe was slumbering in intellectual darkness. The science of the stars, indeed, has been refined and perfected in an unparalleled degree, and infinitely extended in all directions; but with the bounds of darkness pushed back step by step, the goal is not, and never will be, in sight. An infinity of objects and causes and an endless variety of phenomena are yet to be explored, and the work of the mind is rather a process of development to the perfect understanding of the universe than the solution of a simple mathematical problem. We cannot therefore subscribe to the doctrine announced by Professor Haeckel. If we did so, we should come back to the mental position of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages and of the unproductive Arabians. With them, the most that an acute and daring mind could hope for was to comment on the writings

of Plato and Aristotle, or perhaps remeasure the earth and catalogue the stars by the methods of Ptolemy. Such an attitude indicates a mental condition unaccustomed to, and without hope of, solid progress, ill fitted to cope with real philosophical problems, such as have been handled successfully by the great natural philosophers of the past three centuries. And for my part, also, I am unwilling to believe that the universe is so simple or so easily exhausted that even a great number of the acutest minds could unravel its principal mysteries in a few centuries, flattering as such an achievement would be to the age in which we live.

It may be said that in some lines of applied science we have indeed well-nigh reached the appointed goal. Within the memory of this generation the Earth has been girdled with iron and steel, and the electric telegraph and the cable have practically annihilated terrestrial space: these modes of communication have come to stay, and they are ultimate. Whatever be the future progress of the world, it seems certain that nothing more rapid or more general will ever be used by the children of men. The velocity of electricity is the same as that of light, and no swifter messenger is possible or even desirable. The same approach to ultimate standards of speed may be observed in other lines of activity, as railroading and navigation, where the limits are fixed by the nature of organic life and by the physical properties of matter. But such physical limits do not restrict the powers of the mind for researches in pure science, whether in the biological or in the physical world. And if we continue to make discoveries throwing light upon the phenomena and principles underlying the arrangement and growth of the universe, who can doubt that some of them will augment continually the mental and physical comforts of mankind?

T. J. J. See.

THE CAUSES OF PENNSYLVANIA'S ILLS.

THAT Pennsylvania was settled by Quakers, and that her present political condition is a subject of grave solicitude to her best friends within and without the state, are statements which cannot be controverted. The attempt to connect them by a chain of cause and effect is a tempting project of historical inquiry. Political conditions, like a rainstorm or a cold wave, do not arise spontaneously, but the causes are often too remote or too complicated to make causation evident or speculation profitable.

In common parlance Philadelphia is the Quaker city, and its representatives, whether in political conventions or ball fields, are Quakers. In some occult way, the characteristics of city and state, green shutters, rectangular streets, building societies, coal mines, the Pennsylvania Railroad, John Wanamaker and Matthew Stanley Quay, are logical descendants of George Fox. To this list, according to "A Pennsylvanian" in the October Atlantic, we must add the political iniquities as coming directly from the same prolific origin. In support of this he quotes Theodore Roosevelt in a passage from his *Life of Benton*, which passage the author has since modified or explained, but which is reputed, according to "A Pennsylvanian," to have cost him fifty thousand votes out of a total Quaker population of one hundred and twenty thousand, nearly all of whom, as a matter of fact, supported the Republican electors. This tribute to the extent of Quaker influence does the Society of Friends too much honor, and needs to be seriously examined.

William Penn was an idealist, and was far removed from mercenary considerations in the founding of his state. A disappointed would-be purchaser of trading rights says, with surprise, "I believe truly he does aim more at jus-

tice and righteousness and spreading of truth than at his own particular gain." He was an enthusiast for liberty, for justice, and for peace, and to these causes he sacrificed a noble inheritance of money and station, and the quiet and comfort of his life. Many of his coreligionists did not at first appreciate the wisdom of his generous plans. To one of these who had argued for special privileges for Quakers he objects, "We should look selfish and do that which we have cried out upon others for, namely, letting nobody touch with government but those of their own way;" and again, with a note of exultation, he says, "I went thither to lay the foundation of a free colony for all mankind that should go thither." His Fundamental Constitutions, recently discovered in his own handwriting, the first announcement of his plan of government, was liberal beyond any previous publication of serious practical import, and was toned down by friends to suit supposed necessities.

It can hardly be claimed that the rank and file of his followers rose to the standard of his conceptions. They were mainly English yeomen, who had been for years under the fire of severe persecution, and were seeking peace and freedom for themselves in Penn's Woods. Yet from the very nature of their religious views they could not do otherwise than embrace rather broad principles of liberty, fraternity, and equality. The divine message directly committed to the custody of human agency knew no bounds of wealth, learning, or sex. He or she who received it was set apart by no permanent canonization. There was perfect equality of spiritual opportunity, and perfect liberty of spiritual action. Even the smaller peculiarities were testimonies to universal fellowship. The *thee* and the *thou* were applied to all, instead

of being addressed, as was the custom of the age, to inferiors only. The refusal to take off the hat was a protest against the obsequiousness which had recently been imported from the Continent. The offer to fill out the terms of imprisonment of suffering brethren, even when the prison would be the grave, was made again and again in all seriousness, while the feeling toward the persecutors was entirely devoid of malignity.

This people learned well the lesson that human rights were the inheritance of all men, and not of those only who held "the truth." When they came to America, it was not to found a little reservation, built upon their own ideas of Biblical authority and ecclesiastical propriety, and then to keep it sacred by imprisoning and whipping and hanging dissenters. They generalized from their own condition, and enacted for all the liberties they wished to enjoy themselves. The first clause of every charter of Penn—including that of 1701, which lasted till the Revolution—was a full grant of freedom of worship to all "who confess and acknowledge Almighty God." There was, however, what then amounted to a small restriction in office-holding to those who "profess to believe in Jesus Christ." This restriction was increased by legislative action to include subscription to a test which barred Catholics from official life, and so matters remained during provincial days. There were no restrictions on worship, and a Catholic church was in nearly continuous exercise of its functions; but the government could be carried on by Protestant Christians only. No other founder, except Roger Williams, grasped even approximately this large truth, now so universally accepted. It was more than toleration. Dissenting sects were more than endured: they held with the dominant body, on terms of equality, all civil and political rights.

This did not abolish denominational intensity. Presbyterian and Quaker dif-

fered bitterly in dogma and method, and their zeal against each other threw them into opposing political parties. They were keenly alive to each other's iniquities, and profoundly assured of their own rectitude. Political equality did not seem to breed indifference to moral obliquity, nor was official malfeasance—any more than under the exclusive hierarchy of Massachusetts—a matter not to be rigorously combated. In addition to righteous government this sentiment of equality gave the people a clear moral insight, which made witchcraft and other crazes impossible.

The theory conquered. Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and Maryland became the models in managing religious differences. The makers of the federal and state Constitutions chiseled into them imperishably the doctrines of civil and religious liberty.

The other principle which the Pennsylvania settlers had at heart—peace—had no such triumphant career. Yet it doubtless seemed to Penn, in his enthusiasm, no less important and no less likely to succeed than liberty. When he said, "There may be room there, if not here, for such a Holy Experiment," it is probable that he had most clearly in mind the separation from warlike spirit and impulses and neighbors. Justice to the Indians, though right in itself, became doubly important to him in maintaining pacific relations within the colony. The famous treaty under the elm tree, in its descriptions more artistic than historic, symbolized not only honest dealings, but also the elimination of forts, soldiers, and guns from the list of colonial necessities,—a condition which continued for seventy years.

It conveys a wrong impression to call these Quakers non-resistants and non-combatants. They did not hold the views of which Tolstoi is now the most distinguished exponent. They believed in fairness, in insistence on reason and its forcible presentation, and on force up to the

point where force used criminal methods. During all the colonial period they constituted the liberty party of the province, and wrung from successive governors one concession after another. They showed ability to resist bravely and successfully whenever their rights were invaded. In the struggles with the Crown and Parliament which preceded the Revolution, they were united in opposition, and adopted heartily the measures of non-importation and protest which characterized the policy of John Dickinson. There are good reasons for believing that during the war the sympathies of the great majority were with the Americans, and several hundred of them, though under the disapprobation of their ecclesiastical bodies, gave active aid to the Revolutionary cause.

The opposition was to methods, not to resistance itself. They held that differences could generally be settled by common sense and forbearance; that moral resistance, to its fullest extent, was better than suffering iniquity to prevail; and that a citizen's duty was to oppose vigorously, and, if need be, suffer bravely, rather than to condone wrong in others or do it himself. They had achieved a memorable triumph in England the previous century, and secured, with some completeness, their civil and religious rights there, by methods demanding great endurance and strenuous resistance to persecution, and they were not convinced that the same methods would not be successful in America. They stopped at war, because they thought it was a crime; that the hatred, the killing, the stealing, and all the immoralities which cluster around war were wrong in themselves, and could not be justified by results to be gained, or the supposed inadequacy of right means to meet the situation. Such was Quaker non-resistance. That it would tend to make men tolerant of evil or indifferent to its effect is, at the mildest, a doubtful proposition.

Quaker rule was unquestioned in the

popular Assembly up to 1756. Every legislature contained not less than a three-fourths majority. Even in October, 1755, after Braddock's defeat, when the Indians were let loose on the frontiers, and the whole question of military resistance was at issue, twenty-eight out of the thirty-six members elected were Quakers. They were then in a minority of the population, but that population trusted in their methods of solving the difficulty.

They did not control the executive, however, and the governor declared war. Then they resigned their places in the government, never, in any considerable numbers, to resume them.

It may be conceded that the province was saved from some difficulty by its Episcopalian governors. The Quaker Assembly would not interfere with calling out voluntary militia and other warlike operations, if they were not themselves involved and no consciences were forced. Possibly they felt like the Quaker boat captain of later date, who was being crowded out by more aggressive competitors at the Delaware wharves, and who, in despair, called to his mate, "Thee will have to come here and use some of thy language." It may be a question in casuistry how far a man is justified in allowing others to do things innocently against which his own conscience protests. There was not much of this, however, and as a matter of fact they managed affairs, without defenses or arms or martial display, for two generations.

As a result, to a very large extent, of the prevalence of these ideas of liberty and peace, the Quaker colony greatly prospered. "It is not to the fertility of our soil," said Speaker Andrew Hamilton, a man much respected and a non-Quaker, in 1739, "that we ought chiefly to attribute the great progress this province has made. . . . It is practically and almost wholly owing to the excellency of our Constitution." Founded

later than any of the original colonies except Georgia, it grew more rapidly than any, and at the Revolution was among the first three in wealth and population. It was the only one whose paper currency never depreciated. It had absolute security from Indian invasion and internal broils while Quaker rule lasted. Its free thought created the soil upon which alone science could grow. Franklin, tired of the dogmatism of Massachusetts, found a congenial atmosphere in Pennsylvania. Priestley, driven from England, found sympathy and a home on the banks of the Susquehanna. Rittenhouse, Bartram, Audubon, Rush, Marshall, and many others constituted a conclave of scientists unequaled elsewhere in America. Philadelphia was the best governed, most enterprising, and most important city of the colonies at the beginning of the Revolution.

But Pennsylvania did not have a homogeneous population of Quakers. It is doubtful if there were ever more than forty thousand of them in the colony at any one time, with perhaps eight thousand voters. That this little group could stamp a state so as to resist or greatly modify the vast development of the succeeding century is in itself improbable. There was the German immigration, far exceeding them in numbers, which gave them political allies, but which brought in a different sort of people. There was the Scotch-Irish immigration, also their numerical superiors, and always restive under their control, — restive to the extent of demanding with great acrimony separate statehood for western Pennsylvania. In the north the Connecticut settlers claimed the whole length of the state for New England, and defended their claim by guns and forts, — a controversy which was not settled till 1782. This heterogeneous population prevented the unity of feeling and state pride possible elsewhere, and may account for the fact that the worst side of Pennsylvania is always shown to the world, — that her

weaknesses and iniquities are heralded in their fullness by her own sons whenever they tell against a rival party.

The determining factors of the present conditions, however, have arisen since the Revolution. They have overridden the influences of race and religion, and have worked the same political results among the militant Presbyterians of the west as among the peaceful Quaker-settled counties of the southeast. They are products of geography and mineralogy, and would have wrought their consequences, with some modifications, had the province of Pennsylvania been settled by the Puritans of New England, the Cavaliers of Virginia, or the Creoles of Louisiana.

The line of travel to and from the west lay across the state for four hundred miles. The stream of emigration, and later the returning stream of produce, when menaced by the Erie Canal, demanded great concerted business organizations. The state itself undertook to solve the problem, and built canals and horse and “portage” railways connecting the Ohio with the Delaware. The debt mounted up to forty million dollars, and the political evils were even more serious. After the panic of 1837, when trade almost ceased and the objects of state taxation became unremunerative, the treasury staggered along a little time, and then paid interest in promissory notes. Sydney Smith’s brilliant diatribes and Wordsworth’s milder reproaches have advertised Pennsylvania’s disgrace to the world. But they wrote too soon. Every dollar of the debt was paid, with interest on the delayed interest. Not only so, but the demand to sell the unprofitable and demoralizing investment was too strong for politicians to resist, and there was a not discreditable settlement of the whole matter.

But the need for the line still remained. There was only a transference from management by the state itself to management by companies deriving their powers from the state. The legis-

lature was still the source of wealth and power.

At the same time came the development of the unrivaled mineral resources of the state. Canals, and afterward railways, were run in every direction. Individual fortunes were unable to open and work the mines of coal and iron, and to develop the raw material into an available shape for practical use. A state of farmers, or of small textile manufacturers, or of diversified industries would have no temptation to connect politics and business; a state with the wealth of the world within its reach, but dependent on legislative favor, was drawn by irresistible allurements to give a mercenary tone to its public life, and lose sight of high ideals in an intoxicating commercial prosperity.

Prior to the Civil War the tariff question did not affect politics. Pennsylvania, normally Democratic, wanted a tariff, and both parties were willing to grant it. But when the cause became identified with the fortunes of the Republican party, majorities of two or three hundred thousand were easy. Workmen had noticed that low rates were coincident with low wages, scanty work, and suffering. Whether right or not, they concluded that coincidence meant consequence, and went bodily into the Republican ranks. There has been no steady healthy opposition in Pennsylvania or Philadelphia since the war. So it has come to pass that the wealth of natural resources, the coal and iron of the hills, and their inevitable connection with legislation, have been the undoing of political morality. They have made Pennsylvania rich beyond the dreams of our grandfathers, and have brought a reliable and abiding commercial prosperity. Men with vast interests confided to their care, to be worked for their own and their clients' benefit, and with golden prospects before them, have adjudged their duty to these interests to be superior to their duty to the state and to

morality, or they have argued that attention to business prosperity was their duty to the state and to morality.

These facts are explanations, not excuses. The vast natural wealth of the state has often been a stronger force than the virtue of its people, but in many issues of the past that virtue has triumphed. It did when the people sold the lines of transportation, when they stopped all special legislation, when they made offices elective by themselves instead of by the legislature, and in hundreds of minor matters. The great state evil of the present, appropriations to charities and schools, in which money is squandered and favor and silence purchased, is raising against itself a sentiment which will ultimately prevail. They who write the permanent disgrace of Pennsylvania are probably premature.

Whether it is a sinner more than any other state may not be known, but the world knows the worst. The bitterness of faction in each of the parties has told every discreditable thing that is true, and much that is not true. The truth is dark enough. At each end of the state is a large city, and in each politics is a question of contracts. The prevailing management in one allies itself with the Quay faction of the Republican party, in the other against it. One of them, and probably both, has carefully studied its lessons in the Tammany laboratory. They have undertaken to buy some of the voters, to deceive others, and to keep others asleep. Vast sums of money have been spent in securing nominations and elections of members of the legislature, with reference to the senatorial choice, the most of it corruptly. Corporations with tremendous financial concerns at stake have swelled the funds. A gentleman who knows the conditions as well as any one in the state estimates the purchasable material in the legislature of two hundred and fifty-three members to be about fifty. Men of wealth and education, the natural leaders of reform

movements, are directors of hospitals and asylums and schools of various grades, and do not take their right places in politics lest they should imperil their worthy institutions. But there are those who believe that it would be better for the state if every one of these charities and schools, with all its inmates, was sunk in the sea, rather than that moral considerations should be made subordinate to mercenary. Again, Pennsylvania is a state of corporations. The highest business talent is involved in their management. Many of them have secured all they need from the state, but they must preserve, they argue, the interests of their stockholders, which are at the mercy of adverse legislative or councilmanic action. A threat of blackmail makes them the silent witnesses, if not the active participants, of the triumph of iniquity,

and deprives good government of their potent leadership. But there are those who would not accept a directorship or hold stock in companies which thrive on the profits of evil doing. *This* may truly be said: that the commonwealth has a tough fight on its hands against the natural consequences of its own riches, and that, when virtue and honor prevail, as they will in the future and as they have repeatedly in the past, it will be in the face of a stronger opposition than confronts the party of righteousness in almost any other state. Meantime, the few Quakers left in Pennsylvania are working, almost to a man, for clean politics, and are profoundly skeptical when they are told that the devotion of their ancestors to high ideals of peace and moral purity is responsible for present corruption and selfishness.

A Pennsylvania Quaker.

INHERITANCE.

Lo, what am I? A patch of things,
 Mere odds and ends of lives flung by,
 From age-long rag-bag gatherings
 Pieced up by Fate full thriftily:
 Somebody's worn-out will and wit,
 Somebody's habits and his hair,
 Discarded conscience, faith once fair
 Ere Time, the moth, had eaten it;
 My great-grandfather's chin and nose,
 The eyes my great-grandmother wore,
 And hands from some remote — who knows? —
 Perchance prehensile ancestor;
 Somebody's style, somebody's gait,
 Another body's wrist and waist,
 With this one's temper, that one's trait,
 One's tastes, another's lack of taste;
 Feelings I never chose to feel,
 A voice in which I had no voice,
 Revealing where I would conceal
 Rude impulses without a choice;
 Faults which this forefather or that
 Unkindly fostered, to my ill,

With others some one else begat
 And made the matter worser still.
 They chose, these masters of my fate,
 To please themselves, bequeathing me
 Base pleasure in the things I hate,
 Liking for what misliketh me.
 Out of the ashes of their fires,
 Out of the fashion of their bone,
 They fashioned me, my mighty sires,
 And shall I call my soul my own?

This motley from the Past flung down,
 This work with no artificer,
 This prince, this poet, and this clown,
 Deific and a driveler;
 This bequeathed brain which shall conceive
 What things this borrowed frame shall do,
 This will to serve and will to leave
 The outworn old, the untried new,
 This quick made up of all the dead,
 And this deep heart inherited, —
 I call these mine, and I will be
 King, emperor, tsar, and Deity!
 The tenement may like me ill,
 The garment ill befitting be:
 I will inhabit kingly still,
 And wear my rags right regally.
 These hands shall work my will, — not hers
 Who fashioned them to other use;
 These feet fare not as he prefers
 Who shaped them, but as I shall choose;
 Mine be the words these lips shall frame;
 And through my great-grandmother's eyes
 I front my world, not hers, and claim
 Under no dead soul's sovereignties.
 Ay, borrowed husk, head, heart, and hand,
 Slave on and serve me till we die!
 I am your Lord and your Command!
 But only God knows — what am I.

Grace Ellery Channing.

MR. HEWLETT'S CANTERBURY TALES.

IF the old gibe against the Italian-ate Englishman were still of effect, Mr. Hewlett would enjoy a unique obloquy; for no one of our time has so deliberately turned his back upon the home traditions and sought inspiration from abroad. When he deals with the high passions and impetuous sense of beauty of re-

nascent Italy he moves with surest step, while so ambitious an emprise as the telling of *The Life and Death of Richard-Yea-and-Nay* finds him some way impeded in his manner, as if out of Italy he were none too sure of his affair. It is because he has never surpassed the best chapters of *Earthwork* out of Tuscany and the *Little Novels of Italy* that his admirers must persist in classing him, for better or for worse, as an Englishman Italianate, unique in his day; for Pater was hardly Italianate, while Symonds was even in his peculiar field hardly Mr. Hewlett's peer. Poverty of the native tradition — the obvious apology of Italianate Elizabethans like Spenser and Sidney — Mr. Hewlett would hardly plead, and in the deliberate choice to turn from his own time, and live in the *quattro-cento*, he shows the audacity of an unsupported preference. So that those who, admiring heartily his rare talent, note his wholly isolated position in English letters sometimes fear for him that the future critic may write after the name Maurice Hewlett, *Colui che fece il gran rifiuto*.

But whatever may be the rationale and the ultimate justification for Mr. Hewlett's position, his very isolation and the very perversities of his highly individual talent make him, to the few who are sensitive to considerations of craftsmanship, a peculiar delight. It is such readers who seek anxiously in each new book of Mr. Hewlett's the indications of advance, while the crowd very properly swallows whole every production of the author who sugared the *Forest Lovers* to their taste. Our imaginary critical and somewhat ungentle reader will find much to hearten him in Mr. Hewlett's latest book, and, naturally, something to gird at. He will question whether it was well done to call these linked stories *New Canterbury Tales*, and thus to court the comparison with certain earlier stories which were told on the Pilgrim Way. In fact, the stories, written sepa-

ately as they were, might well stand alone. But the Pilgrim business is merry enough; and even if Percival Perceforest's philandering with Mawdleyne Touchett grows tedious in the long, and Shipman Smith's mistaking of Percival for his sister, an old and inconstant flame, smacks of futility, the minor comedy of errors which fills the interstices of the tales is sufficiently amusing, and certainly too slight to provoke serious criticism. For our needful information be it said that the tales are six, that their tellers follow the pilgrim road from Winchester to Canterbury, and are in their proper persons: "the Lady Prioress of Ambresbury; Master Corbett, the Scrivener of London; Dan Costard, the Prioress's confessor; Smith, the Shipman of Hull; Captain Brazenhead, formerly of Milan; and Percival Perceforest, who was born in Gloucester," and is of the party because of Mawdleyne Touchett, the Prioress's niece.

"I ask you to be more concerned with the tales than with the tellers," writes Mr. Hewlett: so on to the tales. These stories stand near their originals. It would be easy, in saint's legend, mediæval chronicle, or Italian *novella*, to match every incident of the six, and yet here is no impeachment of originality. Mr. Hewlett's style, in the narrower verbal sense, makes these stories, whencesoever taken, immediately his own; and though story-telling is his concern, and his preoccupation is rather with deeds than with the minds of the doers, these tales all gain, under his hand, in characterization, and in something very like dramatic emphasis.

Nowhere are these qualities more strongly evidenced than in Dan Costard's tale of Peridore and Paravail. This legend of an eremite undone by loveless asceticism is of startling veracity. The case might have occurred a thousand times, from the Thebaïd to the latest hermit of our times. In a word, the holy Vigilas, out of compassion, har-

bors the foundling Paravail. Parental love has become for him, through his mortification of the flesh and spirit, impossible, — the case is the reverse of Silas Marner, — and as the girl grows in stature and in beauty, there grows for him the most horrible of temptations, until in the beautiful wilding he sees incarnate all the most subtle allurements of the enemy. The love of the shepherd Peridore intervenes to save Paravail at a time when the distraught Vigilas had resolved to slay at once his temptation and its cause. Foul creatures of the night haunt the mind of Vigilas, and hinder the flight of Peridore and Paravail. The countrymen are about to put them to death, when the gaunt Vigilas intervenes to take their punishment upon himself, to confess to all men their innocence and his secret sin, and to carry through the fire which was kindled for the lovers his praises of the stern God who has cast him off, and his defiance of the fiend to whose tortures he feels himself forever damned.

The Man of Law's comment, made on the occasion of an earlier pilgrimage, applies here, and,

"That is so horrible a tale for to rede,"

will be the protest of many a reader. But the revenge of barren asceticism is a horrible thing. A time when palpable witches gibbered on a holy hermit's roof, and the devil in dog's form yapped at his doorsill, is not for amiable narrative; and Mr. Hewlett, relieving the whole against a love story of peculiar purity and beauty, has shown the agony of a mind tragically diseased, with a vividness and verisimilitude which arouse not only horror, but compassion for so profound a disaster. The story is absolutely one of the greatest achievements in its kind. The writer of *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* need not have scorned to own it.

So much cannot be said for its companion piece, the Prioress's tale of St. Gervase of Plessy. The story of the lit-

tle chorister, crucified by the Jews, saved by the bereaved Sornia, loved by the child Persilla, and at length gloriously restored to the converting of the Jews, who believed him risen from the dead, — all this is admirably told, except in the prime articles of simplicity and reserve. The story halts between Mr. Hewlett's ornate method of narration and the affected candor of the sainted children Gervase and Persilla, while the erotic mothering of Sornia is little short of offensive. A stanza of the Prioress's tale of Chaucer or a paragraph from the Fioretti would set the reader right in this matter. Pity that the Prioress of Ambresbury forgot her exemplars.

With this, caviling is done, for the Scrivener's tale of his ancestress the Countess of Salisbury, whom King Edward III. loved and right regally renounced, is told with consummate grace. Its new dénouement would surprise Sir John Froissart, who first celebrated the Countess's case, but it would have contented him, too. Captain Brazenhead's tale of the half-brothers will run with the best, in the tragic vein, of the Little Novels of Italy. It needs no higher praise. Smith the Shipman's tale of Sir Belem and Sir Sagramor is an essay in pure romance such as William Morris has restored to honor. In it Mr. Hewlett is very nearly at his best, as he raises a blood feud on the Welsh marches, and unites the Red Fell and the Graceless Garde by a marriage between the courteous Sir Sagramor and the fair Audiart. An extraordinary sense for the thing seen charms in this story. Take, for example, the battle in which the grim Sir Belem, having struck down Caradoc, turns to finish his work and slay the last of the race, the twin children, brother and sister, who rush in to avenge their father's death: —

"Sir Belem played with their wild sallies as a great cat may handle a mouse, when she is full of idleness as well as vice. Temptingly he opened guard once

or twice, whereupon they, with the mad spirit of their father surging in them, came on furiously and at random. So presently, with a light flicker of his blade, Belem cut at one of them and shore through the plates of the neckpiece, so that the helm was loosened and fell off sideways. They saw him falter at that, even with his sword shivering in mid-air ready to smite. It would seem that shame smote even him when out of the ungainly trunk of steel, to look upon the ruin and raving, the dust, the clamor and the blood, there beamed forth the smooth pale face, the wide eyes, the rippling dark hair, of a grave young girl. Hither and thither drove the press of battle, swirling like a whirlpool in the tide, while Belem sat gaping at his deed."

Does any one but Mr. Hewlett do this kind of thing quite so well?

Percival Perceforest's rollicking tale of Eugenio and Galeotto carries the pilgrims smiling into Canterbury, and it will do as much for the reader who is anywise amenable to jollity. How fate led Galeotto to be the footman of his mistress, and Eugenio to be the tiring maid of her for whom he languished, and of the whimsical errors which arose of this double confusion, it would now be inexpedient to tell. Suffice it to say that even Mr. Hewlett, the master of swift narrative, has never before carried anything through at this gait; and in this story, so far as the mere handling of narrative is concerned, he has little to fear from the comparison with his gossips Dan

Chaucer and Messer Giovanni da Certaldo. It is his old quality heightened, and a welcome foil to his tenser mode.

In all a brave assortment of tales, with hints of growing power of characterization, would be the verdict, if we must come to a formula. But to part with Mr. Hewlett without a reference to his style would be as impossible as to meet Sir Willoughby Patterne irrespective of his leg. Somewhat chastened, the style is the same, — insistent, flashing, victorious; a lash to laggard attentions, and to those who appreciate its sheer virtuosity a joy for its trenchancy and an irritation for its willful archaism and restlessness. If Mr. Hewlett, for our pleasure and his own, chooses to live in the Italian Renaissance, or to withdraw no further therefrom than the Middle Ages, it is his own affair. That habit of mind and the accompanying trick of expression may be constitutional. But I believe that there is here a real issue between Mr. Hewlett and his reader. We are not of the Renaissance nor of the Middle Ages, and through dullness, perhaps, we suspect in Mr. Hewlett a certain element of masquerade and of ventriloquism raised to high art. Suppose he should for once write as an Englishman and a Londoner, speak in his own voice to us? If this curiosity, which is born of high regard, be deemed an impertinence, let us make discreet amends by engaging to read Mr. Hewlett as long as, for the old or for the new, he will put out such brave tales as his *Canterbury Pilgrims* tell.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

IF there is one sort of book which especially tempts overvaluation, it is the new book of the man whom everybody loves. Why should we not permit ourselves the luxury of absolute deference toward the writer who has won our hearts so easily? It would be pleasant to think that his latest book is the best thing he has ever written. We welcome it in the happiest spirit of confidence; we depend upon it to afford us a real and intimate pleasure. The chances are we lay it down in the same uncritical mood, and if there is occasion for us to speak of it, we find an easy refuge in terms of general and perhaps extravagant approbation; we speak with sweetness, but without light. Comfortable as this procedure is, it of course does justice to nobody. A writer's personality is not necessarily commanding because it has charm; in fact, if we take it overseriously, we must rob it of something of its legitimate authority. People we love may readily influence us more than all the prophets in the world, but that is no reason for calling them prophets; probably we should not care for them if they were.

Perhaps no living American writer is more widely loved and delighted in than Mr. Henry van Dyke. His publishers know this so well that the first edition of *The Ruling Passion*¹ was made — and advertised to be — almost as large as if it had been a historical novel. To magazine readers only the *Writer's Request* of his Master and the preface will be new. They are interesting because they call attention, possibly undue attention, to the attitude of the author toward his work. "Lord," he prays, "let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story

without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people because they are both alive. . . . Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real." The passage very well illustrates the difficulty of dealing critically with such a writer. It is all so genuine, so ingenuous, we wish not to feel that it is out of place. Yet really the situation is not so momentous as this comes to. The collection of pleasant, wholesome stories is very well worth while; but it is not, it does not need to be, a profound work of art. For we cherish the author of *Little Rivers*, not as an imposing figure in letters, but as a blessed survival, a writer of sentiment in a graphophonic age. Like Besant and Barrie and all true sentimentalists, he finds his theme in human nature rather than in human character. It is upon the loom of the ideal that he weaves the moving picture of life which lies before him, reflected in an enchanted mirror of Shalott, the golden mirror of optimism which is half of religion to him. It is not surprising, then, that he should make use of very well-known materials. His human types are as familiar as his situations; and now and then his work suffers, as *The Vicar of Wakefield* suffered in the hands of a greater sentimentalist, from the attempt to turn a sketch into a story with a plot. The dénouement of *A Lover of Music* comes very close to melodrama. As for the tagging of morals, that is only a blemish in the work of sentiment when it is awkwardly done. Mr. van Dyke is very skillful at it, as for example in *The White Blot*, — a tale quite in the vein of Mr. T. R. Sul-

¹ *The Ruling Passion*. By HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

livan. Like Besant and Barrie, Mr. van Dyke is by nature an essayist rather than a story-teller; his normal mode of attack is that of the light-armed moralist. The discursive method of Little Rivers gave him precisely his best opportunity; interesting and characteristic as the present volume is, it can hardly add to his permanent reputation.

Both nature and human nature find a place in the subtitle; and both present themselves to him quite simply, if not barely, without in the least perplexing or disconcerting him. He is content with the old-fashioned view of human nature as a thing to accept and love, and of nature as a pleasant setting for the human scene. Descriptions of natural scenery and conditions would hardly aggregate three pages of the book, yet it has an undeniably out-of-doors atmosphere. And in *A Friend of Justice* we seem to be promised something more, since dogs are understood to have more to do with nature than men have. Unfortunately for this expectation, it is the humanness rather than the doggishness of the hero which points the story.

The humanizing of animals appears to be a new-fashioned sort of "pathetic fallacy." It is possible that when, not so very long ago, man waked up to the fact that he was mere mammal, he began to cast about to see what could be said for his nearest relations. If we are only a little higher than the dog, we may as well make the dog out as fine a fellow as possible. To contrast Dr. John Brown's Rab with Mr. van Dyke's Pichou is to contrast the portrait of a very simple, noble beast with the ideal conception of a reasoning, moralizing person in the body of a dog. Pichou is not only a friend of justice, but a judge. He distinguishes between right and wrong as easily as between the convenient and the inconvenient; he invents an elaborate code of laws for the government of the dog community, and enforces it to the letter. Are we really to

be interested in animals hereafter simply because they are so much like us? Apparently, this is already taken to be true of the few animals which are the chosen companions of men; the domestic creatures are understood to have had special advantages. Horses and dogs are flatteringly responsive, and it is easy to pass from approbation of their cleverness in deferring to human prejudice to the attribution of human qualities. George Macdonald could not imagine a dogless heaven, and, more lately, Mr. Alfred Ollivant has introduced us into a society of dogs of which there is not an unmoral member. Bob, Son of Battle, gained an extraordinarily wide reading on its first appearance, three years ago, and the recent publication of a new and elaborately illustrated edition¹ points to its continued popularity. Of its power and charm as a narrative, enough, and not too much, has been said. And if indeed every dog has more than his day, that would be a noble meeting in the other world between the mighty Rab and Owd Bob o' Kenmuir. But Rab is the real dog of the two; though he did his duty according to human standards, he lived and died a dog. "I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad take naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur-gurrin', and grup-gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa' wi' the auld dowg, — his like wasna atween this and Thornhill, — but 'deed, sir, I could do naething else.' I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?" What have we done with this fine, simple conception of dog nature, and what have we got in its place?

In the meantime, the naturalist who lives with and by wild animals is not going to have his free clients denied the virtues of caged creatures; and a trifling

¹ *Bob, Son of Battle*. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

stretch of egotistic fancy serves to bestow humanity upon wild-going fellow mortals, too. True, they cannot be said to have imitated us: all the more credit to them for having been born like us. This seems to be the lever with which Mr. Seton-Thompson chooses to move his audience. In general appearance and character *The Lives of the Hunted*¹ is very much like *Wild Animals I Have Known*. The animals about which these stories are told are not only individuals, but humanish individuals. To strengthen the impression of personality, it will be noticed, the author often marks them by some peculiarity of form or habit. A giant ram, an invalid bear cub, an English sparrow that sings like a canary, — such creatures are easily treated as persons, and represented as thinking, judging, talking among themselves with the utmost freedom and propriety. That ancient moralizing of Æsop's animals was only a sort of didactic jest; and even Kipling's jungle folk, quasi-human as they present themselves, are simply a very convincing type of fairy people. But in meeting Mr. Seton-Thompson's animals we are meeting brothers and rivals. Undoubtedly, if they were less human, they would be less popular. The public is fond of the trick animal; it is flattering to see what a poor show, after all, the creature makes. Least of all can we suppose ourselves to be adding dignity to brute life by endowing it with human finery, physical or moral: the ring elephant ceases to be ridiculous only when he has done his turn and shed his borrowed millinery. It may be that this is making too much of a matter of method; Mr. Seton-Thompson is a naturalist by profession, but frankly a romancer by choice. And his method, whether catchpenny or not, has a practical end for good; for animals are not likely to be slaughtered in pure wanton-

ness by those who feel closely akin to them. Wild life, as Mr. Seton-Thompson tells us so often, is tragic enough without the added curse of human cruelty.

But it is fortunate, on the whole, for the cause of sobriety that the simpler view of animals is not yet a mere matter of record. In *The Fireside Sphinx*² Miss Repplier pleasantly expounds the faith of a lover of animals for their own sake and in their own character. The main charm of that character lies, for her, in its unhumanness, its aloofness from and independence of human standards. The cat, to be sure, gives exceptional ground for this argument, since she is wild and domestic at the same time, a companion on occasion and with reservations, but never a flatterer. Again and again, in the course of her charmingly erudite chronicle, the author returns gratefully to this feline characteristic. She does not deny that it has its ungracious side, but it is true, and in the main acceptable. To her, *Puss in Boots* is the least interesting of all possible pusses. She is ready to grant individuality in cats, differences in temperament and habit; but here she stops, impatient of attempts to credit with human virtues a creature which is complete in itself, and not to be improved away. "Stories of virtuous cats who cannot be tempted to dishonesty; of faithful cats who watch over children confided to their care; of affectionate cats who live on terms of sweet serenity with birds, and puppies, and guinea pigs, and white mice, would seem to prove — could we but credit them — that, of all four-footed prigs, Puss is the most fundamentally priggish."

One has come to think of Miss Repplier as clear-eyed and witty, now and then a little at the expense of sympathy; feminine, but with what we are accustomed to claim as a masculine shrinking from the display of sentiment. While

¹ *The Lives of the Hunted*. By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

² *The Fireside Sphinx*. By AGNES REPLIER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

she charms the reader with her brilliancy of phrase, her ready and apposite use of an extraordinarily minute lore, she disconcerts him at times by her calm poise and disinterestedness in treating themes which, with a possibly foolish clinging to an outworn prejudice, he has fancied extra-feminine. At all events, it is pleasant to find in the "Foreword" and yet more delicate afterword in which her latest work is framed a tender tribute to a beloved little companion, long since dead: "Dear little ghost, whose memory has never faded from my heart, accept this book, dedicated to thee, and to all thy cherished race. Sleep sweetly in the fields of asphodel, and waken, as of old, to stretch thy languid length, and purr thy soft contentment to the skies. . . . Little gray phantom, haunt me no longer with reproachful eyes. I have kept my word. I have done my best — and the book belongs to you."

The city naturalist does not confine himself to the study of domestic animals. He knows how to conjure life, as the Japanese makes his square of cloth breed rabbits and goldfishes, out of the two yards of bare ground between the clothes-reel and the alley fence; or he discovers an amazing birdiness in dusty urban parks and commons. It is a good lesson to us; it serves us right. We wonder where our eyes and ears have been, and for a time we too are on the lookout for the children of the air and the littler children of the dust. Then we backslide, and become blind and deaf again. The satisfaction of such an observer must be something like the satisfaction of the poet who has found a true song, and not a mere "civil saying," lying within the narrow walls of the sonnet. Even Milton sought a grateful refuge from his visions of the "vast abrupt" and the "void profound" in the homelike garden of the sonneteers. Mr. Sharp's *Wild Life Near Home* is the latest contribution of note to literature of

this sort.¹ As the work of the De Vinne Press the text is of course beautiful, and, reinforced by Mr. Horsfall's delicate pictures, prepares the reader for something worth while in the substance of the book. He is not likely to be disappointed: the papers which make up the volume are of uncommon interest. Mr. Sharp makes much of the proposition, for which he has the authority of Thoreau and John Burroughs, that most wild life *is* near home; that many animals and all birds prefer the neighborhood of men. Near his home, within city limits, he finds thirty-six species of birds nesting, among them the solitary vireo and the hermit thrush. This author does not deal in romantic biographies; he is content with his possums and mice and rabbits and skunks as such. Nothing more than convenience leads him occasionally to express them in human terms. "I used to catch a possum now and then in the box-traps set for rabbits. It is a delicate task to take a rabbit from such a trap; for give him a crack of chance, and away he bolts to freedom. Open the lid carefully when there is a possum inside, and you will find the old fellow curled up, with a sweet smile of peace on his face, fast asleep. Shake the trap, and he rouses yawningly, with a mildly injured air, offended at your rudeness, and wanting to know why you should wake an innocent possum from so safe and comfortable a bed. He blinks at you inquiringly and says, 'Please, sir, if you will be so kind as to shut the door and go away, I will finish my nap.' And while he is saying it, before your very eyes, off to sleep he goes."

Attractive as these unpretentious records are, there is one odd inconsistency in the recorder which may have puzzled more than one reader of recent nature books. His sympathy for brute creatures is very great, but it is not allowed to

¹ *Wild Life Near Home*. By DALLAS LORE SHARP. New York: The Century Co. 1901.

interfere with the satisfaction of his curiosity. It is easy to see that a professional naturalist might find it profitable to practice a sort of moral vivisection, to frighten and harass animals for the sake of seeing what they do under the spur of surprise or terror. Mr. Sharp is an amateur, as he takes care to tell us; yet he is even more interested in the mother killdeer's agonized performance than touched by it. For the amusement of "a clerical friend" he fells a dead pine in midwinter. "As the tree struck, three tiny, brown-backed, white-footed creatures were dashed into the soft snow. 'The prettiest thing I ever saw,' he declared enthusiastically, as I put into his hand the only mouse captured. . . . We traced the chambers up and down the tree, as they wound, stairway-like, just inside the hard outer shell. Here and there we came upon garners of acorns and bunches of bird feathers and shredded bark, — a complete fortress against the siege of winter." Then there is a male wren, who defends his nest and mate with a burst of wild singing. "I leaned forward nearer the bank. At this he went crazy with his efforts, — into a fit, almost. . . . It was as fine an illustration of courage as I ever saw, a triumph of love and duty over fear, — fear that perhaps we have no way to measure." Most instructive; but the lay reader is tempted to inquire of what, to a disinterested observer, the behavior of the human actor in the little drama might be an illustration. Again, Mr. Sharp is delighted one morning to hear the note of the solitary vireo. "I soon found him high in the tops of the trees; but I wanted him nearer. He would not descend. So I chased him, stoning and mocking him, even." What insufferable condescension there is, after all, in the love of men for animals! We "want them nearer," so we stone them!

Somehow, one does not think of this point in reading Gilbert White, that early master among domestic observers, for he

nowhere suggests the connection of sentiment with the animal world which he so loves to study. His frank insensibility to this aspect is consistent, at least. More than Gilbertians will be pleased with the latest reprint of his classic, — a beautiful and in every way satisfying edition.¹

The city naturalist, limited as his view must be, feels in part, at least, the significance of the free life which abounds even in the thick of the human press, and in so far as he makes us aware of it he is a prophet. But if anything has been suggested by the foregoing comments, it is that the study of animal life is, on the whole, a means of subtle self-flattery to human nature. Fortunately, nature has larger aspects and greater prophets; they have a less comfortable message for us, perhaps. It is one thing to feel mildly chagrined at our blindness to the minutiae of life just about us; it is quite another order of abjectness of which we are conscious when our deafness to the big voices of nature comes home to us. There has been something appalling to our ears in the large word "nature," the thing it stands for is so vague. It must be a very great or a very small human nature which can find peace in the vast prospect from Washington or the Jungfrau. To most of us it is bewildering, a little humiliating. I think it is John Burroughs who records his preference for restricted views, for the picture rather than the panorama. Even Thoreau, fond as he was of the solitude of his own suburban wilderness, was overwhelmed by the "primeval, untamed, and forever untamable *Nature*" of the real wilds in Maine. "Some part of the beholder, even some vital part, seems to escape through the loose grating of his ribs as he ascends. He is more lone than you can imagine. There is less of substantial thought and

¹ *The Natural History of Selborne.* By GILBERT WHITE. London and New York: John Lane. 1901.

fair understanding in him than in the plains where men inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtle, like the air. Vast, Titanic, inhuman nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pilfers him of some of his divine faculty."

No wonder we feel something like awe for the man who is able, in all simplicity and without consciousness of his merit, to find not only sermons, but dear companionship, in solitude, space, and even desolation. If his recent book¹ shows Mr. John C. Van Dyke to have fallen just short of this high achievement, it is not the fault of his intent. Two years in the Mojave Desert of Arizona have given him opportunity for rare observation of nature, in bulk and in the raw. He has investigated, he has admired, he has put forth his sympathy and found everything touched with beauty; but he cannot speak as a native, he has not been at home. Large as his attitude is, Mr. Van Dyke does not escape the oppression of the city dweller in the face of wild sublimity. Consequently, the desert is to him, though in a very noble sense, "copy." The writer's personality is carefully subordinated, but one cannot help feeling it strongly: that of a man more sensitive to color than to form; enthusiastic, but with a stern hand upon his own pulse; sure that there is beauty in everything natural, even in human nature; sure at least of the grim balance of nature's adjustments. The desert appeals to him as a person, whose neglected cause he champions with the fierceness of a lover. He protests against the hackneyed view of it as monotonous, ugly, and death-giving. It deserves to be protected like the forests, — a reservoir of pure air as they are fountains of pure water. It is not amiable, he grants. "There is not a thing about it that is 'pretty,' and not a spot upon it that is 'picturesque' in any Berkshire Valley

¹ *The Desert*. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

sense. The shadows of foliage, the drift of clouds, the fall of rain upon leaves, the sound of running waters, — all the gentler qualities of nature that minor poets love to juggle with, — are missing on the desert." Yet in this very sternness he discerns a charm. "What is it that draws us to the boundless and the fathomless? Why should the lovely things of earth — the grasses, the trees, the lakes, the little hills — appear trivial and insignificant when we come face to face with the sea or the desert or the vastness of the midnight sky? Is it that the one is the tale of things known, and the others merely a hint, a suggestion, of the unknown? Or have immensity, space, magnitude, a peculiar beauty of their own? Is it not true that bulk and breadth are primary and essential qualities of the sublime in landscape?"

All this arid desolation has its eager life: plants which hoard their miserable pittance of moisture, and put forth leaf and blossom in their season; animals which can live without water, and wring a week's living from a few insects or a handful of dried grass. Plant and animal alike are armed for offense and defense in the ceaseless struggle for existence. Though he dwells upon it, the observer will not let himself be moved by the bitterness of this struggle. For the desert has infected him with its profound melancholy. The ghost of these limitless spaces fills his consciousness, and dwarfs the little life of the individual, whether plant, beast, or man. It is all sad, no doubt, that there should be pain and strife, and very soon the touch of death; but this is nature's way. There is nothing to be gained by crying about it. "A cry in the night! Overhead the planets in their courses make no sound, the earth is still, the very animals are mute. Why then the cry of the human? How it jars the harmonies! How it breaks in discord upon the unities of earth and air and sky! Century after century that cry has gone up, mobbing high heaven;

and always insanity in the cry, insanity in the crier. What folly to protest where none shall hear! There is no appeal from the law of nature. It was made for bird and beast and creeping thing. Will the human never learn that in the eye of the law he is not different from the things that creep?"

And here is the very turn of the shield: fair treatment, after our patronizing admissions that animals are nearly as good as we are, to be told that we are of no more account than animals. Let us take comfort in the thought that Mr. Van Dyke is not indigenous to the wilderness, and may have failed to grasp its whole message.

It is in precisely this wide, solitary atmosphere that the spirit of John Muir expands and feels itself at home.¹ The wilderness which he most loves, and in which he chooses to dwell, is of the more approachable sort, it is true. He is satisfied with the normal phenomena of forest life; the bizarre has no unbalancing attraction for him. He takes keen delight, to be sure, in the wonders of the Yellowstone and the Yosemite, in the miracle of the geyser and the marvel of the sequoia. But his eye rests with equal pleasure and interest upon the graceful flora of wood and mountain; he calls them over fondly, name by name, making music, like Milton, out of mere catalogue material. No manifestation of natural power is too delicate or too mighty for his serene gaze. Nothing excites or disquiets him; he moves from first to last in an atmosphere of calm elation. Nature is not a spectacle, but a religion, and animal, plant, and boulder are cardinal points in the creed. The rattlesnake, which Professor Van Dyke finds (and takes some credit for finding) beautiful to the eye, is the object of simple tenderness to this friend of Emerson. "For myself," says Van Dyke, "being

somewhat prejudiced in favor of this drear waste and its savage progeny, I may confess to having watched the flowing movements of snakes, their coil and rattle and strike, many times and with great pleasure." "Poor creatures," sighs John Muir, "loved only by their Maker, they are timid and bashful, as mountaineers know; and though perhaps not possessed of much of that charity that suffers long and is kind, seldom, either by mistake or by mishap, do harm to any one. . . . Nevertheless, again and again, in season and out of season, the question comes up, 'What are rattlesnakes good for?' As if nothing that does not obviously make for the benefit of man had any right to exist; as if our ways were God's ways." All-outdoors has cured this man of pettiness,—if indeed we can imagine him to have needed cure,—and he is eager to win new patients for the healing touch of nature. "Wander here a whole summer, if you can. Thousands of God's wild blessings will search you and soak you as if you were a sponge, and the big days will go by uncounted." He thinks of the wilderness not only as a home for himself, but as a place of wholesome joy for all. Evidently, he would not assent to Mr. Seton-Thompson's theory that every animal lives a tragedy. "The whole wilderness," he says gently, "is enlivened with happy animals." "Big" and "enthusiastic" are his favorite adjectives, and a big, calm enthusiasm is the mark of his style. In place of the brief, vivid, often exclamatory phrases of Mr. Van Dyke are long, sounding, luxuriant sentences, full of the harmony and peace of the deeper faith.

For John Muir's belief is more than resignation; Mr. Van Dyke's recognition of law is far enough from being his last resort. Often they cover the same ground, but at what different elevations! Perhaps it is the question of nature's method. "So perish the hills that we are accustomed to speak of as 'everlast-

¹ *Our National Parks*. By JOHN MUIR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

ing,' " says Mr. Van Dyke. "It is merely another illustration of Nature's method in the universe. She is as careless of the individual hill or mountain as of the individual man, animal, or flower. All are beaten into dust. But the species is more enduring, better preserved." Why is it that this seems cold, rigid, formular, beside John Muir's similar passage? "The granite domes and pavements, apparently imperishable, we take as symbols of permanence, while these crumbling peaks, down whose frosty gullies avalanches are ever falling, are symbols of change and decay. Yet all alike, fast or slow, are surely vanishing away. Nature is ever at work, building and pulling down, creating and destroying, keeping everything whirling and flowing, allowing no rest but in rhythmical motion, chasing everything out of one beautiful form into another."

Evidently, the difference is of feeling rather than of theory. Mr. Muir celebrates the scientific fact where Mr. Van Dyke merely states it. How radical

this difference in feeling is, upon what fundamental difference in belief it is founded, a single further parallel will serve to show. Mr. Van Dyke has been deploring the indications that even the desert is not to be long safe from the "exploiting" of "practical men." He comforts himself by the reflection that in the course of time the "practical men," too, will go their way. "And sooner or later Nature will surely come to her own again. Nothing human is of long duration. Men and their deeds are obliterated, the race itself fades; but Nature goes calmly on with her projects. She works, not for man's enjoyment, but for her own satisfaction and her own glory." The writer does not wish to be bitter any more than Mr. Muir means to be pious when he writes, "Storms of every sort, torrents, cataclysms, 'convulsions of nature,' etc., however mysterious and lawless at first sight they may seem, are only harmonious notes in the song of creation, varied expressions of God's love."

H. W. Boynton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN Flavian wishes to benefit his fellow creatures, to make them perfectly happy by the quarter hour, he has a cheap and comely way of attaining his end. He goes into a state of incognito, of suspended animation, the moment he sees, for instance, the story of the grouse in the gunroom hovering upon the lips of his latest acquaintance. Everybody says of Flavian: "So intelligent!" "So sympathetic!" He has to love you dear before he will tell you to hold your tongue. Among the tautologous and the trite he passes for the best of fellows, and all because he knows how to deceive, how to endure. Like Mr. Barriç's early hero,

he would much rather die than explain. He has the misfortune to have read, heard, thought, almost everything. He is one of those few scholarly unfortunates left with us who are forever running up against the over-and-done-with in the persons of their contemporaries, like the one clever schoolboy hampered by the heavy and tardy progress of his class. To Flavian,

"Poem or pun,
There's nothing new
Under the sun,
Said Solomon:
And he said true."

To talk to him is almost invariably to bore him; to improve his moral being,

that is, by wounding him physically and intellectually. For he is the most accomplished *boree* in the world. You never can tell, unless you have the bent key of his soul, whether he is listening or merely ceasing from all cognition, — hovering around you, as it were, upon a sleeping wing, like a cravatted albatross, until you shall have become fit again for his platitude-hating society. Meanwhile, his smile is one of apparently delighted interest, seraphic as Shelley's. He might put salt upon the tails of all the birds he knows; he has been from his youth a repository of things said, — potentially more dangerous than any eavesdropper. *But he goes deaf and blind.* He stands, so to speak, by his lying. He is much too lazy, much too proud, to beg off. He will never say, "I have seen it played," or "I knew her twenty years ago," or "Yes, I have been there;" but he will sit through a long monologue which delights its own performer, and so does good to Flavian's ironic heart. More: he has been known to join domestic excursions, when it was taken for granted that all was new and fair to him, without a hint that he was himself the best local antiquary within a hundred miles, and had had the real Numa-Egeria relations with the spirit of the place. And he went, not to impart or supplement information, but to look on, "bright, placid, and dumb," and to seem the most surprised and enchanted of uninstructed visitors, because it would have disappointed two enthusiasts if he had either stayed at home or betrayed his slightly exhausted interest in the scene. He does these deeds through no least benevolence of feeling, but merely to save talk and maintain his own ease. Flavian is a monster, a casuist, an underground serpent; a knave past finding out, whom the gypsies would call a *jinnety-mengro*. But one sees his eyelids flicker when the *Georgics* get misquoted; and some fine day or other, in the middle of an exposition on the Casket Letters or the bat-

tle of San Juan Hill, an unoffending stranger will be murdered by the martyr of patience and politeness, that silent man of Rowanwood. Until then Flavian will lie like a sepulchral mediæval effigy.

THE postscript of a woman's letter has long been understood to be its most significant feature, but it is not often that a sentence in the appendix to a book makes more impression upon the reader than anything in the book itself. Here is an exception. I have just finished Mr. Leslie Stephen's admirably edited *Letters of John Richard Green*.¹ The author of the famous *Short History of the English People* was an eager, many-sided, fascinating figure, a friend and correspondent of some of the most brilliant men and women of his time. The Letters give pictures of his lonely boyhood and youth in Oxford, his ten years of clerical toil in the East End of London, and of the deliberate girding of his loins for his great task, which was at first planned as a history of the Church of England, and only gradually assumed a wider scope. There is the ardor of an intense intellectual and spiritual life in these pages; there are capital anecdotes, vivid portraits of notable persons, eloquent descriptions of nature. And yet, when one remembers Green's heroic struggle against illness and poverty, the pitiable fight he was making for bread and a chance to work, at the very moment when his name was upon everybody's lips, the most suggestive sentence in the book occurs in the brief bibliography at its close. The *Short History*, one must bear in mind, appeared in 1874, before the passage of the International Copyright Act. It was reprinted by at least nine American publishers. It was the greatest popular success of any history since Macaulay's. Green

¹ *Letters of John Richard Green.* Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

died, overworked and poor, in 1883. And here is the sentence: "It should be noted that Messrs. Appleton, in their edition of 1899 [twenty-five years after the book was first published], followed the well-known tradition of their house in assuming the obligation which copyright would have imposed, and forwarded the first cheque received from America for the original text of the *Short History*."

In these days of strenuous parentage, it may not be amiss to suggest **Too Much Parent.** mildly that there may be, in the constitution of a family, such a thing as too much parent. Time was when being a parent was incidental to other business in life. Our grandfathers brought up children, a dozen at a time, with a careless familiarity that takes away the modern breath. Each of the dozen was disciplined and duly chastened. They were whipped when they told lies, and occasionally when they did not. They learned to read at four; were put to work at five, as a matter of course; and developed, in due time, the stuff that men are made of. There was never any particular fuss about it. The larger the family, the more whippings it took. But there were always enough to go around, and no one the worse for it. The advertisement, "Boy missing. Run away from home," was not an uncommon feature of the weekly newspaper. But of the remnant who had the courage to stay at home and grow up, it may be said that they made admirable citizens. They had the rare privilege of passing their childhood and youth in the presence of men and women who had other and more important business in life than that of being parent to offspring. They grew up with a chastened sense of their own unimportance in the scheme of being, and a philosophic expectation of taking the hard knocks of life as they came.

We have changed all that. We have listened to the voice of Froebel, "Let us play with our children;" and to the edu-

cational moralist, "A father should be his boy's best friend;" and to our most famous and most unpractical poet, "The child is father to the man:" and the whole business of child-raising is turned other end to. We no longer raise them by the dozen. One or two at a time is as much as we dare venture, and very cautiously at that. We study the development and take notes on the bumps, phrenological; the other kind the modern child is never allowed to have. We agonize over our relation to his moral growth, and drop tentative, trembling seeds into the ground of his being, and exchange specimens if anything comes of it. The result, as a whole, is not, it must be admitted, altogether unpleasing. There is something about the well-born, well-bred, wholesome child of to-day that makes glad the eye and the heart. But the poor parent! We protest that he has never had a chance in life. Ten to one his own parents belonged to the old school, and disciplined him within an inch of life. And now his children belong to the new. He is ground between the upper and the nether stone. Only in scattered, precious moments does he dare call himself his own. Late in the evening, perhaps, when the all-important child has been adequately played with and encouraged and developed and put to bed on his hygienic pillow, there comes a moment when the exhausted parent may sit down before the fire and draw a comfortable, grown-up breath, and gather strength and wisdom for the morrow.

As we watch him, we are reminded of the pleasant old gentleman who, across the reception plate, is accosted by the genial young girl: "After all, sir, there's nothing so delicious as the wing of a chicken, is there?" And the old gentleman: "I don't know, my dear. When I was young the old people always ate the wings, and now I am old the young people eat them. I have never tasted the wing of a chicken."

WHEN I was a schoolgirl, with many definite opinions, I remember having a talk with a man of thirty, who happened to advance a theory — I forget about what — which aroused in me ardent dissent. I eagerly presented my view, which was the exact reverse of his, and paused for him to defend himself. He gave me a friendly look; then leaned back and gazed out of the window, with the remark, "Well, there's something in that, too."

I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of the room. For, I thought, if one really hold an opinion, how can he say there is "something in" the contrary view? But since then I have not only had many such experiences; I have myself become an offender. And I wonder if it is altogether a gain. It may be sheer contrariness, but I do get a little tired, sometimes, of broad-mindedness and tolerance, and long for good, bigoted narrowness that can be counted on. I should really like to be told: "No, you're totally wrong; what you have just said is false absolutely. The facts of the case are these, and if you don't believe it, so much the worse for you." How I should enjoy that! But I have not had the experience since my brothers grew up. Occasionally, in desperation, I have assumed the part myself, and taken my stand on positive assertion of a single half truth; but it does no good. I simply live over that early experience; again I am told, "There's something in that, too," and it gives me the feeling, to quote a figure used by a friend in another connection, of having come up against a soft curtain where I expected a wall.

"A plain categorical proposition," says Mr. Morley, "is becoming less and less credible to average minds. Or at least the slovenly willingness to hold two directly contradictory propositions at one and the same time is becoming more and more common." I do not think it is quite this. Men surely used to hold two directly contradictory propositions at one and the same time with the utmost ease. The point is that they did not know they were contradictory, whereas we do; and still we hold them, — or rather, entertain them, as one would interesting guests. Our attitude toward every opinion we meet might be expressed thus: "Well, there's something in that, too. Come right in!" And the new opinion comes in, and draws a chair up to the hospitable fire, and finds a friendly circle of other opinions there; they shake hands all round, and each tells the others what good fellows they are.

This is amiable, but, in honesty, I don't like it. It is like the congress of religions, which I have never been able to understand, save on the assumption that each secretly hopes to convert the others by taking them off their guard, or that no one is in earnest about his religion except as regards its common moral basis. The old attitude used to be, "You think differently from me: therefore you're wrong, therefore you're bad, therefore I'll kill you." One by one these clauses have been dropped, beginning with the last one; thus reversing the system of "the House that Jack Built." First we stopped killing the other man, then we stopped thinking he was bad, and now we have nearly stopped thinking he is wrong. May this not be carried too far?